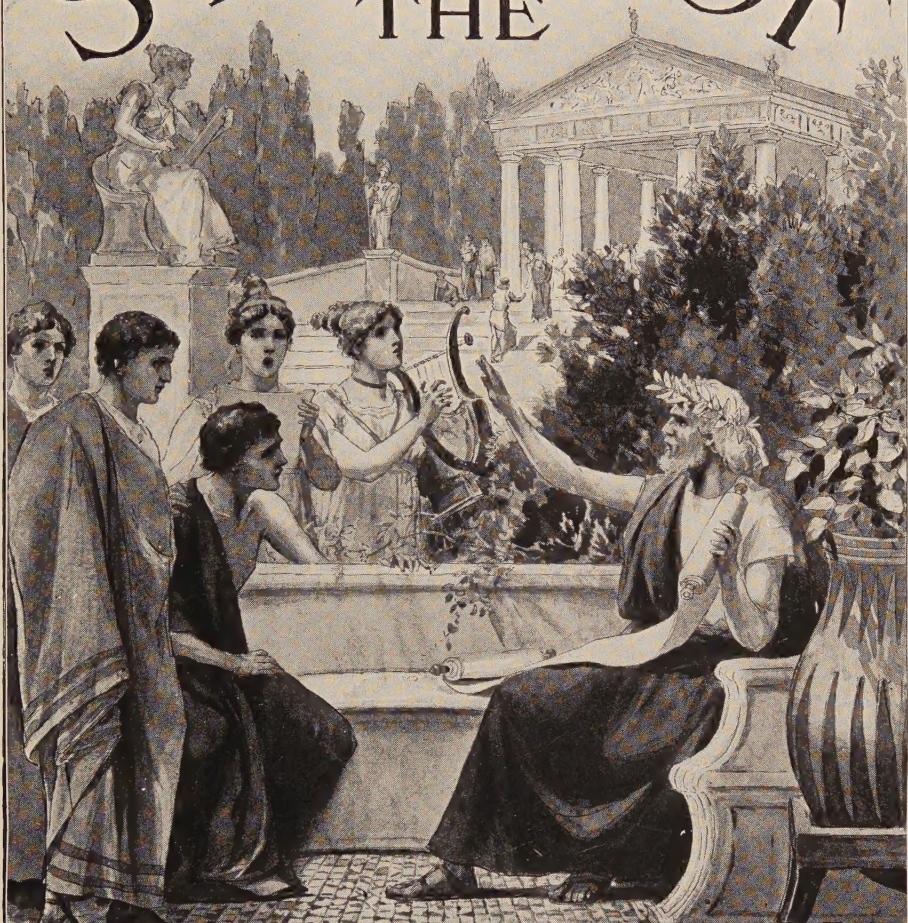








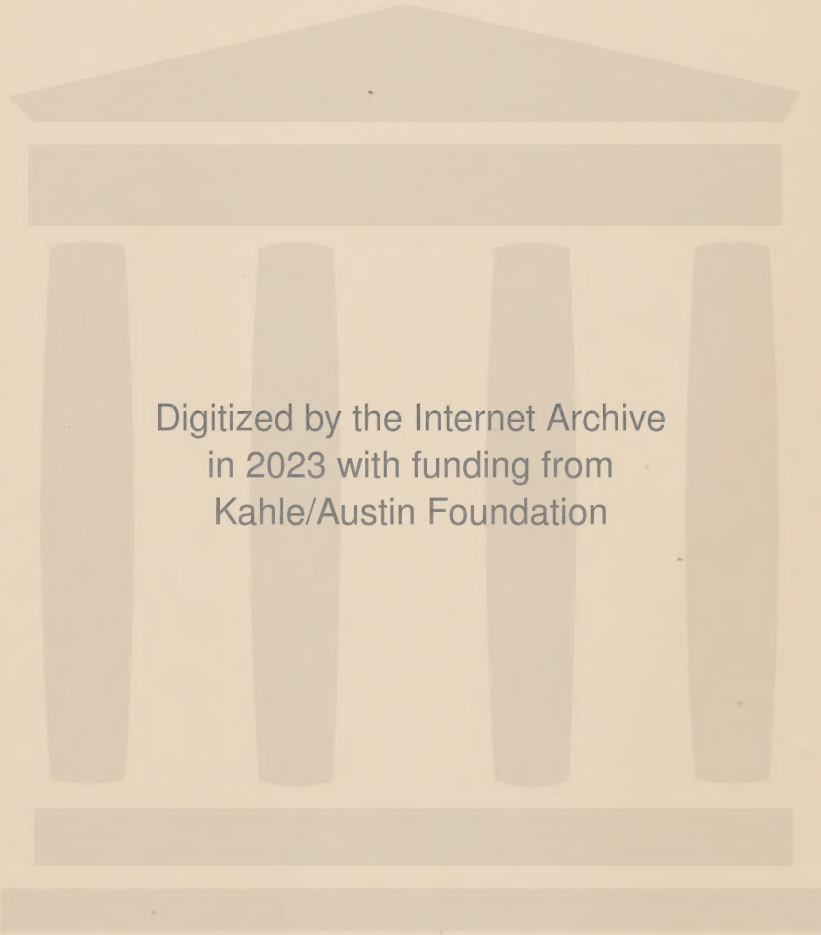
THE STORY OF THE



GREATEST NATIONS



VOLUME SEVEN



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THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY
TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, FOUNDED UPON THE LEADING
AUTHORITIES, INCLUDING A COMPLETE CHRONOLOGY OF THE
WORLD, AND A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF EACH NATION

BY

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Magnificently Illustrated

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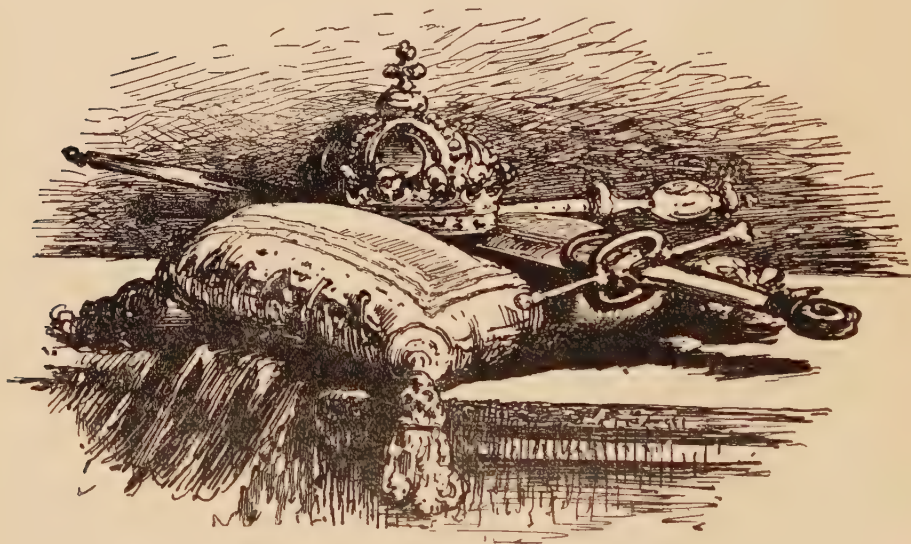
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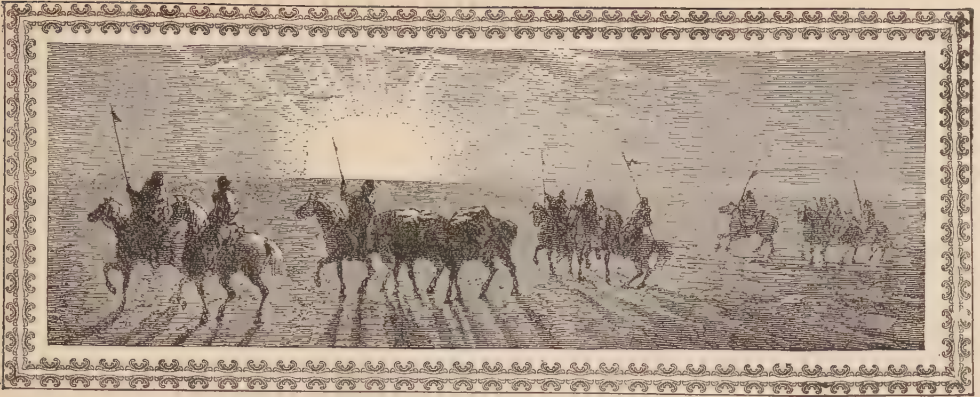
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THE TARTARS ENTERING RUSSIA

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—RUSSIA

Chapter CXX

THE LEGENDARY AGE IN RUSSIA.

[*Authorities* : Ralston, "Early Russian History"; Rambaud, "History of Russia"; Allison, "History of Europe"; Bell, "History of Russia"; Kelly, "History of Russia"; Tooke, "History of Russia"; Howorth, "History of the Mongols"; Diary of Sir Jerome Horsey; Motley, "Peter the Great"; Segur, "History of Russia and of Peter the Great"; John Cook, "Memoirs"; Catharine II., "Memoirs"; Dunham, "History of Poland"; Day, "The Russian Government in Poland"; Kinglake, "The Crimean War"; Tilly, "Eastern Europe and Western Asia"; Schuyler, "Turkistan"; Schnitzler, "Russia under Alexander and Nicholas"; Argyll, "The Eastern Question"; Gurowski, "Russia as it Is"; Morfill, "The Story of Russia"; Latimer, "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century"; Maxwell, "The Czar and his People"; Wallace, "Russia"; Norman, "All the Russias"; Palmer, "Russian Life in Town and Country"; Wolkonsy, "Pictures of Russian History and Russian Literature."]



RUSSIA is in one sense the youngest of the European nations. Long after the more Western countries were in the full burst of historic splendor, Russia was still a region of vague legends, wrapped in the mist of primeval barbarism.

It was not until the time of Elizabeth of England that the wild Russian tribes united into a recognized state, and found themselves ages behind their neighbors in all culture and civilization. Indeed, even to-day Russia has not fully emerged from her barbaric ignorance.

Oddly enough, it is of this uncouthness of their land that Russian statesmen make most boast. For they will tell you that she is young, and that as her people develop she will launch upon a career of many

centuries of mature strength, that she will flourish long after older nations have sunk into senile decay.

Our tale must begin, therefore, in Russia even more than elsewhere, with an age of legends, and you must not take all that we gather from the old records of the monks as being accurate history. The men here told of did truly live and fight and die, just as surely as you and I to-day, but just what they did is doubtful, and why they did it even more so. You can read in one chronicle that they were saints, impelled only by the noblest aspirations. In another you will be informed that they were incarnate fiends. Perhaps we had best look for the truth at neither extreme, and accept them as ordinary men and women very like ourselves, aiming to do right but often sorely tempted.

The first date which we are able to associate definitely with Russia's story is the year 862 A.D. In that year, Alfred the Great in England was fighting the Northmen. In France, Charles the Bald had definitely established a nation, and was sadly watching the Norse pirates lay waste its borders. At the same time, another band of those wonderful sea-wanderers entered Russia. They were "invited to rule," say the Russians, but the expression is presumably a graceful way of admitting conquest.

Rurik, which is perhaps a corruption of the Norse Roderick, was the leader of the sturdy invaders, the first monarch of the Russian nation, and to-day highly honored as its founder. He captured Novgorod, the earliest of Russia's great cities, situated not far from the Baltic Sea and connected with it by a river, up which the Norsemen came.

With Novgorod as his capital and stronghold, Rurik gradually extended his sway over the surrounding people. Of what race were these? It is hard to say. Probably of many different stocks, some Aryan, some Slavie. The ancient Roman writers knew little of them and vaguely included them all as "Scythians." At any rate, Rurik and his Norsemen soon fused with their subjects as a single race, just as his brethren did with the French of Normandy or with the Saxons of England. They even adopted the pagan religion of the Russians,* and after death Rurik was burned on a huge funeral pyre, seated in his boat with his slaves and wives around him.

Rurik's successor, his brother Oleg, led the Russians against the wild tribes to the southward and conquering the fair city of Kief made it his capital. Kief, which you will find on your map in southern Russia on the great river Dnieper, was a far brighter and pleasanter home than wintry Novgorod, and it thus became the second capital and chief metropolis of the growing kingdom. Kief is called the mother of all Russian cities.

* The origin of the name Russia is not positively known except that it is modernized from the more ancient word *Russ*, which used to be applied to both the land and the people.



THE FUNERAL OF RURIK

In Kief, Igor, a son of Rurik, bore rule and wedded a fair maiden, Olga. Igor was slain in battle, and Olga most bitterly avenged his death. She received a deputation from the people who had slain him, offering to atone by wedding her to their own prince. Olga secretly slew all the deputies, while sending word to the enemy to send more. These also she slew in secret, and pretending to agree to the wedding, coaxed all the nobility of the hated land to attend the feast. During its progress, they were suddenly attacked and killed; and then throwing off the mask, Olga advanced with fire and sword against the common people. They defended themselves desperately in their capital city, until Olga offered to make peace on payment of a tribute of live pigeons. Naturally the exhausted foe gladly agreed to such an easy settlement; but when Olga had the birds, she bound fire upon the back of each, and released them. They flew straight to their homes, and the flames rose everywhere. Soon the city was in ashes, while Olga's troops hunted down the miserable townfolk, amid the ruins of their dwelling-places.

Olga now decided to turn Christian. Whether she was most actuated by remorse or by pride is not quite clear. Instead of sending for priests she journeyed all the way to Constantinople and was there baptized with great magnificence. This is the first positive historic mention of Christianity in Russia; but the legends assert that Saint Andrew the Apostle came to the land in the first Christian century, was eagerly welcomed, and founded the faith at Kief. Gradually, however, the people forgot his teachings, though they never forgot the symbol of signing themselves with the cross, and continued to use the gesture as one of deep reverence. At any rate the faith faded, and Olga has been canonized by the Russian Church as its earliest native saint.

The religion did not, however, spread rapidly among her people. They despised the unwarlike Greeks from whom she brought it, and the Queen's own son, Sviatoslav, refused to accept it. He voiced the general feeling of the wild race by declaring the new faith to be fit only for cowards.

This Sviatoslav restored the pagan religion to its full power, held human sacrifices, and spent his life in war. He was a great warrior, we are told, and widely extended the Russian dominions, even attacking the Greek Emperor of the East at Constantinople. Here, however, he was repulsed; and the Greeks following him up besieged him in their city of Dorostol, which he had captured. Day after day Sviatoslav and his wild followers would burst forth from their shelter and fight, until driven back. Then each night their diminishing band made a sacrifice under the city walls of some of their Greek prisoners from Dorostol or of those they had captured during the day.

At last the few survivors asked for peace, and Sviatoslav pledged himself

never to attack the Greeks again. He kept his word, for on his way back to Kief he and his handful of followers were ambushed by other enemies and slain. His skull was made into a drinking cup, from which his foemen thought to imbibe his strength and courage.

Vladimir, a son of Sviatoslav, firmly established the Christian religion throughout his land. Hence he has been called "the Sunny" and "the Saint," though both terms seem singularly inappropriate to the character of the man. One tale represents him as carefully weighing all the different faiths of earth, and at last selecting the Greek form of Christianity. Another says he resolved to be Christian, but would not subject himself to any bishop whether of Rome or Constantinople. Accordingly he stormed a Christian city on the Black Sea, captured it, and carried off monks, holy utensils, and sacred relics, in quantities sufficient to establish at once a fully equipped religious system of his own.

The chief Russ god in the old pagan days had been Perune, god of thunder. His main image stood at Kief, and King Vladimir, whether because of his own ignorant barbarism or as an object-lesson to his people, had the image cut down, dragged through the streets like a log, beaten all the way with sticks, and finally dumped into the river. Then the King ordered his people to be baptized, and all together they marched obediently into the river and went through the ceremony. The date of this wholesale conversion has been officially set as 988, and its nine hundredth anniversary was celebrated a few years back.

Vladimir divided his kingdom among his sons, but most of it ultimately reverted into the hands of one of them, Yaroslav the Just, Russia's first law-giver. His code of laws is still extant and resembles that of all the early Scandinavian or Teutonic peoples.

The action of Vladimir in parcelling his kingdom among his sons was by no means a new arrangement, but after the days of Yaroslav the Just the dangerous system was carried so far that at length we find some seventy little kings ruling over different parts of the land, all of them claiming descent from Rurik and from Yaroslav. Internal wars became frequent, the strength of the country declined, and it threatened to sink back into the utter barbarism from which it had so recently emerged.

During over two centuries only one man rises for a moment into sufficient prominence to be mentioned. This is Vladimir Monomachus (1113-1125), whom we find deserting Kief, the ancient city, for a new capital of his own. He wedded a daughter of the unhappy English King, Harold, though how she had accomplished the dreary and perilous journey to the Russian court is a matter of astonishment. This Vladimir was also a writer, and a fascinating fragment



SAINT ANDREW PREACHING CHRISTIANITY TO THE RUSSIANS

of his work still exists describing the wild extravagance and excitement of his half-savage life.

About 1223 came the vast Tartar invasion of Russia. The Asiatic hordes were met bravely; but, divided as the land had come to be among so many petty princelings, it could make no effectual resistance. The ferocious Tartars plundered it almost at will, and swept onward into Germany and Hungary. In these lands, as you may remember, they appeared about 1240 and were only driven back after a terrible struggle, long, bloody, and exhaustive.

They then established their "Empire of the Golden Horde," as they called it, in southeastern Russia, and for over two centuries the land was under their cruel dominion. It was during this period that the Russian people acquired their somewhat Asiatic character. "Scratch a Russian," says a well-known proverb, "and you will find a Tartar"; and there is no question that the race to-day shows a distinct strain of Asiatic blood. The Russian princelings of the north and west were allowed to retain their positions, but they were compelled to submit to a most humiliating vassalage. When a Tartar envoy came to one of their courts, the prince acted as his servant; and when the mounted Tartar drank his parting cup, the prince had to lick away the drops that fell upon the horse's mane.

Gradually, however, the power of the "Golden Horde" was broken, just as that of the Russians had been, by division among several rulers. In 1380 Dimitri, the Russ prince of Moscow, defied the Tartars. He trampled on the image of the Khan which had been sent him to salute, and he refused the established tribute. In a great battle near the River Don on the "field of woodcocks," Dimitri burned his boats behind him that his people could not flee, and they then completely defeated their opponents. The chroniclers tell us that at the close of the terrible day the conqueror had but forty thousand followers left out of an army of two hundred thousand. It is certain that scarce two years later the Tartars captured Moscow and burned it to the ground. Nothing but the stone-built palace, the Kremlin, escaped the flames.

The Principality of Moscow became recognized, however, as the centre of patriotic resistance to the oppressor. Its power increased as that of the Tartars waned, and a century later (1478) its Grand Duke, Ivan III., tore in pieces the letter which the Tartar ruler sent to demand tribute. This open defiance stamps the end of Asiatic rule in Russia.

Ivan, or if we translate his name into English, John, the Third, is called Ivan the Great. His reign lasted from 1462 to 1505, and is thus contemporary with the full flood of the Renaissance in Italy, and with the close of the Middle Ages in Western Europe. In France, Louis XI. was establishing the full strength of the royal power; Henry VII. was coming nigh to equal abso-

lutism in England; Maximilian was pretending to it in Germany. The period was also one of vast importance to Russia. We might almost express her position by saying that she was just an era behind her neighbors, and with the downfall of Tartar domination was passing from barbarism to mediævalism. Ivan is regarded as the founder of the modern Russian monarchy.

The man himself who thus closes the legendary age of Russia is perhaps a more perplexing figure than any of the earlier chieftains. We are told that he was a demon of cruelty, yet under his rule the Russian people made vast advances in comfort, happiness, and security. We hear that he was a coward, the most abject, yet he was successful in every war he undertook; that he was utterly false and treacherous, yet he lived up to his treaties with Western nations better than they did themselves.

Four things Ivan did for Russia. At least there were four which deserve special remembrance, as greater than the others. First, he consolidated and made real the power which, as Grand Duke, he held nominally over all the other little princelings. His ultimate triumph in this line was the conquest of Novgorod the Great.

Note that Ivan's capital, Moscow, is the third Russian city of which we have spoken. The older capital, Kief, had fallen into desolation, been plundered by Tartars and by Russians, and had finally been lost to Russia altogether, passing under the dominion of her Western neighbors Poland and Lithuania.

Novgorod, the ancient landing-place of Rurik and his Norsemen, had fared very differently. She lay so far to the northward as to have escaped entirely the Tartar ravages. Moreover, she was the one Russian port by which trade could enter the country from the Baltic Sea. German merchants settled there, and Novgorod became a leading member of the mighty Hanseatic League of trading cities. In the time of Ivan III., her population is said to have reached four hundred thousand; she was one of the great commercial centres of the world, the metropolis of an extensive republic. No other Russian city could be named beside her. Indeed, their old saying still survives among the peasantry, "Who can withstand God and Novgorod the Great!"

This gigantic and practically independent city Ivan set himself to reduce. He feigned friendship for it, won the confidence of the citizens, and then suddenly asserted that his nominal lordship over them entailed absolute ownership. The astounded people defied him, gathered their armies, and called on Poland for help. But Poland was slow in responding and Ivan was prompt. He appeared before the city with an army so enormous that the men of Novgorod despaired. There was no battle; indeed the crafty Ivan never risked the chances of actual conflict when he could possibly avoid it. Novgorod sub-



DIMITRI DONSKI REFUSING THE TARTAR TRIBUTE

mitted under promise of kindness, and Ivan, planting his soldiers in the city, found excuse under various trivial charges to imprison or execute all who had headed the movement against him.

A few years later, he suspected, or pretended to suspect, opposition among the foreign merchants dwelling in Novgorod, and promptly imprisoned them all, confiscating their enormous wealth. Such of the unhappy victims as survived their sufferings were finally released, but their property was never restored. Naturally, no other foreigners cared to trust themselves in Novgorod, the trade of the city disappeared, and it sank by degrees into the mere grass-grown village that it is to-day.

The next in order of Ivan's achievements was his wedding with Zoe, or Sophia, the heiress of the Byzantine Empire. You will recall that the Turks had conquered Constantinople in 1453. Thus Sophia brought to her husband nothing but an empty title to a ruined and captured land, which he certainly had no intention of fighting to recover. Nevertheless, this was the most important wedding in Russian history. From it comes the claim of the Russian rulers to be regarded as the "Emperors of the East," the Cæsars or Czars, inheritors of the Empire of Rome, rightful heirs to Turkey in Europe, and to all Western Asia. As descendants of Sophia, the Czars adopted the standard of the double-headed eagle, which had been Byzantine, and which now floats upon the Russian flag.

It was Sophia who drove Ivan to his third important deed, the defiance of the Tartars. She kept complaining to her husband that she might have wedded a king of Western Europe, and had come to him supposing him an independent and mighty sovereign. So at last Ivan yielded, as husbands will. To oblige his wife he overcame his excessive and constitutional unwillingness to fight, and dramatically tore the Khan's letter, as we have told. He had long evaded the payment of any serious tribute, but that was a very different thing from flatly refusing it.

Russia went wild with joy, and an enormous army gathered round their sovereign. War was inevitable. A great Tartar army came to avenge the insult. The two hordes approached the River Oka and, sitting down upon opposite banks, each defied the other to cross. You may be sure Ivan was not the one to chance the rash assault. Indeed, so extreme seemed his fear that he lost all control of himself and fled from his army. His nobles and priests openly and scornfully upbraided him. They hounded him back to his command.

Winter came upon the inactive armies. One night the river between them froze solid, and it became an easy matter for either force to charge directly on the other. The prospect was really too much for Ivan's nerves, and he disap-

peared again. His army suddenly discovered him gone, a panic seized them and they ran away, every man of them, without once looking behind. The land lay open to the Tartars, but they were too wary to be caught in a trap. The sudden disappearance of the vast army awaiting them, suggested an ambuscade. Perhaps they were being surrounded! Their leaders thought it wise to withdraw a little way. They fled.

Such is the remarkable tale vouched for by the Russian chronicles. In its retreat the Tartar army encountered that of another Khan and was completely overthrown. Ivan hastened to make peace with the conqueror upon terms of mutual equality, and then boasted of his own retreat as a masterpiece of successful diplomacy.

One thing more Ivan achieved. He compelled Western Europe to recognize Russia as a nation and as one of their family, not the least among them. It was not only his marriage with Sophia that did this. He warred against Poland and Lithuania, and recovered from the latter kingdom much of the ancient Russian territory in the south. He fought successfully against the German "Knights Hospitallers," who held the Baltic coast. He formed alliances with Sweden and with Venice. The Emperor Maximilian of Germany offered to wed one of his chief lords to Ivan's daughter, and Ivan refused because the offer was beneath her dignity.

"I will get the Pope to crown you a King," said Maximilian.

"I am a sovereign now and will submit to be crowned by nobody," answered Ivan. He married his daughter to the King of Lithuania and Poland; and eventually brought about an honorable peace between their nations.

In this manner Ivan the Great lived and reigned with great shrewdness, if with no higher quality. Before his death the Russian principalities were all firmly within his grip, and Europe had acknowledged his power. He ruled under the title of Grand Duke; but his son and successor, Basil, felt justified in assuming the broader title of Emperor or Czar.





IVAN III. TEARING THE LETTER OF THE TARTAR KHAN



MARIANA ENTREATING MERCY OF CHOUISKI

Chapter CXXI

IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND THE "PERIOD OF TROUBLES"

IASIL completed the work of Ivan III. in consolidating Russia and expelling the Tartars. Then he died and left his throne to his three-year-old son, Ivan IV., the notorious Ivan the Terrible. In 1543, when only twelve years old, Ivan felt that he ought to be his own master and refused to be directed by those in whose charge he had been placed at his mother's death; but one so young could not wholly free himself from the control of his maternal relatives. When but sixteen he was married to Anastasia Romanova, a Russian, for it had not yet become the regular rule of the Russian emperors to form alliances through marriage with other sovereigns of Europe.

No better fortune could have befallen Ivan than his union with this noble woman, who so long as she lived exerted a blessed influence over him. She was devotedly attached to her husband, while he respected and loved her for her many virtues and her fine intellect. The future of no couple could have been more promising, but dark and tempestuous days were lowering in the future.

No one can doubt the ability of Ivan IV., and his services to his native land were of a high character. He reached his legal majority upon his marriage in 1547, and again he was fortunate in having the best of advisers not only in his wife, but in his ministers, Sylvester and Adascheff, upon whom for a time he leaned and whose counsels he wisely followed.

It is hard in these days to comprehend the degrading superstition that

prevailed among all classes in Europe two or three centuries ago. The Russian clergy were so debased that truly they were the "blind leading the blind." Ivan abolished many of the wicked practices and brought about a great improvement in the morals of these teachers. Numerous schools were established throughout the empire, in which the children received elementary instruction and in the Scriptures. The Emperor published a Book of Laws as well as another that regulated the affairs of the Church.

Ivan proved himself a good military leader, though lacking in personal courage. He established the first standing army, and wherever he moved his troops they were victorious. The city of Kazan was the ancient capital of the Tartar kingdom of that name and stood on the river Kazanka, in Eastern Russia. It was founded by the Tartars in 1257, and was a strongly fortified place. In 1552, Ivan led his army against it, and after a long and bloody siege captured the city and annexed the kingdom. Astrakan, originally a province of the Tartar empire, was conquered by him in 1554 and also annexed. The turbulent Tartars or Cossacks in the Crimea were compelled to remain quiet, and the German "Knights Hospitallers," as they were called, were driven out of the Baltic provinces of Livonia and Esthonia. Ivan had introduced printing into Russia, and saw the need of bringing other Western arts and industries into his empire. He sent excellent workmen to the frontiers that they might learn the improved trades, but his neighbors were so jealous that they compelled the seekers after knowledge to face about and go home.

A dreadful blow fell upon Ivan in 1560, when his wife died. The shock was so great that he never recovered from it. His whole nature underwent a change. He became sour, gloomy, morose, and suspicious of every one. Those who had been his best friends he now considered his bitterest enemies, forever plotting his ruin. Even the most excellent of all his counsellors, Sylvester and Adascheff, were banished, and the wonder is that they were not beheaded, for Ivan put thousands to death for no other reason than that his perverse nature suspected them of trying to injure him. Prince Kurbski, one of his ablest generals, suffered a repulse while fighting the Poles, and showed his wisdom by applying to them for protection, knowing that his life would not be worth a pin after Ivan was able to lay hands on him. No intelligent person can doubt that this strange man was a victim, more or less, of insanity, for on no other theory can his conduct be explained. His wild rage was turned against whole towns, and multitudes were put to death in Tver, Novgorod, and Moscow. Historians tell us that in the space of six weeks he caused the massacre of 60,000 persons—some say about one-half of that number—at Novgorod, because he suspected them of being engaged in a plot to deliver the town and neighborhood to the King of Poland.



THE HIGH PRIEST PHILIP REBUKING IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Philip, the "Patriarch," or head of the Russian Church, dared to rebuke the monster for his wickedness, though well did Philip know that the rebuke meant death. Ivan professed the utmost horror that any one should accuse so saintly a man as himself of crime, and he had Philip executed. He claimed to be above the Church and assumed authority over it as well as over the State, thus becoming absolute lord of life and death. His peasantry, as religious as they were superstitious, thereafter bowed down to him utterly. Even though he slew them, they were satisfied that he had exercised his wisdom as to what was best, and the survivors were grateful that he took so much trouble to attend to them.

In 1564 Ivan withdrew for a time with a few associates from Moscow to a village near by, which he strongly fortified. His people thereupon came in crowds to pray him to return. He strengthened Russia by annexing the fiefs and by his foreign conquests. Like most monsters of cruelty, he affected deep piety. He could repeat whole chapters from the Bible, published a defence of religion, like Henry VIII. of England, and then violated every commandment. You may see his well-thumbed Bible to-day in the British Museum.

There was a marked similarity in the conjugal experiences of the British and Russian rulers, though Ivan did not go to the extent of Henry and chop off the heads of the spouses who failed to please him. Some of his wives died, some he put away, and he was arranging to marry his eighth consort, when death stepped in and closed proceedings.

No good can be done by relating the atrocities of this wretch, who in a fit of rage fractured the skull of his eldest son with an iron staff. Remorse for this horrifying act followed him to his death, which took place shortly after in 1584. Indeed, he died almost in despair, for he knew he had deprived himself of his only competent successor. He expired suddenly while playing chess, having interrupted his game to berate with furious scorn his half-witted second son who stood beside him.

Like all such monsters who have crimsoned the pages of history, Ivan was a coward at heart, and yet he was not the first nor the last, who, despite his wickedness, did good for his country. We have learned how he spread education among the masses. He strengthened the empire by building many powerful fortresses; he encouraged trade with England and welcomed foreigners to his dominions; numerous buildings were erected in Moscow; and he gave his people another legal code and improved Church affairs by his "Book of the Hundred Chapters." Ivan always had a good understanding with Queen Elizabeth of England, and, as if he feared his subjects would some time rise and cast him out, he arranged with her to give him shelter should the necessity ever arise.

He left two sons, Feodore and Dimitri. The younger was an infant, while Feodore was a sickly imbecile of twenty-seven, who was married to a sister of Boris Godonov, of whom we shall hear more. Feodore was so feeble, mentally and bodily, that the chief authority fell into the hands of Boris, who was a powerful boyar, or nobleman, but ambitious and hypocritical to the last degree, shrinking from no crime that could aid in his ambitious schemes. He had nothing to fear from the idiotic Feodore, but Dimitri stood in his way. This child died mysteriously in May, 1591, and, although Boris affected great grief over its death, it is impossible not to believe he was the murderer of the little one. He was suspected by many despite his efforts to divert suspicion, and his lavish distribution of relief when most of Moscow was burned. The Khan of the Crimea made a savage raid into the country in 1591, but the underwitted Feodore continued to amuse himself by ringing the church bells, which was his favorite employment. Boris displayed great energy in fortifying the city and repelling the invaders, but it was impossible to make the people like him. When the young child of Feodore suddenly died, there were plenty to whisper that it was by the same hand that had removed Dimitri.

Boris, however, kept grimly at work strengthening his country. He fortified Smolensk, an outpost of the empire, built Archangel, and entered into negotiations with foreign powers. The imbecile Feodore died in 1598, and Boris was elected his successor. He was too wise to show any eagerness in accepting the office, but retired to a monastery where he spent several weeks, apparently in prayer and meditation. Then he came forth and took his seat upon the throne, and as might have been anticipated, displayed vigor and ability. During a dreadful famine in 1601 he did much to relieve the distress, but found it always impossible to gain the confidence or affection of his people.

It was about this time that a rumor spread through Russia that Dimitri, the son of Ivan the Terrible, was not dead, but was living in Poland. It perhaps is not strange that so many pretenders have appeared, not only in Russia but in other countries, and one is sometimes tempted to believe that possibly in more than a single instance they were really what they claimed to be.

The young man who was said to be Dimitri was employed as a servant in the family of a Polish prince, where he declared his identity, and said he had escaped through the help of a physician, whom Boris had hired to take his life. The young man showed a seal and a golden cross which he declared had been given to him by his godfather. The Polish prince whom he served seemed to credit the story of the adventurer, as did others of station and influence. He conducted himself with dignity, and by his pleasing manners and deportment added to those who believed in his claims.

Of course it is impossible at this late day to say of a certainty who this



THE DEATH OF WAN THY TERRIBLE

young man was, nor is it important to know. There is little doubt that he was a pretender, and the general supposition is that he was a monk. Be that as it may, it is easy to understand that the news was anything but pleasing to Boris, who made many attempts to get hold of his rival, but the youth kept safely beyond his reach.

The pretender was received with royal honors by the palatine of Sandomir, whose daughter was betrothed to him. The young man abjured the Greek faith and made extravagant settlements from the Russian Empire which he hoped to obtain. Finally, Sigismund III. of Poland, who was a fanatical Roman Catholic, assigned to him a large pension and publicly acknowledged him as Czar. Everything being in readiness, the adventurer, on the last day of October, 1604, invaded Russia, town after town submitting until he reached Novgorod Severski. Here a hard battle was fought in which, through the ability and vigor of the Russian commander, Basmanov, the pretender was decisively defeated. The Czar seemed suspicious of every one, and recalling Basmanov, put Chouiski, another general, in his place. In a battle fought on the 21st of January, the adventurer's forces were almost annihilated. With the remnant he retreated and remained inactive for several months.

In the midst of these stirring events, Boris suddenly died on the 13th of April, 1605, after he had reigned for six years, his death probably being due to poison, which had long before become the favorite means of removing a troublesome opponent. Devious as were the ways by which he reached the throne, it cannot be denied that he was a progressive and energetic ruler, who did all he could to lift Russia from her isolation, and who, as one means of introducing Western ideas into the empire, sent numbers of bright youths to Western Europe to be educated, though most of the Russians who thus left their country did not return. One backward step, however, was taken by him when he sanctioned the binding of the Russian serfs to the soil, so that they could be sold and bought with the land.

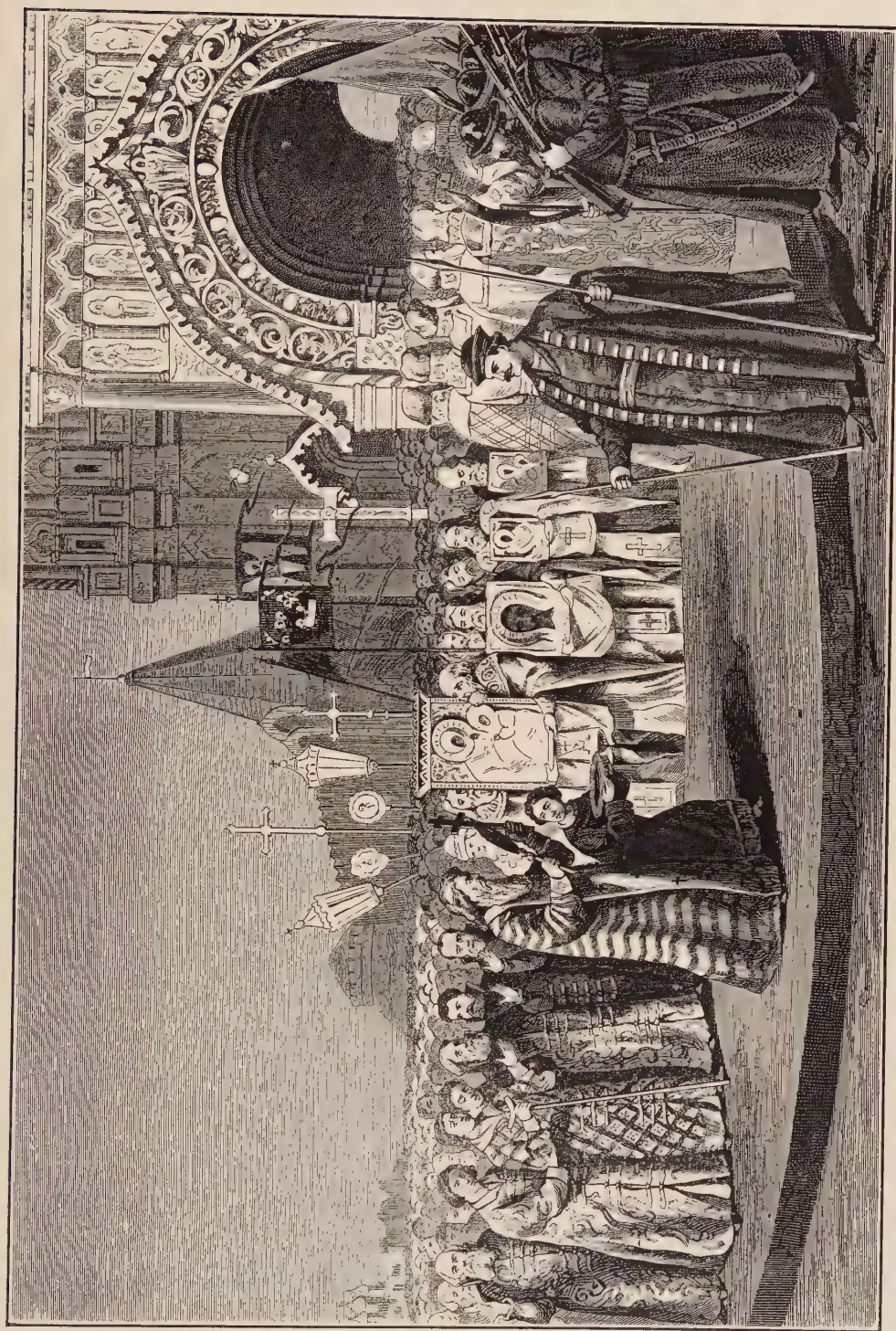
Feodore II., son of Boris, was sixteen years old when proclaimed his successor. His weakness led many to fall away from him, and, Basmanov, who had done valiant service for his father, and who had again been called to the command of the army, deliberately went over to the pretender Dimitri, whom he proclaimed as the Czar. Dimitri ordered him to advance against the capital. He was successful, and entering Moscow in triumph, again proclaimed his new master. A frenzied uprising followed in which Feodore and his mother were murdered. Dimitri entered Moscow on the 30th of June, 1605, and after a series of processions and fastings, paid a visit to the Queen of Boris, whom he claimed as his mother. She must have penetrated the deception at a glance, but, in the hope of gaining advantage thereby, professed to

recognize him, though she was equally ready afterward to declare him an impostor.

The pretender now made the fatal blunder of alienating those who had rallied ardently to his support. He treated the people with contempt, neglected Russian customs, and showed an open fondness for the Roman Catholics. Mariana, his betrothed, came to Moscow with a splendid retinue the following year, but the people were enraged through seeing the city filled with heretic Poles. The two were married in May, and within the following fortnight a conspiracy broke out, at the head of which was Chouiski, who had already been pardoned for taking part in a similar plot. Hearing the wild confusion at night, and reading its fearful meaning, the terrified Dimitri tried to escape by leaping from his window into the courtyard below, but his fall broke his leg, and he was unable to rise. As he lay helpless, he was stabbed to death by the assassins. Basmanov was killed in an adjoining apartment, and the two bodies were exposed for several days, after which that of Dimitri was burnt. Thus perished one whose real history can never be known, though it was believed at the time he was an unfrocked priest. Mariana knelt to Chouiski and was spared and placed in prison. We shall soon hear more of her.

The soil of Russia seemed to favor a crop of pretenders. Hardly had the boyars convened and elected Chouiski as Vassili or Basil VI., when a second false Dimitri appeared, and with a horde of adventurers seized and fortified a village barely eight miles from Moscow. Bands of ruffians joined him with no other object than pillage, and Mariana, to escape returning to her native Poland as an object of ridicule and scorn, pretended to recognize her husband in the man who, on her theory, must have escaped death through a miracle. Although the impostor was successful at first, his strength rapidly dwindled, and, venturing nearer Moscow, he suffered a crushing repulse. Later he was murdered by one of his own lawless followers.

The "Period of Troubles," as it has been termed, led the Poles in September, 1609, to invade Russia. Encountering Chouiski near Moscow they defeated his followers and took him prisoner. He was sent to Poland where he died soon after in confinement. Then Ladislaus of Poland, son of Sigismund III., forced his election as Czar. The Russians were so exhausted and wearied with strife, that they made no resistance or protest, and he held supreme power until 1613, when after a savage struggle the Poles were expelled from the country. At a meeting of the boyars, Michael Romanoff, a youth of sixteen, was elected Czar. He was on his mother's side a grandson of Ivan the Terrible, but his popularity was mainly due to the esteem felt for his father, the bishop of Rostoff, who had suffered much for his country. Thus the present royal family of Russia, the Romanoffs, ascended the throne in 1613.



THE CORONATION OF MICHAEL III., FIRST OF THE ROMANOFF CZARS

The reign of Michael III. (1613-1645) was anything but tranquil. The persistent Poles still held many districts, while marauding bands of Cossacks terrorized the people. Their leader resisted all assaults in Astrakhan for a time, and Mariana fled to him with her infant child by the second Dimitri. The leader, Mariana, and her little one were all captured in 1614, and brought to Moscow, where the robber and the child were put to death and the mother imprisoned for life.

The Poles would not recognize Michael as Czar, and Ladislaus was determined to march upon Moscow, but in 1618 a long truce was agreed upon. The Pole still withheld his acknowledgment of Michael, but never attempted again to enforce his claim. The father of Michael, who had been long held in captivity by the Poles, was now permitted to return to his native country, where he was made Patriarch, and assisted the rule of his son. The Polish King died in 1632, and two years later a treaty was ratified by which Poland retained possession of Smolensk and Chernigov, but recognized Michael as Czar and abandoned all claim to the crown of Russia.

The most annoying trouble of the Czar was with his nobles, who were venomously jealous of his power. By deception and through false charges they led him to divorce his first wife, and it is probable they poisoned his second wife. Russia felt more strongly every year the impact of Western civilization. Adventurers flocked into the country, the Scotch being the most numerous, and their descendants, with their original names curiously twisted, may be found throughout the empire to this day.

About this time a party of Cossacks of the Don, a territory belonging to Russia, aided by others that were nominally subject to Poland, made a raid against the Turks and seized the town of Azov, which gave the Russians a foothold on the Black Sea. They offered it to the Czar, who called his council to decide whether to accept or decline the gift. Agents were sent to examine the place, and they reported that the defences were in so tumble-down a condition that a great deal of money would be required to rebuild them, and finally the post was too advanced for Russia to occupy. Accordingly, the proposed present was declined with thanks, no one dreaming of what was coming on a much grander scale before the closing of that century.

At Michael's death in 1645 he was succeeded by his son Alexis, who was Czar till 1676. Hardly had he begun his reign when lo! a third false Dimitri sprang upon the stage and began disporting before the public. He would have attracted no attention but for Queen Christina of Sweden, who treated him as if he were what he claimed to be. She disliked Russia and took this method of annoying the Czar. Perhaps this new Dimitri was unduly puffed up by this consideration from the sovereign of another country, for he strolled

over into the dominions of the Duke of Holstein, who handed him to the agents of Alexis in Prussian Saxony. He was escorted to Moscow and promptly put to death.

The empire was in sore distress, for the burdensome taxes, the abuses of justice, and the almost total destruction of the coinage by its debasement caused bloody riots, and the wretched peasants, goaded to rebellion, were slain without mercy. It has been shown that the Book of Ordinances, which was a development of the previous codes, was published in 1647. The Czar put forth every effort to see that impartial justice was administered throughout his dominions, but he made the mistake, often repeated elsewhere, of thinking that ferocious punishments can stamp out wrong-doing. Thus one of his decrees was that any man who smoked a pipe should have his nose cut off, and yet thousands used tobacco in that form, and some of the portraits of the Emperors shortly after showed that they were devotees to the weed.

A noticeable occurrence during this reign was the Russianizing of the Cossacks, who have since played so important a part in the history of the empire. Our earliest knowledge of them is when they were a mixed race of adventurers occupying the sparsely populated section south of Russia and Poland, where they formed a sort of moving wall between the countries named and the dominions of the Tartars and Turks. One powerful tribe lived on the Don and the other on the Dnieper, of which the former became subjects of Russia under Ivan the Terrible. The tribe on the Dnieper formed a free military republic, though they acknowledged the Poles as their masters. These wild, picturesque horsemen made raids over hundreds of miles and sometimes defiantly drew rein under the gates of Constantinople itself, sneered at the defenders, or sent jeering messages to the Sultan who showed no wish to meet them on anything like equal terms.

Any one would suppose the Poles would show appreciation of the many services of the Cossacks, but, instead of doing so, they treated them with the greatest harshness, as if they were so many abject slaves not entitled to the slightest consideration. Many of the Cossack leaders were put to death with such brutality that the wonder is the tribe submitted so long. But the time came when the worm turned. The Cossacks repaid with fierce interest the outrages they had suffered. So furious was their revenge that when Casimir became King of Poland, he sent proposals to treat with them for the settlement of their quarrel. Even then the Poles were guilty of perfidy and could not act with any regard to honor. In the subsequent fighting, the Cossacks were reduced to the final extremity, and, as a last resort, they sent messengers to the Czar in 1652, with the offer to transfer their allegiance to him. The



THE COSSACKS SENDING THEIR DEFIANCE AND RIDICULE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

offer was promptly accepted, and since that time they have formed a part of the Russian nationality.

It must be remembered that the Poles or Lithuanians had conquered much of Western Russia. Under Alexis I. a good deal of territory was regained, including Smolensk, Chernigov, and several places beyond the Dnieper. Even Kief itself was temporarily recovered, and afterward its acquisition was made permanent. Few achievements have caused the Russians such exultation as this recapture of their ancient capital.

The Bible in use at that time contained many errors due to ignorant copyists. Two councils of the Church were held in 1655–56, which called in the old-service books and substituted the newly translated ones. This caused a schism in the Russian church, for changes of that character always provoke opposition, and many adhered to the old books, despite their numerous mistakes. These people were called Raskilniks, and they exist to-day, though they have gone through many cruel persecutions.

Alexis, who died in 1676, was twice married. The children of his first wife were two sons, Feodore and Ivan, and a daughter Sophia and other children. By his second wife he had one son, Peter. Feodore succeeded his father, but he was a weakling and at his death, in 1682, left no children. Keeping these facts in mind, you will understand the important events that follow.

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IVAN THE GREAT ENTERING KAZAN



PETER THE GREAT AT PULTOWA

Chapter CXXII

PETER, THE EMPIRE BUILDER



THE death of Feodore brought a crisis in Russian history. The court was divided into bitter factions, and Ivan, the second son of Alexis, was weaker and more incompetent than Feodore had been. Naturally the relatives of the second wife wished to put him aside and make Peter the Czar. But an obstacle presented itself in Sophia, the full sister of Ivan, who displayed extraordinary ability and vigor. Spurning the seclusion usual among the females of the royal family, she appeared before the Strelitz, or national guard, and roused them to fury by a passionate appeal for justice toward her brother. Then she let loose the troops who were howling for vengeance. A frightful carnage lasted from the 15th to the 18th of May, 1682, during which nearly a hundred members of the most noble families in Russia were massacred.

The boy Peter and his mother fled to a convent. They were pursued even to the foot of the altar, but when the mother called down the vengeance of Heaven upon her assailants, they hesitated and spared her. Still upon the whole, Sophia was successful. In July, Ivan and Peter were crowned as joint rulers, and Sophia was appointed as regent. She held this important office for seven years.

Here we must turn aside for a few minutes to trace the career of a remarkable man who had much to do with the fortunes of Peter I., or the Great. He was Patrick Gordon, a native of Scotland, born in 1635. Finding the university of his own country closed against him, because of his devotion to the



THE CORONATION OF THE TWO CHILDREN, IVAN AND PETER THE GREAT

Roman Catholic faith of his mother, he determined, at the age of sixteen, to use his own words, "to go to some foreign country, not caring much on what pretense, or to what country I should go, seeing I had no known friend in any foreign place."

After many warlike adventures he decided to enter the service of the Czar Alexis. He did so in 1661, and was immediately satisfied that he had taken the wisest step of his life. The Russian soldiers needed nothing so much as training, and he set to work with a success that brought him rapid promotion. He was made colonel in 1665, when he learned that the death of his elder brother in Scotland had brought him wealth and title, provided he went home to claim them. He wished to do so, but the Czar would not permit it, though he sent him on a mission to England in 1666. On his return he was ordered to serve against the Cossacks. These being subdued, he was sent to defend Tschigrin against the Turks and Tartars. His brilliant performance of this duty made him a major-general, and added greatly to his military reputation. He became lieutenant-general in 1683, and two years later was permitted to visit England and Scotland. King James II. invited him to enter the English service, but his petition for leave to remove his possessions from Russia was denied. He returned and, in 1688, was made general. Then began his intimacy with Czar Peter to whose history we now return.

No attention had been paid to the education of Peter up to the time of his coronation. He was anxious to make up for this loss, and availed himself of the accomplishments of Lieutenant Franz Timmerman, a native of Strasburg, who drilled him in military art and taught him mathematics. He next was fortunate enough to fall under the guidance of François Lefort, a native of Geneva, who, after serving for some time in the French and Dutch service, went to Russia where he obtained a captain's commission in the army. He fought bravely against the Turks and Tartars, and became the devoted friend of Peter, with whom he was a favorite until his death.

Lefort was highly accomplished and showed Peter how much his empire was behind the rest of Europe in the sciences and arts of civilization. The Czar was so impressed that his whole career was influenced. Lefort formed a small military company out of the young men of noble families and enlisted Peter as a drummer boy. He subjected him to strict discipline and training, until step by step the young Czar advanced to the highest rank. This peculiar experience was of the highest benefit to Peter, and no doubt saved him from the jealousy of his half-sister, who seeing him so infatuated with his little company, believed he was wholly given up to amusement—a tremendous mistake as she was soon to learn.

Peter the Great was by nature an animal, coarse, sensual, passionate, and

absolutely merciless in his hates. He was like some shaggy beast, only restrained from evil by the diversion of his energies elsewhere. His ambition was to regenerate Russia. He had no time to give way to his furious passions.

In February, 1689, in opposition to the wishes of the regent Sophia, but by his mother's advice, he married Eudoxia Feodorowna. This marriage was an unhappy one. Of the two children born the elder was the unfortunate Alexis, while the younger died in infancy.

A few months after this marriage, Peter called upon his sister to resign the government. She refused, and a savage struggle began between the two for supremacy. At first matters went against Peter, who was compelled to flee for his life. He took refuge in the monastery of the Troitsa and called upon his soldiers to follow him. Gordon and Lefort hurried thither with the troops under their command, and through their timely aid won the life-long gratitude of Peter. The Strelitz, which had been the mainstay of Sophia, deserted her and rallied to the standard of Peter. She was seized and sent to a convent, where until her death, in 1704, she continued to annoy the Czar by ceaseless intrigues.

On October 11, 1689, Peter entered Moscow in triumph, and was met by his feeble co-ruler Ivan, to whom he gave the nominal supremacy, while he reserved the exercise of real power to himself. Ivan enjoyed his phantom authority till his death in 1696. He was only thirty years old when he died, and left three daughters, Catherine, Anne, and Praskovia. Peter at this time (1689) was only seventeen, and, great as was his ability, he could not have walked alone without his able and brilliant aids, Gordon and Lefort.

His first step on assuming the Government was to organize an army and train it according to European tactics. In this the help of Gordon and Lefort was invaluable. He strove also to form a navy, but had to contend against enormous natural disadvantages. Russia was shut out from the Baltic by Sweden and Poland, the former of which possessed Finland, St. Petersburg (then known as Ingria) and the Baltic provinces, while Turkey excluded her from the Black Sea, the Sultan's realm having been extended all along the north coast of that important body of water. This left only the White Sea and the frozen Arctic Ocean, with the single port of Archangel, for the use of the Russian navy.

Peter determined to gain at least a foothold on the Black Sea, so he declared war against Turkey, and, in 1696, Gordon captured the city of Azov at the mouth of the Don. He was obliged to besiege it for a long time, because his newly disciplined army had not yet been moulded into the formidable machine it afterward became.



THE REGENT SOPHIA SEIZED AND CARRIED TO A CONVENT

Having gained an accessible seaboard and port, Peter now summoned skilled engineers, architects, and artillerymen from Austria, Venice, Prussia, and Holland, and the utmost energy was displayed in constructing ships and improving the arms and discipline of the army. He ordered many members of his nobility to travel in foreign countries, chiefly Holland and Italy, and gather knowledge that could be used in civilizing and modernizing Russia.

Peter's prodigious will and ambition could not be content with doing this important work by proxy. He knew none of his subjects were as able as himself. He looked upon the common people as so many cattle and upon his nobles in much the same way, feeling that their rank alone lifted them above the lower herd. All were helpless before that mailed hand which was ever ready to smite like the thunderbolt from the heavens. He may have infused some of his own tremendous energy into them, but what assurance could he have that they would prove equal to the supreme test? Would not great obstacles, hardships, and labors cause them to fall by the wayside? In short, was he not himself the single appointed agent of Heaven to upbuild the mighty empire of Russia?

Peter deliberately resolved to leave his throne and fit himself to return to it. He determined to go to Holland, then the greatest of commercial nations, and perfect himself in a practical knowledge of maritime science. Until then he had not been represented at any European court. His first step, therefore, was to fit out a magnificent embassy to the States-General of Holland. The Czar himself travelled incognito as a simple attaché of the mission. Arriving at Riga, by way of Esthonia and Livonia, Peter asked permission to examine the fortifications and met with a curt refusal. He flamed up, but could not help himself—just then. He, however, stored away the insult, as he viewed it, for future revenge.

Passing through Prussia, the embassy was received with great ceremony by the King at Königsberg. The Germans and Russians fraternized. All were enormous drinkers and they spent days and nights in carousal. None of them could surpass the Czar in that respect, but he was engaged upon far too important an errand, and was learning to put the curb upon his tempestuous nature. He left the embassy and hurried to Holland, his ultimate destination, impatient to get to work at the trade he had selected. At Saardam he hired out as a common ship-carpenter, receiving his pittance in wages every Saturday night, and boiling his own pot each day for dinner. He hired lodgings from a seafaring man named Kist, whom he had met in Archangel, and took the name of Peter Mikhailov, or Peter Baas (Master) as the Dutch called him. Of course his identity was known to all, but he insisted upon being treated as a common workman, and so far as possible his wishes were respected.

Where exceptional mechanical ability, inflexible resolution, and insatiate ambition unite, the result is certain. Sooner than any of his associates he became an accomplished shipbuilder. His first venture was to buy a small yacht, which he so refitted that it was virtually a new vessel. Seated in this boat he made the Dutchmen stare by the agility with which he dodged in and out among the shipping in the harbor, and dashed ahead of those who had the temerity to engage in a test of speed. His massive physique, for he was a perfect Hercules, withstood the ceaseless draughts made upon it by almost endless labor, the appetite of a wolf, and the thirst of a fever patient. Soon he was to give an astonishing proof of his skill by building, from his own draft and model, a sixty-gun ship, assisting in its carpentry, and producing a vessel which, competent judges said, was one of the finest turned out in the dock-yards of Holland.

Peter by no means confined himself to the study of maritime matters. He gained a fair knowledge of civil engineering, mathematics, and the construction of fortifications. He learned to speak the language of the country as well as the Dutchmen themselves, and visited and looked closely into various charitable, literary and scientific institutions, in order that he might intelligently introduce them into his own country. It is said he learned tooth-pulling and blood-letting, and certainly his later career proved him an adept at the latter.

He must have cut a strange figure as he hustled here and there, eternally asking questions of whomsoever he fancied could answer him. No matter what he saw, he would not be satisfied until he knew all about it. Sometimes the sluggish Hollanders got in his way, or rather did not get out of it quickly enough to please him. Then he would forget their language and berate them in his own, emphasizing his curses by whacks over the head with his heavy cane. If the offender was still slow in moving, he would seize him by the scruff of the neck and fling him aside like a child. Surely the man who intended to qualify himself to become the instructor of a nation numbering millions must stop at no means necessary to hasten in the pursuit of knowledge.

Peter remained some months in Holland, earning a certificate of skill which is still preserved. The brief period which he required to learn shipbuilding leaves no question as to his natural ability. William III. of England sent him an invitation to visit that country, and Peter spent three months there. Queen Mary was dead, but the Czar called upon the King, the Princess Anne, and many of the nobility. He was anxious to study the navy yards, dockyards, and maritime establishments, and to gain all the practical knowledge possible of naval architecture. He still preserved his incognito, though he did not work in the dockyards. King William showed him much attention and did



EUDOXIA PREPARING FOR HER WEDDING TO PETER

what he could to assist him in gathering the knowledge he was so eager to obtain.

At first Peter lodged in York Buildings, but he wished to be nearer the sea, and occupied a house known as Sayes Court, where, says an old chronicler, "he would often take up the carpenter's tools, and work with them; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who showed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel." When he felt the need of exercise in the morning, he trundled a wheelbarrow rapidly back and forth. Looking at the burly form, dashing to and fro, behind the squeaking vehicle, who, not knowing the truth, would have imagined that he was Czar of all the Russias? The King had instructed the Marquis of Caermarthen to look after Peter's wants, and the two became intimate friends. They generally spent the evenings together with pipes and beer at a tavern long known as the "Czar of Muscovy."

The busy, far-seeing brain of Peter had already formed the design of uniting the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian by a series of locks and canals, and he not only gave his chief attention to the study of engineering, but engaged a large number of engineers to carry out the project for him. The scheme, however, proved a failure, which would have been laughable had it not been pitiful. The engineers accompanied Peter on his return for the purpose of developing the internal improvements of the empire. They had been promised liberal wages and they did their duty faithfully. They never received so much as a rouble in the way of payment, and such as were not assassinated by jealous Russians found their way home after several years like so many ragged tramps. Peter's brains were so filled with his colossal schemes that he could not afford time to think of the obligations of honor.

Despite the shabby treatment these scientific visitors received, they conferred several important benefits upon Russia. Among other improvements, they introduced the art of reckoning by Arabic numerals. Previous to that time accounts were kept by means of a series of balls upon a string, as the scores in the game of billiards are marked. You may find the old system in use, even at this day, in some parts of the Czar's dominions.

Peter could be magnificent when he chose. He had received the best of treatment from King William. When he called to say good-by to the monarch of England, he took a small package of brown paper from his pocket and handed it to his august friend. William, upon unrolling the paper, found nestling within a superb "pigeon-blood" ruby worth \$50,000. Nor did the Czar forget the pleasant hours spent with Lord Caermarthen, in the quaint old tavern. To him the Czar presented the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia, and to charge five shillings for each license. This

right of exportation was purchased by an English company, which paid \$75,000 for the monopoly.

At Vienna Peter was received with great pomp, and he would have made his homeward journey at a leisurely pace, and perhaps given himself up to many of the gross enjoyments of which he had deprived himself, while acquiring his vast fund of information. Disquieting tidings, however, awaited him. A furious insurrection of the Strelitz had broken out in Moscow. With the news came word that it had been put down by Patrick Gordon; but Peter was impatient to take matters in his own hand. He felt himself master of the trade of bloodletting and grimly remarked that the time to exercise it had arrived. He, therefore, abandoned his intended visit to Italy and hurried to his capital.

The first thing he did was to suspend several of the rebellious Strelitz in front of Sophia's prison window, others were hanged and quartered, and a number broken upon the wheel. Peter is said to have slain many with his own hand. The Strelitz were fairly wiped out, and are heard of no more in the history of Russia.

It was impossible for this elephantine fury to stay idle. His ambition was to gain a seacoast for his country; for without a seacoast his navy was useless and he would be hindered in introducing Western civilization. Centuries previous the Baltic lands of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia had belonged to his empire and he was resolved to wrest them again from Sweden. Until the time should come for striking the blow, he occupied himself with smaller things. He formed a disgust for the beards and cumbersome petticoats which his subjects wore. He, therefore, laid a tax on them. But his subjects paid the tax and continued to wear both. Then Peter increased the tax, which, failing of its purpose, he had recourse to more drastic measures. He placed tailors and barbers at the different gates of Moscow, and under his orders beards were shaved off and petticoats cut down to what he considered decent proportions. His course was very offensive to his people, and the clergy denounced the Czar as Antichrist, for which he cared not a straw. Their amazement was unbounded when he changed the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January. A good many inquired whether his next step would not be to order a change in the course of the sun.

A loss which caused him great grief was the death of General Gordon, which took place in November, 1699, his last years being crowned with opulence and honors through the affectionate gratitude of the Czar. Gordon's biographer says: "The Czar, who had visited him five times during his illness, and had been twice with him during the night, stood weeping by his bed as he



PETER THE GREAT LEARNING SHIP-BUILDING IN HOLLAND

drew his last breath; and the eyes of him who had left Scotland as a poor, unfriended wanderer were closed by the hands of an Emperor."

Now came Peter's chance to secure an outlet on the Baltic. The King of Sweden had died in 1697, leaving the throne to his son, a boy of fifteen. He was looked upon as so insignificant and helpless that Russia, Denmark, and Poland coolly formed a league for the dismemberment of his kingdom. Never was a greater mistake made in politics. The youthful Swede was Charles XII., whose career for the dozen years that followed was one of the most dazzling in history. In the very hour that Charles learned of the intentions of his enemies, he began his preparations to defeat them. Without waiting for them to strike, he swept down like a cyclone with his army, first upon Denmark, and then upon the Polish forces at Riga, and ground both to powder.

Then like a very thunderbolt of war Charles hurled his soldiers against a Russian army of eighty thousand men, who were besieging Narva, a small town near the Gulf of Livonia, and within Swedish territory. Peter had been an assiduous student of the theory of war, but here was the whirlwind itself, and he was gaining a lesson that was to last throughout his life, abounding as it did with eager education. It was in the latter part of November that the Swedes loomed out of a driving snow storm and fell upon the terrified Russians. It mattered not that the Swedes were but as one to seven or eight against their enemies; they drove everything resistlessly before them. The defeat of the Russians could not have been more complete and ignominious. The long petticoats prevented celerity of movement, and when the panic-stricken wretches started to run, the nimbler Swedes cut them down like sheep. After the battle it was found that the prisoners were four times as many as their conquerors.

Fortunately for Peter he was not at this battle. When news of the disaster reached him, he did not seem to be disheartened, only remarking: "I expected the Swedes to beat us; we needed the lesson, and before long they will teach us how to beat them." There was much force in what he said some time afterward: "If we had gained a victory at Narva, knowing so little as we did about the science of war, who shall say into what abyss the unexpected good fortune would have thrown us? It may seem a costly lesson, but in the end it shall cost the Swedes far more than us."

Always and forever busy, Peter not only in time of peace prepared for war, but reversed the rule and in time of war made ready for the coming of peace. He imported sheep from Saxony, built linen and paper factories, founded schools and hospitals, and melted the church bells in Moscow into cannon. Most rulers would have accepted Narva as so overwhelming a disaster that they would have waited a long time before measuring strength again with the

foe that had crushed them. But nothing was further from the thoughts of Peter than delay. The severity of the winter made it necessary to await the coming of spring, but when that arrived he would be ready!

And now comes the touch of romance to "grim-visaged" war. The Russian troops were on the march as soon as weather permitted, and gained a few unimportant successes. One of the Russian generals captured Marienburg in Livonia, where he found among the prisoners a beautiful young Livonian girl, of the name of Martha. She had been married the day before to a Swedish sergeant, who fell in the battle. Thus she was left a friendless orphan at the age of sixteen, not knowing where to turn in her grief. Her sorrowful plight attracted the notice of General Bauer, who befriended her. She afterward lived with Menzikoff, but caught the eye of the Czar, who took her to himself and first privately and then publicly married her. This poor Livonian girl in time became the Empress of all the Russias.

There are no more superstitious people anywhere than the Russians. Peter had chafed for a long time against the ecclesiastical power, which was the only real check upon his own. He was waiting for the right hour to put axe to the root of the tree, for he was determined it should fall. The Patriarch, at the head of the Church, was spiritually miles above the head of the Emperor. On Palm Sunday he rode to church upon an ass, at the head of a long procession of priests and civil dignitaries, with the Czar walking uncovered beside him and holding the bridle of the beast. The Patriarch had the power of pronouncing the sentence of torture, and of life or death, and there was no tribunal to which appeal could be taken against the sentence.

All this was unbearable to Peter. He saw in the Church the unrelenting enemy to the reforms he contemplated, for there was no shattering the wall of bigotry or placating the opposition. He therefore determined to take the only effective remedy that was possible; he would abolish the office of Patriarch and place himself at the head of the Church. When the Patriarch died, Peter made himself *pontifex maximus*, and refused to appoint any other Patriarch. The clergy offered less resistance than would have been expected. It may have been that they saw the uselessness of such resistance and were too wise to stir the wrath of such a terrific personality, while some indeed defended his high-handed course.

Before the year 1702 drew to a close, Peter's troops had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had occupied all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. Then, keeping up his policy of preparing for peace and developing his country in time of war, the Czar founded the metropolis of his empire, St. Petersburg, so named not in honor of Peter, but of his patron saint and name-father, the Apostle Peter. The foundations were laid May 27, 1703.



PETER THE GREAT FOUNDING ST. PETERSBURG

No other man could have caused a magnificent city to rise in that unfavorable spot. The site is upon a delta formed by the branching of the Neva, on a dismal morass, without stones, half submerged, with no clay or earth that could be utilized, with the Gulf of Finland in front and the outlet of Lake Ladoga and the surrounding swamps at the rear. The soil was sterile, the climate of Arctic intensity, and a southwest wind of two days' continuance deluged the city with the waters of the Baltic. One hundred thousand workmen succumbed during the first year to the cold and unhealthfulness of the location, but at the end of that same year St. Petersburg contained thirty thousand houses. Attractive inducements brought immigrants, and in a few years the city became the Russian commercial depot of the Baltic. It was in itself a throb of the will of one of the mightiest and most resistless of earthly rulers.

Meanwhile the war raged. While the Czar was building his proud city, Charles XII. was striking his sledge-hammer blows which tumbled the Elector of Saxony off the Polish throne. Charles desolated both Poland and Saxony. Peter's troops had learned fast from their teachers, and steadily gained province after province of what at that time was Swedish sea coast. After a number of important successes, the Czar joined forces with Augustus in Poland, but about the same time he was called off to quell a rebellion in Astrakan. Hardly was he gone when the perfidious Augustus galloped off to make a humiliating treaty with the Swedish king. Not only that, but he surrendered one of the most faithful of the Czar's generals to Charles, who in his rage caused the man to be broken on the wheel. Peter thought he had gained nearly all the Swedish provinces he cared about at that time, and notified Charles that he was ready to discuss terms of peace.

"I am willing to do so," replied the Swedish monarch, "but it must be in Moscow."

"Brother Charles wishes to act Alexander," grimly remarked Peter; "but he shall not find a Darius in me."

Peter now displayed good generalship by slowly retreating before the advance of his fiery tempered foe, and seeking to make the climate his ally, as his countrymen did a hundred years and more later, before the invasion of Napoleon. His Cossacks laid waste the country on all sides of the advancing Swedes, whose iron-willed leader could not be persuaded from his course, and with his eighty thousand troops followed the hundred thousand of Peter, who kept open communications with his cities and magazines. Several collisions took place without decisive results. The bitterly cold weather froze thousands of the poor soldiers, who toppled over like so many tenpins and were left lying like blocks of ice in the snow. Still the relentless Charles pushed forward, when, to the inexplicable amazement of the Czar, he suddenly turned aside,

abandoned his campaign against Moscow, and marched toward the Ukraine. What could it mean?

This was the explanation: Mazeppa was a hetman or general of the Cossacks, who, when a youth, served as a page to the King of Poland. A nobleman of that country caused him to be stripped naked and bound upon a horse. The horse was sent galloping off to go whither he chose. Instead of taking the captive to the Ukraine, as the poet Byron tells the story, the horse carried his senseless master to his distant home. The shamed and humiliated Mazeppa fled to the Ukraine and joined the Cossacks, where his courage and ability caused his choice as hetman. He became a favorite of Peter, who heaped honors upon him and made him Prince of the Ukraine. When the freedom of the Cossacks was lessened, Mazeppa formed a plot for throwing off the sovereignty of the Czar, and, at the period which we have reached, he was negotiating with Charles with a view of gaining his help. He promised to take over the Cossacks to Charles' side; but they refused to unite in his treason, and when Mazeppa joined the Swedish King, he led only an insignificant number of companions. It was the turning aside of Charles to effect a junction of forces with the Cossack leader that caused the singular change in his plan of campaign.

Although it was the depth of winter and the Swedish soldiers were perishing by the thousand, Charles could not be persuaded to go into winter quarters, but pressed on, determined to reduce the Ukraine and then capture Moscow. In the month of May, 1709, with only eighteen thousand left of his original eighty thousand troops, he laid siege to Pultowa. A month later Peter came up, and, under the pretence of an attack upon the Swedes, rushed two thousand of his soldiers into the place. A few days afterward he gave battle to his adversary and utterly routed him. Both leaders fought in front of their armies with conspicuous bravery. Charles was suffering from a wound in the heel, and was borne throughout the fight on a litter. When his army was annihilated, he made his escape on horseback and fled to Turkey. Only a few of his followers accompanied him, and Mazeppa, who was one of them, died the same year.

The overthrow of Charles was complete, and during the following autumn and winter Livonia was annexed to Russia. Charles, however, was one of those magnificent heathen who was born six hundred years too late. He fought for the mere sake of fighting. To him war was the normal condition of society, and peace was as unbearable as it was unnatural. Instead of accepting what seemed to be the inevitable, he threw all his diplomacy and skill into persuading the Turks to make war against Peter, whom he hated unutterably, for having "clipped the wings" of his ambition. So skilfully was the jealousy



PULTOWA—A PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH

of the Sultan stirred over the aggressions of Russia that he decided to enter into a campaign against the Czar, his avowed object being the recovery of Azov and the expulsion of his pestilent neighbors from the Black Sea.

Peter saw the momentous nature of the impending struggle, made a levy of one man out of every four in his dominions, and, at the head of forty thousand troops, crossed the frontier of Turkey. Before setting out, he made public proclamation of his previous marriage with Catharine or Martha, the "captive of Marienburg," and she, despite his remonstrances, accompanied him on the most trying campaign of his life.

Strange as it may seem, Peter now committed the same blunder that had undone Charles of Sweden. Believing in the pledges that were brought to him of the assistance of the Hospodar of Moldavia, he advanced at the head of a weak force,—so weak, indeed, that without the promised aid of the Moldavians it was doomed to failure. That indispensable aid was never given. Crossing the deep, rapid Pruth, Peter found himself near Jassy, in a hostile country, with the swift river between him and his own dominions, and with a powerful army of Turks in front and another of Tartars in his rear. His enemies numbered two hundred thousand to his forty thousand, and had every advantage of position. It looked as if the Czar had walked blindfolded into the very trap set for him.

Fighting went on for three days, during which Peter lost nearly half his men, and then the last glimmer of hope vanished. Not a single Moldavian had come to his assistance, and he knew that none would come. The river under the circumstances was impassable. He was like the worm enclosed in a ring of fire, which has no choice but to wait its final consuming.

Who shall describe the despairing thoughts of the great Peter? Charles, whom he had crushed like a serpent under his heel, had brought another to secure his ruin. That execrated leader of the Swedes would be among the jeering multitude who would feast their exultation upon the sight of the Czar of Russia paraded through the streets of Constantinople as the captive of the Sultan. What an ignominious ending to a career that was meant to be one of a towering grandeur such as the modern world had not yet seen! What a fall for the vaulting ambition, when advancing swiftly toward its fullest fruition! What depths of woe and disappointment the human heart can suffer without breaking, and how many thousand times worse than death such a doom was to one with Peter's aims, hopes, and ambition!

Wrapping his cloak about his massive shoulders, with head bowed and with such a distorted, frightful mien that all shrank from his path and none durst speak to him, the Czar strode into his tent and flung himself upon his blanket, first calling out that no one should come near him. Then were heard strange

sounds, such as might be made by a wild beast or monster, rolling over the ground and fighting with a convulsion that was tearing body, brain, and soul. Peter was in one of his tumults of fury.

Yet legend says that a woman dared to disobey him and intrude upon his despair. It was his peasant wife, Catherine. She told her husband that she, as well as he, saw that retreat was as impossible as escape from the enemies who shut them in on every hand. Only one recourse remained to be tried. That was negotiation.

"It has not been attempted," said she, "because no one has thought of it; it is the only means left to us; if it fails, we shall be no worse off but I am sure it will succeed."

It was tried and succeeded beyond the hopes even of Catherine. She tore off her jewels, made all who could contribute do so, and, loading down a representative with the treasures, he was sent into the camp of the enemy, bearing all as a present to the Grand Vizier. The latter was so pleased by the bribe that he ordered hostilities to be suspended at once, and accepted the proposals the Czar made to him. These included the surrender of Azov, the shutting out of Russia from the Black Sea, the demolition of the fortress at Taganroc, the withdrawal of all Russian troops from the vicinity of the Danube, and the guarantee of a safe passage for Charles XII. through the Czar's dominions to his own country. It seems singular that the Vizier thus threw away the capture of the Czar, who was within his power, and when the Turk could have obtained by force of arms all and more than all that was granted by Peter in his extremity.

As for the Swedish King, his rage over what he considered his betrayal was like that of Peter when he lay foaming and writhing in his tent. He berated and insulted the Vizier to his face, as if the Turk were a vassal instead of his patron and master. His furious scolding and protests were contemptuously received, and for three years longer Charles lived as a dependent upon Turkish bounty, scorning all the entreaties of his own countrymen to return and attend to the duties of his kingship. He still hoped he could persuade the Turks to join him in a campaign against Moscow. Finally, after a ridiculous resistance with a few of his servants, he was expelled from the country, and reached home in the disguise of a courier in November, 1714, and was joyfully received by his countrymen. He died soon after.

As for Peter, he hurried home, gained an important victory over the Swedes on the Baltic, commanding his fleet in person, in a battleship that he himself had built. St. Petersburg gave him a welcome like that which Rome in its days of glory gave to her returning conquerors. He transferred the capital from Moscow to St. Petersburg, founded the Academy of Arts and Sciences



MAZEPPA

and the public library, sent a mission through Siberia and China, and had a map prepared of his own dominions, much of which was his own handiwork.

In 1716 Peter set out on a second tour of Europe, accompanied by Catharine, to whom he always showed the deepest gratitude for her measureless help. His first visit was to Poland; then with peculiar pleasure he visited Saardam, where his great fame had preceded him, and he was received with enthusiasm. In France he met little Louis XV. and delighted the boy king by lifting him in his herculean arms. It is recorded that at the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu the Czar sank on his knees and exclaimed: "Gladly would I give thee half of my dominions for thy wisdom to teach me how to govern the other half."

After personally drawing up a treaty of commerce with France, he returned home by way of Berlin. He was vexed by the clamor of some of his clergy for the appointment of a Patriarch, and showed his contempt by conferring the dignity upon a senile buffoon more than four score years of age. No more grotesque exhibition can be imagined, and the people were glad to cease importuning the Czar further regarding their Church dignity.

We are now approaching the most dreadful tragedy in the life of this remarkable ruler,—that is, the condemnation and execution of his own son, Alexis. There have been some who have tried to find palliation for the diabolical act, but it is too shocking for human nature to regard with any feelings except those of shuddering horror. Alexis was bitterly opposed to the systems of reforms to which his father devoted his energies and life, and he was anything but a dutiful son and high-minded youth; but for much of this the parent himself was blamable, since he placed the boy's education in the hands of those whose reactionary creed he well knew, and who were certain to instil it into the plastic mind of the son. As Motley says:

"It was hardly to be expected, to be sure, that this tremendous despot, who had recoiled before no obstacle in the path of his settled purposes; who had stridden over everything with the step of a giant; who had given two seas to an inland empire; who had conquered the most warlike nation and sovereign of Europe with barbarians in petticoats; who had crushed the nobility, annihilated the Janizaries, trampled the Patriarch in dust; who had repudiated his wife because she was attached to the old customs of Muscovy, and had married and crowned a pastry-cook's mistress because it was his sovereign will and pleasure—it was hardly to be expected that such a man would hesitate about disinheriting his own son if he thought proper to do so. But it might have been hoped that he would content himself with disinheriting him, and that the '*Pater Patriæ*,' as by a solemn decree he was shortly afterward entitled, would remember that he was also father of Alexis."

Alexis, it is true, was everything that a son ought not to be. He was stupid, a liar, a sot, a profligate, and the treacherous foe of the magnificent and far-reaching reforms which his august parent had set on foot. Had he been less a dolt, he would have foreseen the inevitable consequence of his conduct. There was no law in Russia which made the eldest son of the sovereign his successor. The crown was the personal property of the Czar, as much as were his horses, cattle, and jewels, and he had an unquestioned right to will it to whomsoever he chose. Alexis was unfit to rule, and long before the fearful crisis came he had disinherited himself.

The sombre, ever-present shadow that darkened the life of the Czar was the dread that with his death the grand fabric which he had built up with such infinite pains would crumble into ruin, because of the bigoted priests and reactionists of whom Alexis was the tool. So, as has been shown, Peter would have done only a praiseworthy act in excluding his son from the succession and choosing some one, no matter what his birth, to carry on the stupendous work that, although well advanced, had not yet reached its full completion.

Alexis was married, and his brutality had much to do with hastening the death of his unhappy wife. The Czar angrily remonstrated with him, and gave him to understand that unless he reformed he would not receive the throne. "If you prefer your present course, become a monk."

"With your gracious permission I will do so," was the reply of the son, who meant the declaration to veil his real intentions. Peter gave him six months in which to think over the matter, and then set out on his tour through Germany and France. Hardly was the Czar's back turned upon St. Petersburg when Alexis sprang from a bed of pretended sickness, and, calling his abandoned companions around him, he became uproariously drunk, and loudly expressed the hope that his father would never return to Russia. In the course of a few months, he received a letter from the Czar ordering him to join the royal court at Copenhagen, provided he had determined to reform his life and make himself fit for the succession. If not, he must take his monastic vows without further delay.

Alexis read the decisive message, declared he was going to Copenhagen, and drew a large amount for his travelling expenses. Still proclaiming that he was on his way to Copenhagen, he left the capital and then sneaked aside to Vienna. The Emperor of Germany gave him so cold a reception that he turned off to Naples. Here two envoys of the Czar found him and placed in his hands a truly paternal letter from his father, affectionate, kind, and promising that if he were obedient his parent would not punish him, but forgive everything and "love him more than ever." Nevertheless the Czar could be stern even when his heart was stirred, and he solemnly warned the degenerate



PETER AND CATHARINE VISITING POLAND

youth that if he persisted in his evil courses, Peter would eternally curse him and find the means of punishing his ingratitude as it deserved.

Alexis seemed at last to see the true situation, and to understand that he must decide at once what he would do. He went back with the two messengers to Moscow, where he arrived in February, 1718. Peter now showed that he could violate his pledged word in true kingly fashion, for on the day following his son's arrival he called a council of the senate and dignitaries of the empire, and formally disinherited Alexis, compelling him and all who were present to swear allegiance to his infant son, who, however, died soon afterward.

The beast in the nature of Peter now clawed its way into dominance. Not content with disinheriting Alexis, he determined to be forever rid of him, foreseeing a strife for the succession, a strife in which the depraved youth might succeed and overturn the splendid structure that had been reared with so much labor and cost. The only way of lifting this shadow of danger was through the death of Alexis, and the father determined to resort to that horrible method.

When the wolf selected the lamb for his victim, he appealed to twisted logic to justify the act. So Peter hunted up excuses, none of which is entitled to a feather's weight. He formally accused Alexis of conspiring against his life. Such an autocrat could have no difficulty in securing the kind of evidence he needed. When his confessor, mistresses, and sottish companions were put upon the rack, they said just what the Czar wished them to say, and were rewarded by being released from torture. As has been remarked, there is no court in Christendom where the testimony that was brought forward would not have been flung into the street.

But the "evidence" was in and a trial was instituted. The miserable victim in his terror confessed to the most impossible offenses; and feeling that he had the worm impaled upon the pin, the Czar resorted to the subterfuge of submitting the case to the judgment of the clergy and highest state officials. The clergy recommended mercy. Fearing this effect upon the other court, more incriminating evidence was hurriedly scraped together, with the result that the ministers, senators, and generals, rightly reading the horrible resolution of the Czar, unanimously condemned the prince to death, leaving the method to be determined by his father.

Thus the appalling issue was forced upon the parent. Absolute master of the situation, he could afford to be deliberate, and soon it was given out that while considering the matter, Alexis became so terrified by his impending fate that he was carried off by an apoplectic seizure, and died, July 7, repentant, receiving the sacrament and extreme unction, and praying his father's pardon.

As generations have passed the majority have come to accept this statement as the true account of the taking off of the wretched Alexis. Yet even if we reject the darker statement that Alexis died under torture, it remains evident that his father scared him to death. Had he not passed away as he did, can any one doubt that Peter would have carried out the verdict of the court? If any human being ever murdered another, then Peter the Great murdered his son Alexis. That fact may be set down as being as undoubted as the shining of the sun in the heavens at midday.

History tells of a remarkable intrigue set on foot in Europe by which Charles XII. of Sweden was to be reconciled with Peter, and they were to unite against George I. of England in the attempt to give the throne of that country to the Pretender. But death removed Charles, and the Czar had held himself so aloof from public participation in the intrigue that he had the effrontery to repeat his pledges of eternal friendship to the house of Hanover, and to assure the English monarch of the "continued assurances of his distinguished consideration."

Panting and exhausted Sweden was glad to sign the treaty of Neustadt, September 10, 1721, by which the Czar was guaranteed in the possession of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria (afterward the government of St. Petersburg), Viborg and Kexholm, and a small part of Finland, including all the islands along the coast from Courland to Viborg, Sweden being given back the remainder of Finland and the sum of \$2,000,000. It was at this time that Peter received from the senate and synod the titles of Great, Emperor, and *Pater Patriæ* (Father of his country).

The two years of peace that followed were devoted by the Czar, as was his custom, to the development of the resources of his empire. St. Petersburg, his favorite city, was beautified, and he established manufactories of glass, woollens, and paper, and greatly improved the internal and foreign commerce of his empire. Amid all these activities of peace Peter kept peering beyond his own borders for opportunities of extending his dominions. A sovereign inspired by such an ambition has little trouble in finding pretexts for despoiling his weaker neighbors. The indolent ruler of Persia was hard pushed by a vigorous Afghan prince. The destruction of a handful of Russians, engaged in commerce at the town of Shamakia during the fighting, gave Peter his pretext for invading the Shah's dominions and demanding satisfaction from both parties. Since they were unable to give it, he took it himself.

In 1721 he led an army to the Caspian Sea, and sailed along its shores to the Persian city of Tarki, where he landed and pushed inland some distance with his troops. All the Caspian shore as far as Baku was taken possession



PETER EMBRACING LOUIS XV. OF FRANCE

of, and fortifications were built at both Tarki and Baku. This was the beginning of Russian conquest in Asia.

This achievement completed the acquisitions of Peter the Great. He who found the first expression of his passion for maritime affairs in paddling a tiny skiff on the Yausa was now master of two seas, with a fine navy built mostly by his own hand. Returning to St. Petersburg from his invasion of Persia, he ordered the little skiff, which he had used many years before, to be brought from Moscow, and, in a striking entertainment given to his court, he consecrated the "*Little Grandsire*."

When the Czar and Catharine made their tour of Europe in 1715, the couple were described in no flattering words by the Margravine of Bayreuth, at Berlin. Peter was pictured as dressed in naval costume, with a certain rugged beauty, but rude, uncouth, and of dreadful aspect. As for Catharine, she was fat, frowsy, and vulgar, needing only to be seen to betray her obscure origin. She was bedizened with chains, orders, and holy relics, "making such a *geklinkklank* as if an ass with bells were coming along." The two were represented as intolerable beggars, plundering the palace of everything they could lay their hands on.

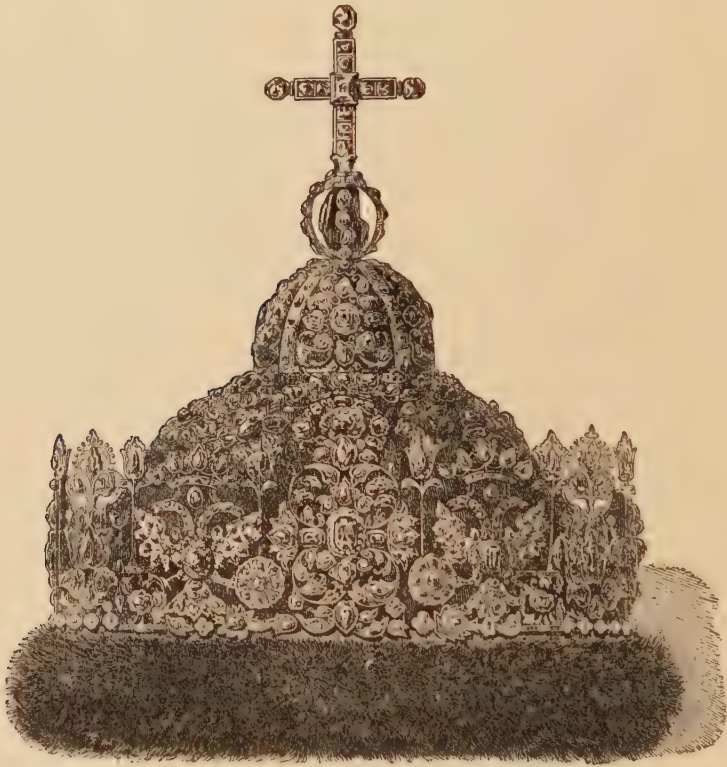
The repellant appearance of Catharine increased with her years, and despite the flattering essays of the court artists, she could not be made to look beautiful or even attractive. But Peter was never forgetful of the services she had rendered him and Russia. She was crowned as Empress-Consort with imposing pomp and ceremonies, and in the Emperor's proclamation he laid great stress upon her action at Pruth, which he declared saved himself and his army. It can hardly be doubted that Peter meant this crowning of Catharine during his lifetime to serve as proof of his intention that she should be his successor. She had borne him eight children, but all had died in childhood except two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, the latter of whom we shall find became Empress of Russia, while the former married the Duke of Holstein and was the mother of the Emperor Peter III.

Peter had passed the half-century milestone and was beginning to feel the results of his furious indulgences, his wild passions, and his herculean exertions. One day, while sailing in the Gulf of Finland, he saw a boat that had run upon a rock, and thereby placed the sailors in great peril. He hastened out to them with his yacht, and in his efforts to save the men, labored for several hours, standing in the icy water until his whole system was chilled through. He was soon seized with an acute inflammation of the intestines and suffered so intensely that he was unable to make any clear disposition as to the succession. When his sufferings abated, he died calmly on the 28th of January, 1725, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. It was afterward charged

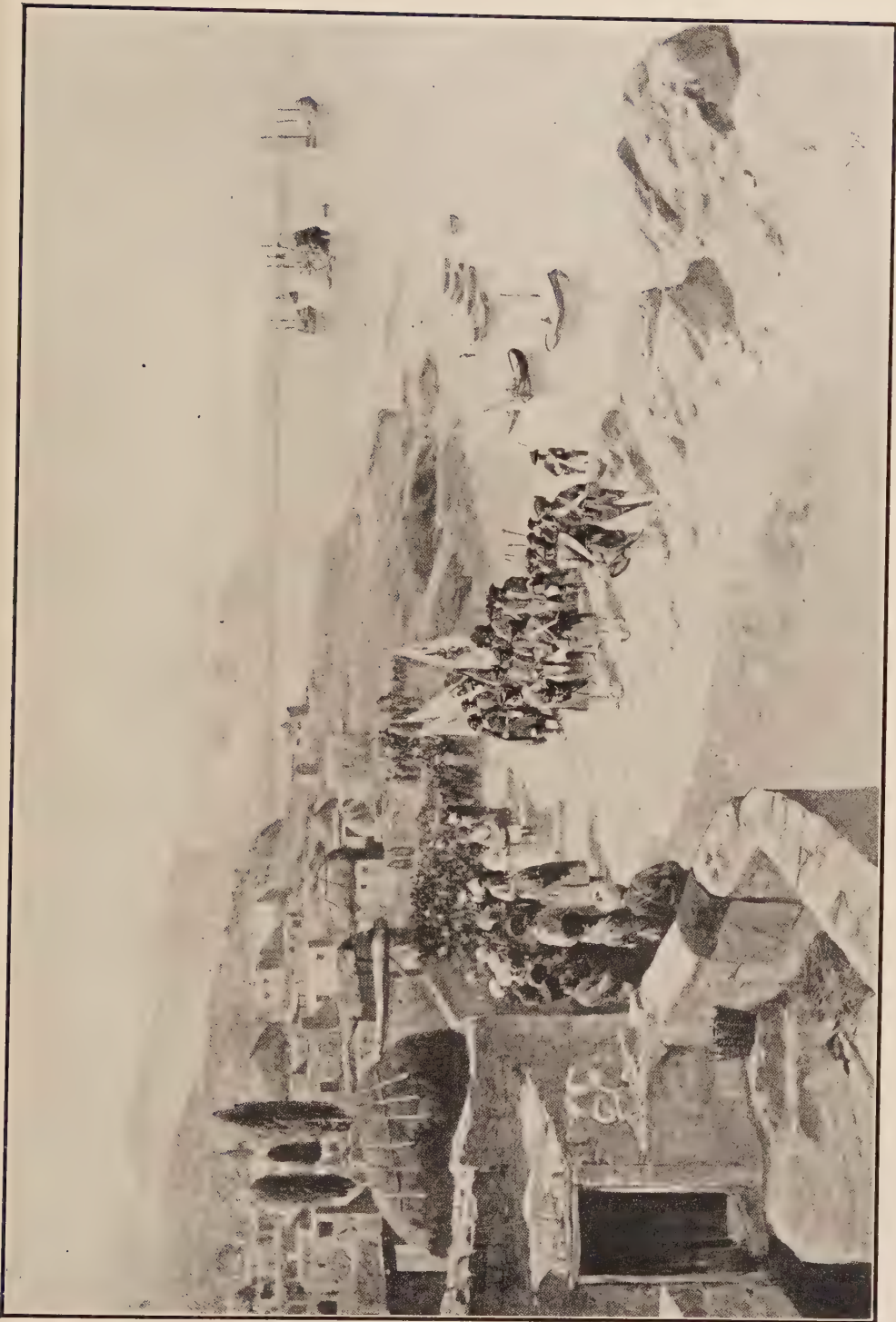
that his death was due to poison, but there seems not the slightest ground for the charge.

The character of Peter the Great has been well summed up by Voltaire: "He gave a polish to his people, and was himself a savage; he taught them the art of war, of which he himself was ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the river Moskwa he created a powerful fleet; he made himself an expert and active shipwright, sailor, pilot, and commander; he changed the manners, customs, and laws of the Russians, and lives in memory as the 'Father of his Country.'"

This man had performed a Titanic work, for he was the real founder of Russia and his personality tinged the succeeding generations. But vast and far-reaching as were his achievements, they were carried through in the face of an opposition whose intensity of bitterness often scorched his very soul. That, in the face of all this, he succeeded, is the most impressive possible proof of the greatness of his genius.



JEWELLED CAP OF THE EARLY CZARS



PETER THE GREAT TAKING POSSESSION OF TARKI



PETER III MEETING HIS BRIDE

Chapter CXXIII

THE DWARFS THAT FOLLOWED THE GIANT



WHEN Peter the Great was compelled to yield to one mightier than he, he left his court broken into two determined factions,—those who opposed and those who favored the reforms which he had instituted. The former or reactionary party wished to raise Peter, the boy son of the executed Alexis, to the throne; the party of progress favored Catharine, the widow of the late Czar.

Menzikoff, though once a great favorite of Peter, was in disgrace at the time of his death, but he was always devoted to the interests of Catharine and he now threw his energies on her side. To help in this purpose, the death of the Czar was kept secret as long as possible, while the plotters were working night and day.

When the death of Peter could be concealed no longer, the Archbishop of Pleskow came forward and told the army and people that the late Czar on his death-bed had made solemn declaration that Catharine was the only one worthy to succeed him, and it was his fervent wish that she should be chosen. Since there can be no doubt that such was the real desire of Peter, let us try to believe—though it is hard to do so—that the Archbishop told the whole truth.

Be that as it may, Catharine, because she was the widow of the great Czar, was liked by the army and people; but if elevated, she would be the first woman to occupy the throne, and a good many frowned upon the prospect of having a female to follow the greatest ruler in their history. The declaration of the prelate, however, overcame the opposition of the nobles, and her elec-

tion was secured with comparatively little difficulty. Catharine was simple and illiterate, but had proven bright and lively, and of sufficient wit to trip abreast of her Colossus of a husband, and to keep pace with his gigantic stride, without letting the effort be apparent. She reigned for two years, during which the chief authority fell into the hands of Menzikoff. Her brief rule contains only two events worthy of reference.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, planned by Peter in 1724, was established a year later by Catharine and liberally supported by her. It attained great eminence under Catharine II. Vitus Behring, a Dane, was sent on an expedition of discovery in the sea of Kamtchatka. He followed the coast northward until he believed from the trend of the land he had reached the northeast point of Asia. It is now believed, however, that the point which he rounded was to the south of the real East Cape, and that he did not explore the entire strait which bears his name. After spending several years in explorations around Behring Sea and on the coasts of Kamtchatka, Okhotsk, and the north of Siberia, he sailed from Okhotsk toward the American continent, and coasted for a considerable distance northward. He was driven back by sickness and storms, and being wrecked on the desert waste, since called Behring's Island, he died there in December, 1741. A year before his death he founded the present settlement of Petroplovski.

The Empress was in poor health and allowed the Government to be carried on by the Upper Secret Council. She died in May, 1727, not yet forty years of age, her death being due mainly to drunkenness. Of her children, all passed away in youth except Elizabeth, who afterward reached the throne. Being permitted to name her successor, she chose the youthful Peter, son of Alexis. If Peter died without children, her daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, were to succeed him. Anne died in 1728, shortly after her marriage with the Duke of Holstein. She was the mother of Peter III.

Menzikoff was made the guardian of the young Czar during his minority, and was the leader in the council which conducted the Government. His dominance over the late Empress was shown by her order that his daughter should be betrothed to Peter. It is easy to believe that the whole document was concocted by Menzikoff himself. He was as supreme as Peter the Great had ever been, and was held in dread by those who penetrated his ambitious and unscrupulous character. With his daughter affianced to the young Czar (though there was mutual dislike between the two), Menzikoff compelled the Princess Anne and her husband to retire to their estates. Who could be more secure in his exalted station than Menzikoff in 1727? No man dared openly to oppose him, all submitted meekly, praying that the hour of their relief would soon come.



BEHRING WRECKED UPON THE ALEUTIAN ISLES

Incredible as it would seem, the power of Menzikoff was overturned by a little boy. This child was a playfellow of the youthful ruler and belonged to the powerful family of Dolgorouki. Urged by his friends, he made clear to the sovereign the humiliating position in which he was held by the ambitious Menzikoff. In truth poor Peter was nothing but a dependent creature, as subject to the man's whim as if he were the child of a peasant. All the passionate nature of the young Czar was roused, his dislike of the girl to whom he was betrothed doubtless intensifying his hatred of the father, and exactly four months after Menzikoff had produced the alleged will of the dead Empress at the council of ministers, Peter signed the ukase which sent the former favorite to Siberia. When he went, he was accompanied by his family and a retinue of servants in fine carriages, each drawn by six horses, and amid the gaping wonder of the crowds on the streets, with none of whom he had ever been popular. While on the road, a courier overtook the party with orders to bring back the ring of betrothal from his daughter. The exiles were sent to Berezov, one of the most dismal spots in the most dismal of lands, the members of the desolate company being taken part of the way in carts and part in sledges. The wife of Menzikoff died of grief on the woful journey, and Menzikoff himself, after becoming very religious, passed away in November, 1729. The eldest daughter also died, and the young Czar ordered the two remaining children to be released, and returned some of their property to them.

The reign of this capricious boy lasted four years and was a misfortune to Russia. He was under the control of the reactionaries, and at their instigation removed the seat of government to Moscow. During his rule the three Caspian provinces, Asterabad, Ghilan, and Manzanderan, which had been seized by Peter the Great, were recovered by Persia. At the beginning of 1730 Peter was attacked with smallpox, but was in a fair way toward recovery when he exposed himself to the severe cold, and died January 30.

The Council of the Empire came together to decide the succession. You will recall that Catharine had nominated in default of Peter II. her eldest surviving daughter Anne, who had married the Duke of Holstein and had died in 1728, leaving a son, who afterward became Peter III. This will was set aside. Two daughters of Ivan, the invalid elder brother of Peter the Great, were living: Anne, the widowed Duchess of Courland, and Catharine, Duchess of Mecklenburg. After much discussion, the Council bestowed the crown upon Anne, the Duchess of Courland, but with the condition that the imperial authority should be limited. She agreed, but did not hesitate to break her pledge.

The elevation of Anne was mainly due to the intrigues of Chancellor Oster-

mann, who had had charge of her education, but to his chagrin he found her ungrateful and intractable. For three years, however, her reign was mild, humane, and just. The army was reformed, more liberty was allowed to the landed gentry, the public finances were improved, and the taxes of the serfs lessened. All perhaps would have gone well but for Anne's infatuation for a ferocious wretch who acquired complete mastery over her.

This man was Ernest John de Biron, born in 1687. He studied at Königsberg and visited Moscow in 1714, where he was much admired because of his handsome person and cultivated mind. It was there Anne met him and succumbed to his blandishments. When she ascended the throne Biron went to court and was loaded with honors. Through his royal mistress he ruled Russia. He was proud, despotic, cruel, and avaricious, hating with intensity all who stood in the way of gratifying his merciless whims. More than once, the Empress was so horrified by his bloodthirsty doings that she flung herself at his feet and prayed him to desist, but he spurned her and played the bloodhound to the last. More than a thousand persons were executed by his orders, and a much greater number sent into banishment. His career was another of the many which makes one wonder how it was that rational human beings submitted, and why he was permitted so long to scourge the earth.

During the reign of Anne, a quarrel with France arose over the succession to the throne of Poland. Each nation had a candidate of its own, and when the Russians besieged the French aspirant in Dantzic, Louis XV. forgot his friendship for the family of Peter the Great and sent a French army under his ambassador Plelo, to relieve the city. Plelo was slain and the French defeated (1733). It was the first clash between France and Russia, soon smoothed over, but not easily forgotten.

The Empress on her death-bed (October, 1740) appointed Biron guardian and regent during the minority of her presumptive heir, Prince Ivan. Assuming the regency, he showed moderation and prudence, but the embers of hate were smouldering and the following month he was arrested by the orders of Field Marshal Munnich, tried, and condemned to death. This sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life, and the confiscation of his property. He and his family were conveyed to the farthest depths of Siberia; but when Elizabeth came to the throne a year later, she gave Biron an easier exile and sent Munnich to take his place. At one of the stations the two sledges met. Biron and Munnich looked fixedly at each other, but neither spoke a word. The scene was a striking illustration of the possibilities under a despotic Government. Biron in his old age received a complete pardon and was allowed to return to his Duchy of Courland.

You must remember that Elizabeth, daughter of Peter I., was living at



MENZIKOFF AND HIS CHILDREN IN SIBERIA

this time, she having been born in 1709. She offered no opposition when, in 1730, Anne, Duchess of Courland, assumed the throne, seemingly being wholly abandoned to debauchery. When Anne died in 1740, and Ivan, the son of her niece, an infant only two months old, was declared Emperor, Elizabeth was roused to action, and a plot was formed to place her on the throne. Its two principal agents were Lestocq, a surgeon, and the Marquis de la Chetardie, the French ambassador. It was not hard to win over the officers of the army, and on the night of December 5, 1741, the little Emperor's mother and her husband were taken into custody. The first intention of Elizabeth was to send the dethroned Emperor and his parents to their home in Germany, but fear that the young prince might become a troublesome claimant to the throne led her to change her plans. The family were stopped at Riga and taken to the fortress of Dunamunde, kept there a year, and afterward brought to Ranenburg in the government of Riazan. Here the mother was separated from her child, and sent with her husband to a small town in the north of Russia, where she died in 1746, while the husband, a worthless man, drank and loafed for thirty years more before he passed away. The young Prince Ivan remained in confinement for years and then made himself heard of again.

Elizabeth lacked energy, knowledge, and love of public duty. She was extremely strict in observing the public ordinances of religion. Like many a person before and since occupying exalted station, she made a great pretence of piety, and possibly persuaded herself that her obedience to the forms of religion answered for a submission to its spirit. Yet she was as degraded a creature as ever sat upon a throne. Had she not been the daughter of Peter I., she would have lived out her career where she belonged, among the miserable outcasts of the streets. In order to strengthen her position, she took every care to win over her nephew, the youthful Peter, son of her sister, the Duchess of Holstein. She had him brought to St. Petersburg in 1742 and proclaimed him her successor.

You may remember that Elizabeth took part in the war for the Austrian Succession, and despite the protests of France sent an army of 37,000 men to the help of Maria Theresa, thus hurrying the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. But she could never forgive Frederick II., because of some plain truths about her to which he had given expression. When the Seven Years' War broke out in 1756, she allied herself with Austria and France, and her troops advanced into the Prussian states. They gained several victories and occupied Berlin, but without decisive result. The greatest good fortune that ever befell the remarkable Frederick the Great was when his mortal enemy, the Empress Elizabeth, died and was succeeded by his boundless admirer, Peter III.

Peter, the son of the eldest daughter of Peter the Great, was thirty-four

years old when called to the throne of Russia. In 1744 he married the Princess Sophia, of Anhalterbst, who upon entering the Greek Church (a necessary condition of marriage of a foreigner with the Czar present or presumptive) took the name of Catharine and became one of the most famous sovereigns of her adopted country. Peter was a coarse, gross man, a glutton and heavy drinker, and with little ability for government. The two were ill-matched. Catharine despised her husband, who was so much below her in capacity, while he was unable to appreciate her genius. They quarrelled continually, and many a time he struck her.

As has been stated, Peter was a profound admirer of Frederick the Great, and almost the first thing he did after coming to the throne was to withdraw from the league of France, Austria, and Russia against Prussia, to restore to Frederick the provinces of Prussia proper which had been conquered during the Seven Years' War, and to send to his aid a force of 15,000 men. This capricious facing about was due wholly to the admiration of Peter for the remarkable monarch. What a curious shift for an army to whirl around and begin fighting those who had been their allies for years! But, after all, the conduct of Peter was much more sensible than that of Elizabeth, who had nothing to satisfy but the gratification of personal pique by going into the war, which was a steady and heavy drain upon the resources of Russia. Frederick the Great said that Peter's action ended the coalition of the "three petticoats," —Empress Elizabeth, Empress Maria Theresa, and the Marquise de Pompadour.

A kindly act was done by Peter when he recalled a number of distinguished exiles from Siberia. Among these was Lestocq, leader in the movement which placed Elizabeth on the throne, but who through some means incurred her ill-will. He had been fourteen years in that dismal region, and was seventy-four years old, but all his friends were astonished to see his eye as bright as ever and his step as elastic as in his youth. Field Marshal Munnich had spent more than twenty years in Siberia, and when he came back was followed by Biron, of whom you have already learned. It must have made a strange picture when the two appeared together in the evening at court and chatted with great politeness, both seemingly forgetful of their disastrous animosity. The two sons of the Duke of Courland were made major-generals, and the Count of Munnich was appointed first field marshal. Munnich at this time was seventy-nine years old and died in his eighty-fifth year, while Biron, as already stated, died in 1772, a year older than Munnich.

While these generous acts and a number of excellent laws gained friends for the Emperor, he was generally disliked on account of his partiality for Germans, the nobility being offended by his liberal innovations, while the



THE BATTLE OF DANTZIG — DEATH OF PLELO

people and clergy were angered because of his indifference toward the national religion. He did not attempt to conceal his contempt for the Russians, who resented his servility to Frederick II. of Prussia.

Peter had some eccentricities: he was drunk most of the time, and he had a mania for war, or rather the representation of it. The sweetest music in his ears was the sound of cannon, and he had them booming continually. He once ordered a hundred to be fired at the same instant, but was dissuaded when told that the tremendous crash would endanger the city. Often he staggered up in front of the picture of Frederick the Great, drank off a glass of liquor to his health, and exclaimed in maudlin tones, as he wobbled about on his unsteady legs: "You and I, my brother, will conquer the universe together."

Catharine would not have cared for these peculiarities of conduct had she not seen that her life, or at least her liberty, was in danger. Peter made no secret of his intention of divorcing her and elevating an abandoned woman to her place. The least that she could expect at his hands was perpetual imprisonment, and Catharine was the last person in the world to sit down and meekly await the pleasure of her sodden husband.

Although of German origin, she won the good-will of her subjects by ardently espousing the cause of the old Russian party. She gradually gathered round her a company strongly devoted to her interests, and the plans for a revolution were laid with great care. The revolt took place on the night of July, 1762, when the Empress, who was living apart from her husband, was brought to the various barracks, where the troops quickly went over to her side, the only exception being a regiment of cavalry of which the Emperor was colonel, and which had received many honors at his hands. They were put under arrest upon their refusal to join the movement, but not a drop of blood was shed during the revolution, which was over in two hours.

The alarming news was carried to the Emperor, who sneered and refused to believe it could amount to anything; but when he saw his friends rapidly falling away, he hurried to Oraniebaum, where, had he acted upon the advice of Marshal Munnich, he might have offered a resistance with some prospect of success; but he waited too long, and, learning that a large force was marching against him, he signed an act of abdication on condition that he be permitted to withdraw to Holstein.

The miserable Peter was taken to Peterhof and then on his way to Schlusselburg he stopped at a little place, where on the 19th of July, 1762, he died. The official announcement was that his death was due to colic; the undoubted truth was that he was strangled by one of the conspirators.

You have not forgotten that the young Prince Ivan had been confined at Schlus-selburg, where he was visited by Peter III. Although the young man

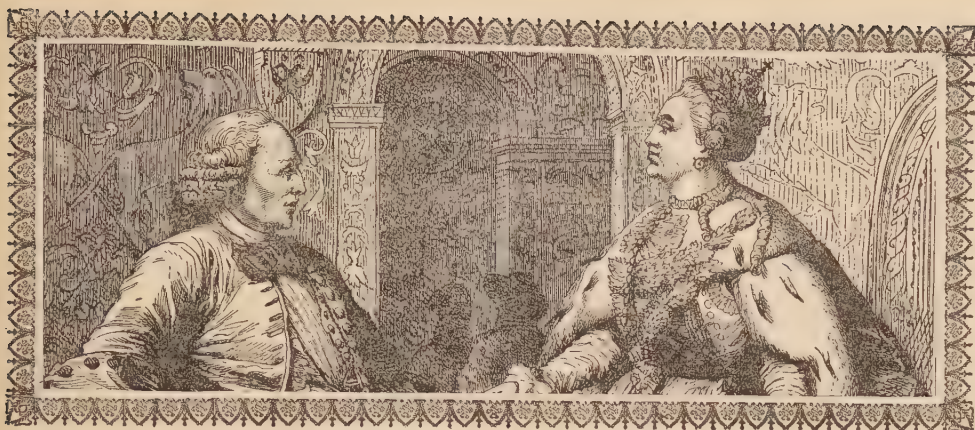
was found to be tall and athletic, his mind was affected by his confinement, and there was little coherence in what he said. Peter seems to have felt a sympathy for the unfortunate youth, though it may have been his hatred of his wife which led him to declare his intention of making Ivan heir to the throne. Be that as it may, a conspiracy was formed to liberate Ivan two years after the death of Peter, and Catharine, who felt that he was a dangerous rival so long as he lived, did not scruple to have him "removed" in the only way which could terminate that danger.



WEDDING OF THE CZAR ALEXIS



MUNNICH'S RETURN FROM EXILE



DIDEROT WELCOMED BY CATHARINE THE GREAT

Chapter CXXIV

CATHARINE THE GREAT



WE are now to study the reign of the greatest empress who ever sat on the throne of Russia, Catharine II., or as she is generally known, Catharine the Great, whose rule lasted from 1762 to 1796. We have already referred to her quarrelsome life with her husband, Peter III.; but, though he was a degraded person, with hardly a fraction of her ability, it must not be thought that she was by any means blameless in their marital troubles.

Catharine was born at Stettin, April 25, 1729, her father being a field marshal and the governor of Stettin. As has been stated, she changed her name from Sophia Augusta to Catharine upon becoming the wife of Peter, and passed from the Lutheran to the Greek Church. But for the revolution already mentioned the Emperor would have divorced her. It is uncertain what part Catharine had in the murder of her husband, but it is impossible not to suspect that she helped in his removal.

Shortly after her coronation, which was conducted with great state, Catharine took one of the boldest steps in the history of Russia,—one from which even Peter the Great shrank: that was the resumption of the ecclesiastical lands by the state. A leading cause of her husband's downfall was his attempt in the same direction. The act was a daring one, because Catharine could scarcely have reached the throne without the help of the clergy, the Archbishop of Novgorod having been specially active in her behalf.

The Russian clergy had become immensely wealthy, and in her time they

owned a million of peasants. Their enormous accretion of riches had long been viewed with disfavor by the emperors. Catharine appointed a commission, composed of lay and ecclesiastical members, which, having made the land and peasants the property of the state, assigned a settled income to the clergy and to the monks. Thus the state dominated the Church.

It was in Catharine's reign that "unhappy Poland" was doomed to feel the mailed hands of her merciless neighbors. The Poles were perhaps the most warlike nation in Europe, and the valor displayed, when they alone fought for Christendom against the Turks, won for them the splendid name of "the shield of Eastern Europe." In 1674 John Sobieski was made their king, and under him the glory of the Polish arms eclipsed that of all other nations. Sobieski formed a league with the Austrian Emperor Leopold—as already related—and when the Emperor had been defeated and his capital was about to yield to the Turks, Sobieski forced his way to Vienna, raised the siege, crushed the invaders, and drove them tumultuously back to the gates of Constantinople. In the war of succession between Charles XII. of Sweden and Frederick Augustus of Saxony, Poland was almost ruined and its destruction began. Stanislaus Augustus was the last king, and he was little more than an imbecile.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had determined upon the dismemberment of Poland. Having gained the assent of Austria, he made the same proposals to Catharine in 1770 and she agreed. Then, in 1772, the first partition took place, despite the appeals of Stanislaus and his diet, to the other powers.

In this spoliation the territories seized by the three colossal robbers were: Russia, 42,000 square miles, with a population of 1,800,000; Prussia, 13,000 square miles with a population of 416,000; Austria, 27,000 square miles with a population of 2,700,000.

Fully roused to her peril Poland put forth superhuman endeavors to save herself, mainly through political reforms of the most radical and popular character. Prussia encouraged her in these steps, and Frederick William swore to defend her against Russia; but the doom of the miserable people had already been determined upon, and the leader in the destruction was Catharine. By means of bribery and intrigues she obtained in 1791 the services of five out of two hundred of the Polish nobility to protest against the new constitution, which had been established in May of that year. This gave her a flimsy pretext for interference, and she advanced her armies, while Prussia, in spite of her solemn pledge, turned against Poland, which, under the lead of Joseph Poniatowski and Kosciusko, fought vainly against the overwhelming coalition.

The second partition of Poland in 1793 between Russia and Prussia gave 96,000 square miles and 3,000,000 population to Russia, and 22,000 square miles and 1,100,000 population to Prussia.



CATHARINE THE GREAT ASSUMING HER IMPERIAL RANK

In the frenzy of desperation the Poles, in 1794, rose en masse, expelled the Prussians and defeated the Russians in several engagements; but when their skies seemed to brighten, Austria, angered that she had not been allowed a share in the second partition, determined to be "in at the death," and her armies compelled the Poles to retreat. Hordes of Russians swarmed across the frontier, and the last patriot army under the lead of Kosciusko was defeated at Maceionice, October 4, 1794, he being wounded and taken prisoner. Praga was sacked, Warsaw captured, and the Polish monarchy annihilated.

The third and last partition of Poland, in 1795, divided the remainder of the country as follows: Russia, 43,000 square miles, with a population of 1,200,000; Prussia, 21,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000; Austria, 18,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000.

Let us give a single paragraph to the subsequent history of Poland: The last dismemberment absorbed all the country except the ancient city of Cracow, with a few miles of adjacent territory which, with grim sarcasm, was erected into a free and independent state. You will observe that of the three despoilers Russia has the largest share of territory and population. Several insurrections broke out after the extinguishment of the kingdom. A formidable revolution took place in 1830, but Warsaw was forced to surrender and the Poles were dispersed. Two years later, all that remained of Poland was declared a part of the Russian Empire. Cracow attempted in 1846 to regain its independence, but the melancholy conclusion was the subjugation of the last remnant of the country and its annexation to Austria. Another fruitless attempt to recover Polish independence was made in 1863, under the lead of Langiewicz. In the following year the Russian Government relieved the Polish peasantry from the oppressive demands of the land proprietors, and since then the country has been orderly.

Returning to the history of Russia, the Turks in 1767 declared war against her, but under the vigorous rule of Catharine the country had grown powerful enough to defeat her ancient enemy in the most decisive fashion. Small armies of Russians repeatedly put to flight great hordes of Turks. Catharine's favorite general, Orlof, brought a fleet from the Baltic all round Europe to Turkey, completely crushed the Turkish fleet in the *Ægean*, and had he been a little more prompt might have captured Constantinople. One source of strength to Russia was the thousands of English soldiers of fortune who were ready to fight on the side that paid best; they contributed largely to the defeat of the Turks. In the treaty of peace made in 1774 the Sultan acknowledged the independence of the Crimea, while Azov and Kinburn were ceded to the Russians, who thus pushed their way to the shores of the Black Sea.

There was a Cossack of the Don, named Pugachev, who bore a strong resem-

blance to Catharine's dead husband Peter. At least a number of people told him he looked like the dead Czar, and by and by they persuaded him that he was Peter, or at least induced him to believe he could make the peasants think so. If it seems incredible that such an imposture should succeed, it must be remembered that Russia offered the most favorable opportunities for the practice of fraud. The immense area was thinly populated, the inhabitants were grossly ignorant and superstitious, and were so savagely ground down that they were eager for any pretext to throw off the yoke which chafed them so sorely.

As might have been expected, the uprising of 1773 was accompanied by terrifying atrocities. Hundreds of the upper classes suffered dreadful outrages, torture, and death; but the innumerable dark crimes were relieved now and then by instances of devotion, many of the masters fleeing to the peasants, who helped them in assuming disguises and acting their parts so well that they eluded the vigilance of their enemies.

Pugachev was so successful for a time that Catharine was alarmed. There is no saying what triumphs he might have attained had he not repelled most of his supporters by his shocking cruelties. He was finally overthrown, when he hid himself in the depths of the sombre forests of his country, but was surrendered by some who had fought under him, because they had come to detest the savage brute. He was imprisoned in an iron cage and taken to Moscow, where he and four of his accomplices were executed in 1775.

The most famous of the favorites of the Empress was the celebrated Potemkin, a descendant of a noble Polish family, who attracted her attention by his fine appearance, and in 1762 was attached to her household. In 1774 he took the place of Gregory Orlof as her special pet, though two years later she discarded him for a younger favorite. But the remarkable mental ascendancy which Potemkin had gained over her continued, and she grew to look upon him as indispensable to the welfare of the empire. She consulted him in every measure of importance, and was invariably guided by his advice. From 1770 till his death in October, 1791, he was the true representative of the Russian policy in Europe. On Catharine's demand, Frederick the Great of Prussia and the Hapsburgs loaded him with honors and titles; but he is said to have been keenly disappointed that he was never able to gain the English order of the Garter and the French one of the Holy Spirit.

Potemkin did not interfere with the internal government of Russia, except to offer suggestions for the development of manufactures and industry, all of which were valuable and were carried out. His greatest achievements were connected with the foreign policy of the empire, especially as it concerned Turkey. He was responsible for the Turks being forced into war and robbed of their possessions north and east of the Black Sea, so as to give Russia a



COSSACK RAIDERS REPULSED IN COREA.

southern seaboard. As soon as this was brought about, he ordered the construction of a Black Sea fleet and the building of several towns, among which was Sebastopol. Connected with these towns was a remarkable hoax which Potemkin played on the Empress.

In the month of January, 1787, Catharine left St. Petersburg on her celebrated visit to the Crimea. She was accompanied by a gorgeous suite, who were unable to stand the fatigues of the journey, and, after travelling a part of the way, had to be left behind. Potemkin had arranged the tour, and the wily flatterer ordered a large number of wooden painted houses set up in each town and village, while thousands of men were hired to act the part of villagers, merchants, and tradesmen, so busily engaged in their different pursuits that the most they could afford to do was to stop just long enough to join in the welcome to the great Empress. Catharine was deceived, and so delighted by these proofs of prosperity and improvements in the countries so recently brought under her rule, that Potemkin was hardly able to stagger under the rewards which she heaped upon him.

It was only a short time after this that war broke out with Turkey, and Potemkin was placed at the head of the army, with a number of skilful assistants. His career was a continued series of victories, and he was on the point of advancing against Constantinople when the Empress abruptly ordered a cessation of hostilities. Potemkin set out to bring her round to his views, and no doubt would have succeeded had he not died on the road, his death being due to his excesses in food, drink, and debaucheries. He was only fifty-two years old, when he ought to have been in his prime. Despite his great abilities he was disliked by the Russians because of his evil habits and his overbearing manners.

At this time the silly Gustavus III. was King of Sweden. His love of display and his ambition to emulate the King of France in magnificence led him to such extravagance that the finances of his country were seriously involved. At the same time, his unpopularity was intensified by attempts to introduce the manners and usages of Versailles. Looking upon Russia as the great obstacle to the restoration of Sweden to its former glory, he declared war against her in 1788, at the time the empire was fighting Turkey. But for the grossest mismanagement, the Swedes must have been successful at least to a dangerous degree, but failure met them everywhere, and Gustavus was finally compelled to make peace, with everything standing just as it was at the beginning. After this he seems to have become completely the creature of Russia. In 1792 he was shot at a masked ball in Stockholm, by an assassin who purposely loaded his pistol with slugs and bits of iron, so as to cause the King intense suffering through the thirteen days which passed before he breathed his

last. With a view of retaining her influence over Sweden, Catharine arranged to marry her granddaughter to the new King, Gustavus IV., who came to St. Petersburg, was betrothed, and all arrangements were completed for the marriage. The day for the ceremony arrived, and the Empress surrounded by her court was waiting to receive the young King; but he did not appear, and after lingering till it was apparent to all he would not come, the guests dispersed.

The explanation of the King's strange behavior was that an hour before he was to appear at court, the contract and terms of alliance were brought to him to sign. When he read the document, he was astonished to find it contained terms of which he had not heard and which he at once declared he never would accept. The principal cause of dispute was on the subject of religion, the Swedes as you know being Protestants and the Russians Greek Catholics.

Gustavus said the princess might profess privately her own religion, as he had no wish to interfere in a matter of conscience, but he could not allow her to have a chapel or clergy in the royal palace, and that in public in all external observances she must conform to the religion of Sweden. Every persuasion was put forth; but the young King was immovable, learning which the Empress refused to meet or have anything further to do with him. Gustavus' heart could not have suffered much, for he married another princess before the year was out.

During Catharine's reign began also the slow advance of Russia across the Caucasus Mountains. On the southern slopes of this giant boundary line between Europe and Asia lies the ancient land of Georgia. Its prince, Heraclius, to protect himself against Persian tyranny from the south, made a treaty with Catharine and admitted a Russian garrison to protect his capital, Tiflis. This was in 1783. The step proved unfortunate for Georgia. The Persians, finding an interval of quiet amid their own quarrels, attacked Tiflis, in 1795. The Russian power was too distant to be of immediate value, and Tiflis was captured and cruelly sacked. Catharine's death saved the Persians from the vengeance she was preparing to launch against them.

Coxe gives the following description of Catharine as he saw her in 1778, when she was at the height of her glory. "The Empress wore, according to her usual custom, a Russian dress; it was a robe with short train, and a vest with sleeves reaching to the wrist, like a polonaise; the vest was of gold brocade, and the robe was of light green silk; her hair was dressed low, and lightly sprinkled with powder; her cap ornamented with a profusion of diamonds; and she wore a great deal of rouge. Her person, though rather below the middle size, is majestic, and her countenance, particularly when she speaks, expresses both dignity and sweetness."

The reign of this remarkable woman was marked by many important events.



HERACLIUS WELCOMING THE FIRST RUSSIAN TROOPS INTO TIFLIS

It has been shown that Russia acquired a vast area of territory, particularly in the west and south, and gained at last the outlet on the Black Sea that had been coveted by Peter the Great. There was commendable progress in literature also, and Catharine herself appeared in the rôle of authoress. She wrote fairy and moral tales, several trifling comedies, and a Russian adaptation of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Under her, French philosophy tinged the whole Russian intellectual life. In this, as you will recall, Russia was not alone, for Frederick the Great brought Voltaire to Potsdam and Maupertuis presided over the Academy of Berlin. In Russia this French admiration became a fad. The rich families had their French teachers and hardly any other instructors were permitted in the military schools. The children of the Empress were given the same kind of training. She wrote to Paris for the philosopher Diderot, and paid him a fortune for a few months' labor among her books. During his work she treated him as a friend and equal; toward the close of her reign, however, she became reactionary, as is shown by her correspondence with Voltaire. The cause of this change of sentiment was the fright produced by the excesses of the French Revolution.

On the morning of November 17, 1796, the Empress Catharine was found lying senseless in her dressing-room. Everything was done to rouse her, but it was impossible, and she breathed her last without having recovered consciousness.

Paul, the only child of Catharine II. and Peter III., was now in his forty-second year. The mother had never shown any affection for him, and he had lived a lonely life, neglected by her from whom he should have received the tenderest care. She was determined if possible to prevent his succeeding her, and it is almost certain that she left the throne to her grandson Alexander.

It is said that an intimate friend of Paul managed to get into the private apartments of the dead Empress, where he found her will and destroyed it. This left the way clear for the succession of Paul I., who was soon to afford the striking picture of one of the greatest empires in the world ruled by a crazy man.

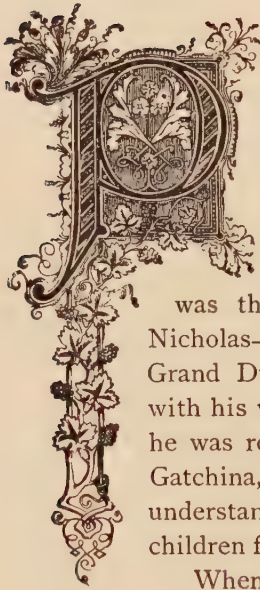




PROCLAIMING THE ACCESSION OF ALEXANDER I

Chapter CXXV

PAUL AND ALEXANDER I



PAUL I. (1796–1801), son of the unfortunate Peter, was so ugly in appearance that he would not have his image on the coins of his country, though it would seem that the engravers ought to have known how to flatter him. He had been twice married, but there were no children by his first marriage. His second wife was the Princess Dorothea, of Würtemberg, and was the mother of four sons, two of whom—Alexander and Nicholas—became emperors. The only event of Paul's life while Grand Duke, which is worth recording, was a tour that he made with his wife through Germany, France, and Italy, and from which he was recalled by his mother. She assigned him the palace of Gatchina, thirty miles from St. Petersburg, which, he was given to understand, was to be his permanent residence. She took his children from him and kept them under her immediate care.

When Paul came to the throne, he knew nothing of the character of the people whom he was to govern, nor did he understand anything of the science of government. He was capricious, impulsive, erratic, and, as was said, his mind was unbalanced. Holding the memory of his father in affectionate remembrance, his first act was to see that fitting honors were paid to his remains. They were exhumed from the Monastery of St. Alexander and buried with those of the Empress in the church of the Petropavlovski fortress, after splendid ceremonies. He compelled the supposed assassins of the Czar to follow the coffin, after which he banished them from



THE EARLY RULERS OF RUSSIA

Vladimir
Michael Romanoff
Ivan the Terrible

Rurik
Alexis
Feodore III.

Dimitri Donski
Ivan the Great
Yaroslav the Just

the empire. This was followed by the pardon of all Polish prisoners, among whom was the valiant Kosciusko, an act of clemency which led many to hold high hopes of the wisdom of the new Czar's reign.

But it was not long before his unfitness and ignorance, united with his capricious violence, alarmed his friends. He seemed to feel it his duty to undo the existing order of things, and he interfered with every department of business. Privileges that were disagreeable to the nobility and had long been obsolete were revived and enforced. He made it a rule that whenever he met any of them they should instantly get out of their carriages and kneel in the mud to him. Failure to observe this absurd order threw him into a passion and brought unpleasant consequences to the offender.

His admiration for German fashions caused him to introduce innovations in the army which disgusted the soldiers. They had to dress in pigtails and powder their hair. One day when the marching of a regiment displeased him, he ordered it to wheel about and continue straight to Siberia. His orders were obeyed and the soldiers and officers were soon swinging off toward that inhospitable region. They had not gone far, however, before he recalled them.

There is no end to the stories of his childish petulance and whimsical absurdities. Among his follies was the passage of one good law which fixed the succession of the sovereign in the eldest son, instead of leaving it to the will of the sovereign himself. This removed a fruitful source of intrigue and crime. It was because of his unwillingness to have his portrait on the coins of the realm, that the two-headed eagle in time supplanted the likenesses of the Czars which had formerly appeared on them.

He wished his country to remain at peace, but that would have been impossible with a far greater than he upon the throne. You will recall the period as the one which brought forward that terrific scourge of humanity in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, who played tenpins with kings and emperors and upset the equilibrium of Europe. We need remind you therefore only of those events of his career in which Russia was specially interested.

When the general overturning began, Paul was able to hold for a time a position of neutrality, but this could not last: it was inevitable that he would be caught in the whirl of the maelstrom. He hated the republican form of government in France, and offered a shelter to Louis XVIII. He joined Turkey, England, Austria, and Naples in a coalition against Napoleon, and recalling Suvoroff, whom he had retired in disgrace to his country seat, placed him in command of the army. This able general in 1799 defeated Moreau and entered Milan, after which he turned upon Macdonald, the other French general, advancing from the river Trebbia, and, in a battle that lasted several days, overcame him. Moreau retreated to Novi, where he was superseded by

Joubert. In the battle of August 15, Joubert was killed almost by the first shot fired, and the French were again defeated with great loss by Suvoroff. A short time after this victory, Suvoroff was ordered to advance into Switzerland, and to act in conjunction with another Russian army that had been sent thither. He succeeded in forcing his way through the Alps by the St. Gothard after the loss of many of his men, when, learning that his ally had been beaten, he retreated. As might have been anticipated, Paul was enraged and refused to see him. Suvoroff retired again in disgrace to his estate, where he soon afterward died.

It was now time for the erratic Czar to give a new exhibition of folly, and he did so with a vengeance. He was piqued by the treatment he had received from England and Austria, and, yielding to the blandishments of Bonaparte, turned round and joined him. He and Bonaparte formed a plan for invading India, and Paul drank publicly to the health of the fearful Corsican, and was mean enough to order Louis XVIII. to leave the shelter he had provided for him.

But this grotesque coalition was shattered in the most startling manner conceivable. Paul had made himself so odious to his nobles, who saw the safety of the empire placed in deadly peril by his whims, that they determined to get rid of him at any cost. Their plan was to compel him to abdicate in favor of his son Alexander. When the issue was placed before him he resisted; but the men who called upon him in the Mikhailovski Palace were in grim earnest and settled the question by strangling him to death (March 23, 1801).

This brought his eldest son, Alexander I., to the throne. He was born in 1777, and, as you have been told, his education was conducted by his grandmother, Catharine the Great, and by different tutors. He always showed a strong affection for his mother, was of a humane and benevolent disposition, and as well prepared as was possible to assume the solemn responsibility of ruling his great empire. In 1793 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Prince of Baden. He must have known of the conspiracy to dethrone his father, but there is no evidence that he had any hint of intended murder, and he was overcome with horror when he learned what had been done.

Let us pause to note the substantial services of Alexander for his country. He was the first emperor to lay the foundation of the national culture and popular instruction on a systematic plan, to bring method and order into the internal administration, to give the industries of his country freedom of development, to improve the foreign commerce, and to rouse a spirit of unity and patriotism among his people.

He either instituted or remodelled seven universities: at Dorpat, Kazan, Charkow, Wilna, Moscow, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg; he erected two hun-



THE DEATH OF PAUL I.

dred and four gymnasiums and normal schools, and more than two thousand elementary schools, while new energy was infused into the scientific institutions in St. Petersburg and Moscow. No sovereign in Europe did as much as he for the circulation of the Bible. This was accomplished through his support of the Bible Society, which, however, was suppressed the year after his death. He rewarded scientific merit both at home and abroad, and expended large sums in printing important works. He bought several valuable scientific collections and brought famous orientalists from Paris to St. Petersburg to promote the study of the Arabic, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish languages. He sent a number of bright young men to travel abroad at his expense, and, by the ukase of 1816, opened the way for the abolition of slavery in the Baltic provinces. He forbade any more gifts of peasants on the crown lands, and, at the very beginning of his career, abolished the secret tribunal which had a method of extorting confessions from political offenders by means of starvation and thirst. One of the most barbarous practices connected with the torture of knouting was that of branding and slitting the nose, both of which Alexander abolished.

Moreover, he had laws enacted that prevented the abuse of power by governors, and many improvements were made in the code of civil law. The institution of an imperial bank, the construction of roads and canals, and the ukase of 1818, which allowed all peasants in the empire to carry on manufactures (previously allowed only to nobles and certain classes of merchants) were of immeasurable benefit to Russia.

Not less notable was the far-sighted policy of Alexander with his foreign commerce. He sent out several expeditions to circumnavigate the world; an embassy to Persia; missions to Cochin China and to Khiva; made treaties with the United States, Brazil, and Spain; naval and commercial treaties with the Porte, and settled the northwestern part of the American continent, now known as Alaska.

Alexander was sincerely desirous of peace, and, in 1801, concluded a convention which closed hostilities with England and made peace with France and Spain. His next step was to join France in negotiations for the indemnification of the smaller states in Germany and Italy, and it was not long before he saw that no reliance could be placed upon the pledges of Bonaparte, who had only his own selfish interests in view.

Napoleon's aggressions continued. He took possession of Hanover and destroyed Holland, and Alexander, losing all patience, joined the coalition of 1805, and was present at the tremendous struggle at Austerlitz on December 2 of that year, when the Russians lost 21,000 men, 133 cannon, and 30 flags. But for the clemency of their conqueror, the troops would never have been

able to return by slow stages to their own country. The shrewd Napoleon wished to win Alexander to his side, and, not only forbade any interference with his retreat, but sent back the prisoners of the Imperial guard, which had surrendered in a body.

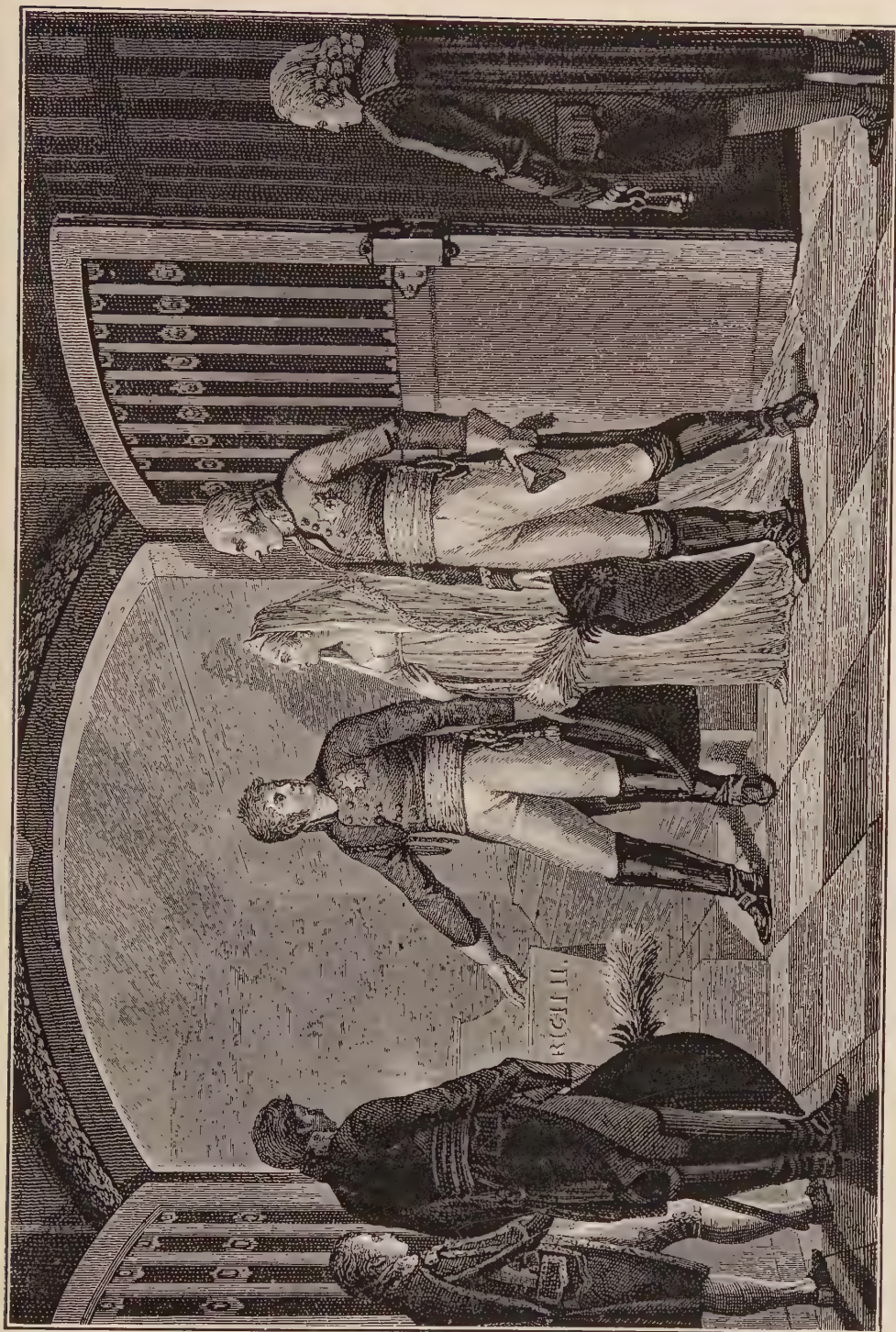
Alexander declined to enter into the peace treaty that followed Austerlitz, and joined with Prussia in another war against France. He visited the Prussian King, Frederick William, and his celebrated wife, Queen Louise. The royal pair went with Alexander to the vaulted tomb of Frederick the Great, and there the three solemnly pledged themselves to stand together against Napoleon. Then came the disastrous defeat of Prussia at Jena, and the Russian troops proved their valor by fighting on Prussian soil the terrible, bloody, and indecisive battle of Eylau. Napoleon's ablest veterans charged the Russian infantry in vain, and at nightfall the unbroken troops of the Czar withdrew in orderly fashion from the field. The hymn of victory was sung in the cathedrals of the Russians; but the next year Napoleon beat them decisively and indisputably at Friedland, 1807.

Then Alexander and Napoleon met on a raft upon the Russian frontier river, the Niemen, and the Czar signed the treaty of Tilsit, in which he succeeded in preventing the resurrection of the Kingdom of Poland, and secured a mitigation of the hard fate of Prussia. The position of Russia was made more difficult by the hostilities in which she was engaged at the same time with Persia and Turkey.

Alexander was dazzled by the transcendant genius of Napoleon, and, accepting the generous terms of the treaty of Tilsit, he agreed to the French continental system, which was a clear reversal of his foreign policy. In obedience to a secret clause, Russia addressed an ultimatum to England, which being refused, she declared war against her in 1808, and, attacking Sweden, England's ally, wrested away Finland. But the Russian fleet sent to the aid of the French at Lisbon was captured by the British. The disastrous failure of Sweden in the war has been attributed to treachery.

In the autumn of 1808 Alexander and Napoleon met at Erfurt, when it may be said the former represented the empire of the east of Europe, while Napoleon represented the west. It looked as if the two had agreed to divide Europe between them; but the insurmountable obstacle on the part of Alexander was the opposition of his own people, who suffered greatly from the attempt to enforce the continental blockade, which excluded English goods from the Russian ports. Alexander took only a lukewarm part in the war against Austria by France in 1809, although at the conclusion he received a share of the spoils.

The alliance of Russia with Napoleon was so unnatural and so injurious.



ALEXANDER'S OATH AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

to her own interests that it could not continue. Alexander had become gradually estranged from the "man of destiny" who had fascinated him. The Czar's resentment was specially roused by the creation of the Duchy of Warsaw, by Napoleon's political intrigues with the Poles, and by the demand that Russia should carry out the continental blockade against England, which brought only distress to the empire. At the proper moment England and Sweden offered an alliance to Russia, and she accepted.

All through the spring of 1812 the highways of France and Germany swarmed with cavalry, artillery, and infantry, converging toward the scene of the stupendous conflict. These soldiers were so admirably equipped and disciplined, and so finely officered, that they roused enthusiasm and were rapturously cheered at every mile of the road to Poland. More than all, Napoleon himself was at the head of this mighty host,—he the greatest military genius since the world began, the conqueror of conquerors, the invincible chieftain, the tread and thunder of those legions made the earth tremble. Glory, victory, fame were the certainties,—defeat the impossible.

So irrestrainable was the ardor in Bonaparte's own dominions that young men of the wealthiest and most distinguished families clamored for a chance to take part in the dazzling scheme of conquest. Bewildering in their triumph as had been the other campaigns, led by the marvellous Corsican, all were to be eclipsed by this stupendous achievement that was to raise France to greater heights of splendor than Rome dreamed of in her days of grandeur and glory.

Long before this human inundation began rolling toward Russia her Government had seen its peril from afar, and had been making silent preparations to dam the deluge that threatened to engulf her. Months previous, most of the army in Turkey had been withdrawn and gathered on the Niemen. Emperor Alexander saw himself being driven remorselessly to the wall, and was determined to die before succumbing.

If the Russian Emperor had strayed for a brief while from his true interests and lost command of his wits, he was eager to atone for it, and the nobles and peasants were as patriotic as he. There was sore need of this enthusiasm, for the issue of the Russian war with Turkey had been doubtful, and hitherto only disaster had followed a grappling with the Corsican ogre. Behind all this high resolution, therefore, was the dread belief that after all the heroic resistance was likely to be in vain. "We will die for our country" was the unalterable resolve, followed by the sad thought, "but that is not likely to save it."

The military authorities, after long and earnest discussion of the universal peril, decided that their best policy was to retreat into the interior, attacking as opportunity offered the flanks and rear of the enemy. The Russian terri-

tory, with its vast forests, scanty cultivation, and enormous extent, was specially favorable to this method of warfare. At the same time numerous strongholds at different points were counted upon to retard the advance of Napoleon.

The Russian plan of campaign, therefore, was to retire slowly, laying waste the country, and taking its population away from the invaders. Powerful parties of well-mounted troops were to hover continually on all sides of the enemy, on the alert to cut off foraging parties, and making strong efforts at the same time to infuse the simple peasantry with religious zeal,—not a difficult thing to do with those who were accustomed to implicit obedience and quick to respond to any appeal to the religious side of their nature. The compact Russian army would thus at all times be in contact with its own friends and the different bases of supplies, but every mile of advance by the enemy would take them that much farther from their depots, from their home, and nearer destruction. The magnitude of the invading host would make it impossible to support itself when in a country from which all sustenance had been withdrawn.

The vastness of the armies commanded by Napoleon is inconceivable. The army which he concentrated in Poland for the invasion of Russia numbered fully 500,000 men, and was joined later by 100,000 more who took part in the campaign. Of these more than 80,000 were cavalry, who were supported by 1,300 pieces of artillery. Some 20,000 carts or chariots of every description followed the army, the total number of horses used in different capacities being 187,000. Despite the vague stories of the Persian and other armies of ancient times, it may be doubted whether there have ever been assembled on this planet so many armed men in one organization. More than one-half were Germans, Poles, Italians, Swiss, and Austrians, who had been scared into serving under the French banners by their terrible leader.

The Russian forces at the beginning of the campaign were much less than the invaders, but as they fell back the defenders were like a rolling snowball which gathers substance, and thus before the close of the campaign the opponents were substantially equal in point of numbers. At the opening of 1812 the total Russian army amounted to 517,000 men, but 70,000 were in garrisons and the rest scattered over an immense area from the Danube to the Gulf of Finland, and from the Niemen to the Caucasus. Levies upon these brought seasoned veterans, as they were needed, to the ranks of those facing the French invaders. The first Russian line consisted of 217,000 men, and the second of 35,000, while the army of Moldavia, 50,000 strong, appeared on the scene in time to take part in the closing operations. Thus the total strength was about 300,000, of whom 50,000 were cavalry, and upward of 800 pieces of artillery were brought into the field. The Government wisely provided thirty-six depots



THE MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER ON THE NIEMEN

in the provinces, which it was supposed would be the theatre of war, and these proved an invaluable aid to the defenders.

Napoleon at the opening of the campaign divided his troops into three immense masses. The first, of 220,000 men, was under his immediate command, and was intended to crush the first Russian army which consisted of only 127,000. The second French column numbered 75,000, under Jerome, and was intended to overwhelm a Russian force of 48,000; while the Viceroy Eugene Beauharnais, with 75,000, was to throw them between the two Russian divisions and prevent their junction. Besides all these, the French right wing, 30,000 strong, under Schwartzberg, was to be opposed to another Russian column of 40,000, and the left wing of the same strength, under Macdonald, was to act against Riga, where a smaller force awaited his approach. Knowing that two months would suffice for the Russians to bring a quarter of a million more into the field, Napoleon pressed his campaign with the least possible delay and with the utmost vigor.



COSSACKS DEFYING THE FRENCH



MOSCOW

Chapter CXXVI

NAPOLEON'S FATAL CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.



HUNDRED years ago the country on the western border of Russia was mostly flat with extensive marshes in many places. Then, as now, immense forests of pine stretched their interminable length, crossed in places by streams, whose stagnant waters often formed vast swamps and morasses that were a serious obstruction to the advance of a military force. The roads were of arrowy straightness and extended for leagues through the gloomy depths of the forests. The villages were few, wretched, and widely scattered.

Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress Maria Louisa, left Paris May 9, the two bidding each other farewell at Dresden. To this city Napoleon had summoned all the sovereigns of Germany, including the Emperor Francis, and the King of Prussia. In the words of Alison: "No adequate conception can be formed of the astonishing power and grandeur of Napoleon, but by those who witnessed his residence on this occasion at Dresden. The Emperor occupied the principal apartments of the palace; his numerous suite were accommodated around; the august guests of the King of Saxony all looked to him as the centre of attraction. Four kings were frequently to be seen waiting in his ante-chamber; queens were the maids of honor to Maria Louisa. With more than Eastern munificence he distributed diamonds, snuff-boxes, and crosses among the innumerable crowd of princes, ministers, dukes, and courtiers, who thronged



A CAPTURED RUSSIAN STANDARD AT EYLAU

with Oriental servility around his steps. Whenever he appeared in public, nothing was to be heard but praises of his grandeur and magnificence. The vast crowd of strangers, the superb equipages, the brilliant guards which were stationed in all the principal parts of the city, the constant arrival and departure of couriers from or toward every part of Europe, all announced the king of kings, who was now elevated to the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur."

Not a shadow of misgiving clouded the future of Napoleon. As he declared, he not only commanded the immense and invincible forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine and Poland, but the two monarchies which hitherto had been the most powerful allies of Russia against him were arrayed under his banners, while he was hopeful of making Turkey and Sweden his auxiliaries. The triumph of the French Emperor seemed absolutely certain, and Madame de Staël has declared that it was the universal opinion that when Napoleon was at Dresden, surrounded by all the sovereigns of Germany and commanding an army of 500,000 men, it appeared impossible, according to all human calculation, that his expedition should not succeed.

But the very magnitude of the armies of invasion raised insurmountable obstacles to its success. Not the least striking phase of Napoleon's genius was his perfect mastery of details. Nothing, however minute, escaped his penetrating eye; but there is a limit to human possibilities. Strive as hard as he might, he could not prevent wholesale pillaging by his soldiers. Immense and far-reaching as was the provision he had made for his troops, it could not, in the nature of things, be sufficient. He was forced to make requisitions for horses, carts, and oxen upon the peasants, who vainly protested against the spoliation, so that they who expected deliverance found themselves in a worse condition than before. He posed as the deliverer of Poland, but the wealthiest families in Warsaw could not obtain enough food to satisfy their gnawing hunger. Pillage became a necessity, and the great car of Juggernaut rolled on crushing the multitudes under its merciless wheels.

No man ever had more magnetism than Napoleon, nor did any military leader ever know better how to win the blind, headlong devotion of his soldiers. While reviewing his troops just before reaching the Niemen, he passed through the ranks and inquired as to their wants. He recalled to his grim veterans the glories of the Pyramids, of Marengo, of Austerlitz and Jena, and assured the conscripts that equal glories awaited them. Had they any complaints to make? Did they receive their pay regularly? Were any wants unsatisfied? Was there anything he could do to prove his love for them? What commissions were vacant and who were the most worthy to fill them? Pausing in the centre of a regiment, he would inquire as to the age, services, and wounds of certain soldiers, and decorate them with the cross of the Legion of Honor taken

from his own breast. When the standards of the famous regiments were borne past, blackened with powder and torn with shot and shell, he took off his hat and bowed reverently to them. His men became frenzied in their enthusiasm and were eager to march to death as if "to a festival."

The immense force of more than 200,000 men and 100,000 horses approached the Niemen on the 23d of June, just as day was breaking, and with the stream hidden by the great forest of Pilwiski, the "Little Corporal" rode out on horseback to reconnoitre the banks. Before night he issued his stirring proclamation:

"Soldiers! the second war of Poland has commenced: the first was terminated at Friedland and Tilsit, when Russia swore an eternal alliance with France and war with England. Now she violates her oaths. She refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct till the French eagles have repassed the Rhine, leaving our allies at her discretion. Fate drags her on; let her destinies be fulfilled! Does she imagine we are degenerated? Are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz? We are placed between dishonor and war; our choice cannot be doubtful. Let us then advance, cross the Niemen, and carry the war into her own territory. The second Polish war will be as glorious as the first; but the peace we conclude shall be its own guarantee, and put an end to the fatal influence which for fifty years Russia has exercised in the affairs of Europe."

The listening soldiers were thrilled, and the signal for advance was given. The forests and hollows vomited their seemingly endless columns of men, who pushed silently on, and, halting at the edge of the river, lay down and peered through the gloom at the other shore, impatient for the order to cross and attack the enemy.

Shortly after midnight Davoust's corps sprang to their feet and passed over the river, its advanced guard taking possession of Kowno. As the bright summer sun rose the enormous array began filing past the Emperor, who came out from his tent placed on an elevation, within a short distance of the river, and with the light of battle glowing in his face bowed to the wild cheering of the tens of thousands who filed past. Standing thus, he saw 200,000 men, including 40,000 horses, move before him ere the sun set, but two more days were required for the passage of all the troops.

The cavalry under Murat took the lead, and the other divisions, under the Viceroy Eugene and Jerome, passed the river at Pilyony and Grodno.

Nothing could shake the resolution of the Russians to fight to the death in order to turn back this appalling tide of invasion. The superior numbers and discipline of the invaders made it madness to offer any serious resistance until the ranks of the enemy had been thinned by the casualties that must accom-



THE COURT OF NAPOLEON AT DRESDEN

pany such an advance. The wisdom of this decision speedily showed itself. The sultriness that attended the crossing of the Niemen was followed by a violent tempest that fell with disastrous effect upon the horses, which were unable to procure provender in the sterile deserts and forests through which they plodded. Lack of food and the incessant beating of the rain caused the death of no end of the animals. It is said that 10,000 carcasses strewed the road between the Niemen and Wilna, where one hundred and twenty cannon and five hundred caissons were left for lack of the means of transport. Before a single shot was fired, the hospitals of Wilna and the villages of Lithuania were filled with 25,000 sick and dying Frenchmen.

The steadily retreating armies were under the personal command of the Emperor Alexander. Such was the technical fact, but like most rulers he had no fitness for such a responsibility. He had, however, eminent and able men at his elbow, and was wise enough to follow their advice. Chief of these was General Von Phull, a Prussian by birth and an officer of marked ability whose counsel was carefully heeded. Barclay de Tolly, the minister of war, was one of the ablest generals ever produced in Russia, and conducted the retreat from the camp at Drissa to Borodino.

The principal Russian army left Wilna on the 28th of June, and Napoleon reached it on the same day. There he committed the fatal error of remaining for seventeen days,—a delay all the more unaccountable since it was in violation of his usual energy, when none knew better than he the necessity of pushing his advance with the utmost promptness. Every hour's delay was a loss to his diminishing armies and a gain to the Russians, who thus secured time in which to obtain reinforcements and to perfect their plans.

It would be interesting had we time to follow the numerous and complicated manœuvres of the enormous forces which opposed each other. The Russians displayed great skill, while more than one delay on the part of Napoleon brought to naught the plans he had formed. It proved utterly beyond his power to suppress the pillaging, disorder, and confusion, and the consequent fatalities became a serious check to his advance thus early in the campaign. The Russians continued flocking to arms in answer to numerous fervid appeals, and their strength grew as that of the invaders waned. Reaching Moscow with his army, Alexander called a solemn convention of the nobles and merchants on the 27th of July. Immense contributions of money were cheerfully made to the cause of defence, and by a unanimous vote a levy of ten in one hundred of the male population was made, the merchants and nobles pledging themselves to clothe and arm them at their own expense. It was believed that if the other parts of the empire imitated this action (which they did), it would bring half a million men to the ranks. Thus the forces of the defenders

were greatly strengthened and the additions had much to do with the final success of the campaign.

Having done all in his power, the Emperor returned to St. Petersburg, reaching there on the 15th of August, and on the next day published an edict ordering an additional levy in all the provinces not actually the seat of war. All these addresses and orders were tinged by a profound religious tone, which was the most effective of all appeals that could be made to the sombre Russians. The gay, thoughtless, atheistical officers of the French army found rare sport in ridiculing these addresses, but Napoleon was too wise not to read their effect upon the masses, and it caused him considerable misgiving.

Several hot skirmishes resulted in favor of the Russians, and the news of the continual additions that were made to their forces, with the constant falling away of his own, led the French Emperor to discuss with his military council the question of a further advance into the empire. Several of the ablest generals were emphatic in condemning such advance; but Napoleon declared that it would be as fully as disastrous to retreat as to go on, and that the first decisive victory would compel Alexander to accept whatever terms the conquerors chose to give.

It may be said that in the same hour that the decision was thus made to advance, the Russians determined to take the aggressive. The retreat had continued for three hundred miles, and the effect on the morale of the troops was bad. It was estimated that the French had sustained a loss of a 100,000 men, and the rank and file of the Russian army could see no reason for thus eternally falling back before a force which they did not believe was more powerful than their own. The Russian loss had been hardly one-tenth that of the invaders. Alexander, much against his will, took the command from his favorite officer and gave it to Kutusoff, unquestionably an able general, who, being a Russian by birth, was the idol of the army. He saw the necessity of a pitched battle and made his preparations for a desperate stand at Borodino, on whose result would depend the fate of Moscow.

The forces were about equal, but the French were much the superior in cavalry and in the quality of their troops. They numbered 133,000, of whom 30,000 were cavalry, and they had five hundred and ninety cannon in the field. The Russian force was 132,000, with six hundred and forty pieces of artillery; but among their troops were several thousand militia who had never been in battle.

The struggle at Borodino, seventy miles from Moscow, was fought on the 7th of September, and was one of the most desperately disputed in history. Of the 240,000 engaged, more than 70,000 were killed and wounded. The Russians retreated the next day, but in perfect order and without the French



THE ATTACK AT YAROSLAVETS

daring to molest them. The former have always held therefore that this battle was a victory, and, in 1839, they raised a fine mausoleum on the battlefield. But the honor must be conceded to the French, for they not only remained on the field, but resumed unopposed their advance upon Moscow. The victory, however, cost them dear, and had the Russian commanders known what a staggering blow they had dealt the enemy, they could perhaps have overwhelmed them by following up the advantage.

On the other hand, the severe losses sustained by the Russians convinced them that destruction would follow another engagement, and, though this never-ending retreat greatly depressed the defenders of the empire, yet its material injury to the enemy far outweighed such disadvantage. The universal expectation was that a determined stand would be made in front of Moscow, but the stern policy of the Russian commanders demanded the abandonment of the ancient capital.

Consternation spread among the inhabitants when this decision became known, and for a time they were struck dumb by the awful calamity descending upon them. Then, giving way to a wild panic, they began scrambling out of the city, so that within a few days 300,000 had scattered over the surrounding plains, there to resume the nomadic life of their ancestors. When the dejected Russian troops entered the city, it looked as if they were attending the obsequies of Russia itself. The gloom was so profound, so universal, so crushing, that life had lost its attraction.

Meanwhile, the French legions were bearing down upon the doomed city with the relentless tread of fate. About midday, on the 14th, the advance guard from an elevation in the highway caught their first sight of Moscow. In the soft September sunshine, the minarets, the two hundred churches, and the crests of a thousand palaces gleamed like a vision of fairyland. Instinctively the squadrons halted and gazed upon the scene. Then the cry "Moscow! Moscow!" rang through the ranks and ran back till it reached the Emperor's Guard. Breaking ranks and cheering, they rushed forward, with Napoleon galloping in the midst of them, as impatient as they. His stern face lit up with delight, when he checked his horse, and silently surveyed the scene, the only silent man among the shouting and cheering thousands.

The pause was brief, when Murat at the head of the cavalry rode to the gates and concluded a treaty for the evacuation of the city. Then the French troops entered and found themselves treading the deserted streets of the captured metropolis. Only the tramp of the multitudinous footsteps, and the hoof-beats of thousands of horses echoed on the pavements and through the palaces. Here and there a glimpse of a pair of black eyes was caught, as man or woman furtively peeped out at the swarm below, but hardly a human being was seen

where but a short time before a vast city hummed and throbbed with the tumult of life.

All day long Napoleon confidently awaited the coming of a deputation from the authorities to beg his indulgence, but not a solitary person presented himself. The conqueror sat wondering and puzzled, until he could not longer escape the truth that the population of Moscow had vanished. Mounting his horse, he rode into the city, and took up his quarters in the ancient palace of the Czars, with his officers as his companions.

Still the Emperor felt no suspicion of the terrible meaning of this wholesale withdrawal; but Russia had determined upon a sacrifice such as the world has never known. To the gates of his country palace the governor had affixed the following notice to the invaders: "During eight years I have embellished this country house, and lived happily in it, in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate to the number of seven thousand burn it at your approach, in order that it may not be sullied by your presence. Frenchmen! at Moscow I have abandoned to you my two houses, with their furniture, worth half a million roubles; here you will find nothing but ashes."

The governor had with his own hands set fire to his country palace. When he left Moscow he took with him all the fire engines and every appliance intended to arrest a conflagration. Combustibles were distributed profusely, so as to aid in the spread of the flames, and a large force was ordered to remain behind and apply the torch, as soon as their countrymen were out of the way.

The French soldiers wandered through the streets, impressed by the Gothic magnificence, the brilliant decoration, and the leafy wealth of vegetation. They passed to and fro at will, but for hours saw no human beings besides themselves. They were traversing a city of the dead. A softened witchery was thrown over all by the silvery moonlight from the unclouded sky, and the impressionable French soldiers responded to the weird influence of the scene.

When the night was further advanced, many of the officers broke into the principal mansions in search of sleeping quarters. Everything was found in perfect order, as if the occupants expected to return at any moment. Even the work of the ladies remained on the stands and tables, and the keys were in the wardrobes. After a time, timid footsteps were heard on the lower stairs and the slaves, white and trembling with fear, emerged from the cellars and showed the way to the sleeping apartments. All that they could say in answer to questions was that their masters and mistresses had fled and they were left alone in the houses.

There had been a fire on the night of the 13th which consumed a number of buildings, but it was only a notice of what was coming. At midnight, on the 15th, those who were awake saw a bright light rapidly growing in the



THE FRENCH BURNING THEIR FLAGS ON THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

northern and western parts of Moscow and not long after the guard at the Kremlin discovered that the fire was rapidly approaching. The wind was not only strong, but changeable, and carried the flames toward every point of the compass, while new fires were continually breaking out. The air was full of flying sparks and fragments which soon began falling on the roof of the Kremlin. There were no appliances with which to check the danger, and had there been, nearly all the soldiers were too sodden with drunkenness to raise a hand.

The fire burned with greater or less fierceness during the night and following day, but the greatest devastation was on the nights of the 18th and 19th. The force which the Russians had left behind to attend to this work did it thoroughly, and on the nights mentioned the whole city became one stupendous seething conflagration, which lit up the heavens with a glare that enabled officers two or three miles distant to read the despatches sent to them. There were immense stores of oil, resin, tar, spirits, and other combustible materials, which gave a fury to the blaze that nothing could have subdued. The rarefaction of the air turned the wind into a hurricane and the roar, heat, and stunning turmoil awed even those who were accustomed to the terrors of battle. It was like a vision of the Day of Judgment.

The next day brought strange and pitiful scenes. Swarms of people who had taken refuge in cellars and vaults, where their presence had been unsuspected, poured out, bearing little children in their arms, some with two or three terrified babes clinging to their backs. The approach of the fire had driven out these people, some of whom rushed blindly to and fro, striving to save a few of their valuable heirlooms or treasures. Many of the bundles caught fire while their owners were racing back and forth and had to be flung to the ground, while in more numerous instances the miserable wretches were robbed by the drunken soldiery. Tottering old men and women, unable to walk, were pushed hurriedly in wheelbarrows by their children, the blistered faces and singed beards showing how narrowly some of the patriarchs had escaped the most cruel of deaths.

The uncontrollable flames raged for thirty-six hours, and then when more than nine-tenths of Moscow had become ashes and smouldering embers, they ceased for want of something to feed upon. The ancient capital was captured, but it was a tomb.

Napoleon was so enraged that he ordered the shooting of all the Russians engaged in spreading the fire. He clung to his palatial quarters in the Kremlin in the hope that they could be saved. But the time came when they also burst into flame, and a hurried flight was necessary. Several of his suite were scorched, and for a time all were in danger. They succeeded, finally, in

reaching safe quarters on the outside, where they could watch the spread of this most appalling conflagration of modern times.

No pen can picture the horrors into which the miserable beings who could not abandon their homes, were thrown by this act of unparalleled sacrifice. Impoverished and dazed, they wandered among the smoking ruins in search of some missing parent or child, unable to identify the blackened remains that came to sight. On such occasions soldiers became no better than demons, and the robberies, outrages, and barbarities suffered by the women, children, and indeed all the inhabitants could not have been surpassed by a band of marauding Apaches. When General Sherman characterized war as "hell" he fitly named it, as was proved at Moscow, as well as at thousands of other places, before and since those awful September days and nights of 1812.

Far away the Russian army continued its rhythmic tramping at night by the glare of their blazing capital, which illumined the heavens for many a league in every direction. Their generals were able to maintain far superior discipline to that in the camp of their enemies; but what a price had been paid by the people for their brief check to the invaders! Soldiers themselves, they could well imagine the scenes that were taking place in their burning metropolis, and they felt the stunning effect of the most fearful blow the empire had ever received. The indignation, the rage, the resolution to avenge the unspeakable outrage burned as fiercely in their breasts as did the flames behind them.

The Russian commanders displayed the best of generalship in the movements that followed. They drew near their waiting reinforcements, covered the richest provinces in the country, secured supplies, and threatened the communications of the enemy. The peace with Turkey released most of the Russian army in Moldavia, and the treaty with Sweden, concluded in August, enabled the Czar to withdraw the regular forces in Finland, for the reinforcement of the main army that was combating Napoleon in front, and aiming to cut his communications in the rear. All this took place while Napoleon was complacently resting among the ruins of Moscow. A formidable army of a hundred thousand men were converging from the shores of the Baltic and the banks of the Danube toward Poland with the purpose of cutting off the French retreat to western Europe. Had it been practicable to carry through these mighty campaigns, Napoleon and his entire army must have been annihilated or captured.

Many of the biographers of the Corsican believe that the campaign in Russia proved that his masterly powers had begun to wane. He was not capable of standing the tremendous mental and physical exertion which at Austerlitz enabled him to laugh at fatigue. The wearied body reacted upon the brain,



THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE BERESINA

which probably had partly exhausted itself from the prodigious draughts upon it. God has wisely set a limit to man's capacities, and the hero of so many astounding victories was never fully himself again. The venture which he made into Russia was itself a proof of this, while three years later at Waterloo the decline of his genius was still more marked.

Since Moscow was a tomb, it would seem that Napoleon should not have hesitated to press on to other cities lying near enough to reach, or that he should have begun his withdrawal from the empire. But he believed that the destruction of Moscow would compel Alexander to offer terms, and that the armies before him were so terrified that they would be glad to accept any condition which promised to save them from the invincible invaders. Accordingly he returned to the Kremlin, which had mostly escaped the flames, and sent off a messenger to Kutusoff with a proposal for an armistice. The Russian general, as he afterward explained, kept up the semblance of negotiation in order to gain time. The determination of himself and countrymen not to yield was never stronger than at the very time when Napoleon was confidently counting upon such yielding.

The fearful Russian winter was rapidly approaching, and the passing weeks brought no sign from the Czar, to whom the armistice proposals had been referred. Napoleon was compelled to consider the probability that his offer would be refused, and to decide what to do in the event of hostilities being resumed. The obstacles to the success of every plan that was proposed led him to abandon each in turn, and still to cling to the hope of receiving the surrender of his enemy, who still remained silent, and pushed his preparations with all possible vigor.

Napoleon refrained from providing his army with winter quarters, nor could he bring himself to accept the alternative of retreat,—an inevitably fatal blow to his prestige. He would no longer be looked upon as the invincible leader of armies; a retrograde movement would be the first decisive step toward his downfall. "A retreat will appear a flight," said he, "and Europe will re-echo with the news. What a frightful course of perilous wars will date from my first retrograde step! I know well that Moscow, as a military position, is worth nothing; but as a political point its preservation is of inestimable value. The world regards me only as a general, forgetting that I am an Emperor. In politics you must never retrace your steps; if you have committed a fault, you must never show that you are conscious of it. Error steadily adhered to becomes a virtue in the eyes of posterity."

But the deadly Arctic weather was steadily drawing near, though October opened unusually mild. What seemed a favor could not fail, however, to prove the reverse; for the gentleness of the month lured the French army into

a delusive security. Winter was certain to come before they could cross the inhospitable wastes behind them, and even now it was too late to escape its full vigor. Through pillaging and plundering, the troops had lost their fine discipline; they were mostly a drunken, rioting, savage mob, who while wearing the costliest furs and silks, could find no food except rotting horseflesh with which to fight off the pangs of starvation. The Russians were glad to see their enemies thus lingering with a sense of security, which must soon have a frightful awakening. The advanced posts did not hesitate to assure those confronting them, that they were doomed. "In a few weeks," said they, "you will not be able to hold your muskets in your hands, for they will become icicles, and you will freeze into so many blocks of wood. Have you not room for tombs in your own country that you should come this far to leave your bones in our snowy wastes?"

These taunts produced their effect. A gloomy feeling spread among the French troops. The bravest officers had been emphatic from the first that it was unwise to remain a single day after the destruction of Moscow, and some, including Ney, had opposed coming so far even as that. No one could fail to view the approach of winter with foreboding. Napoleon knew that, if his negotiations with the Russian commander failed, he had no choice left but to retreat to Poland. A Russian winter was an enemy which he did not dare to face, even with the bravest French army that ever bore his eagles to victory.

The mild weather of October soon grew chilly, and about the middle of the month there were flurries of snow in the air. A booming of Kutusoff's cannon awoke the curiosity of Napoleon, who, when he inquired the cause, was told that it was to celebrate the capture of Madrid by the English and Spanish troops. In a proclamation to his soldiers the distinguished Russian general uttered the startling prophecy that was soon to be verified: "The hand of Omnipotence presses on Napoleon. Moscow will be his prison or his tomb; the grand army will perish with him; France will fall in Russia."

The time speedily came when Napoleon saw he could hesitate no longer. He had already waited too long, and not another hour must be lost. Orders were issued for the purchase of 20,000 horses; for the care of the sick and wounded, and it was commanded that the troops should be provided with forage and subsistence for a long march. A mockery, since there was no human means of obtaining forage and subsistence.

When Napoleon, on October 19, turned his back upon Moscow, he was at the head of 103,000 combatants, 600 cannon, and 2,000 military vehicles. He had added 10,000 to his infantry while at the Kremlin, by the recovery of the wounded and the arrival of reinforcements; but his cavalry, once so formidable, was decimated and the horses of the artillery were barely able to



NAPOLÉON ABANDONNING HIS ARMY AT SMORGONI

drag the guns. Behind this formidable army straggled an endless train of wagons and prisoners, laden with plunder from the destroyed city. The camp followers numbered 40,000 of various nations and both sexes, arrayed mostly in gaudy finery, but with empty stomachs. Standing in the middle of this immense train, a mounted horseman could not see either end of the motley horde. Artillery, caissons, baggage-wagons, and carts were mingled in inextricable confusion and the route was strewn with enough cast-away plunder to enrich a nation.

As soon as news reached Kutusoff of the retreat of the French army from Moscow, he broke up his camp and started in pursuit at the head of 80,000 troops and 30,000 Cossacks, the latter of whom formed the most fearfully effective engine of destruction that could be launched against the invaders. He took a line parallel to the French and headed for the strongest position on the line of retreat, hoping to reach and occupy it in advance of Napoleon. The force left by the latter in the Kremlin blew up a part of the edifices on the approach of a Russian column, and then withdrew.

Napoleon's first attempt was to retreat by a new and more southerly route where his troops might find forage from a district yet undevastated. The advance parties of both armies reached this road at substantially the same time, and the conflict that followed was indescribably fierce, the little town of Yaroslavets being taken and retaken seven times. In the end the French drove out the Russians and opened a way for their artillery. The loss was about five thousand on each side, and Napoleon was startled by the desperate bravery displayed by the Russians. His success was virtually a defeat, for he was compelled either to continue fighting his way southward at an overwhelming disadvantage, or to fall back by the same wasted route over which he had advanced. Several reconnoissances convinced him that the latter alternative was the only possible one, and it is said the discovery was so agitating to him that for some time none of his attendants dared go near him.

At daybreak the next morning, while he was picking his way through a confused mass of baggage, wagons, and artillery, a powerful force of Cossacks thundered down upon the imperial escort, in a dash to seize a park of forty pieces of artillery near the headquarters of Napoleon. The Emperor never had a narrower escape from capture. The troops in immediate attendance on him were ploughed through and overturned by the terrible lances of the Cossacks, numbers of them passing the Emperor, who was not recognized in the *mêlée*, or assuredly his career would have been ended then and there. The arrival of reinforcements checked the Cossacks, who seized all the guns but were able to make off with only eleven.

A council of the Emperor and his leaders that night led to the decision that

nothing was left to the grand army but to retreat. It was a bitter and humiliating conclusion for Napoleon, but he acquiesced, saying that all had been done that was possible, and nothing remained but to look to the safety of the army.

If one wishes to gain an unspeakable horror of war, he has but to read the history of the French retreat from Moscow. Miseries, sufferings, and death in its most torturing form accompanied the march of the Grand Army through a country that it had itself turned into a desert. The Cossacks hung like wolves on the outskirts of the colossal mob, cutting off the parties that vainly scoured for food, in a region where not so much as a blade of grass was growing. Often the barbaric horsemen made dashes upon the army itself, capturing guns and horses that were too weak to walk, and gathering in cannon which the tottering fugitives were too feeble to drag over the dreary wastes. The Frenchmen burned their own flags to save them from capture. Hardly had a horse fallen when the famishing sufferers scrambled upon the carcass and fought over its division. No one helped up his comrade who sank by the wayside unable to rise, but instead he dropped upon the body to gain the slight warmth therefrom before it wholly left the fast freezing form. When the howling Cossacks swooped down upon them they cowered, dazed and helpless; and if the enemy preferred slaying to taking them prisoners, they did not raise a hand to defend themselves. Muskets fell from the rigid hands and took the frozen fingers with them; tears froze on the sunken cheeks; soldiers ripped open horses and pushed their own bodies inside for the sake of the few minutes' heat thus obtained; men fed upon one another, and the long, dismal, seemingly never-ending road was often shut from sight by the dead bodies of soldiers and animals.

They reached Smolensk, which might be termed the half-way station, on November 9. There they found some insufficient stores, seized them, and hurried on. The colder and more terrible half of their journey was still before them. On November 26 they reached the Beresina River. By this time they were a mere mob, the Russians hunting them like dogs. The bridges over the river broke under the weight of the fugitives, and the Russians discharged cannon at the ice, so that it also gave way under the fleeing French. They were drowned by thousands. Those the icy water spared, the Russian shot ploughed through and through. It was not battle, it was only massacre.

Threatening news of doings in Paris was brought to Napoleon in the midst of his hideous retreat. Others, he heard, were seeking to wrest his authority from him, and he determined to leave the army and make all haste to his capital, that he might check the movements that presaged his downfall. At Smorgoni, on the 5th of December, he called his marshals around him and said:



NAPOLEON'S FLIGHT

"I quit you, but it is to seek three hundred thousand men. We must make preparations for a second campaign, since the first has failed to bring peace. You know what has caused our disasters; the Russians have had little to do with them. Bernadotte is dreaming of making himself Emperor in my place. The Russian Empire would have fallen at Moscow, had not the English torches turned it into a heap of ashes. The cold has done the rest. Nevertheless, the campaign of Russia will always be considered the most glorious, the most difficult, and the most honorable which modern history has recorded."

The command of the army was left to Murat, and Napoleon set out for Paris, accompanied by Generals Caulaincourt, Duroc, and Mouton, the former in a carriage with the Emperor and the two latter in a sledge behind. On the seat in front of Napoleon were a Mameluke and a captain of the Polish lancers, with a few Neapolitan horsemen as an escort. What followed the Emperor's arrival in Paris and the events of his subsequent career have already been told to you.

The heroic Ney displayed incredible valor on the retreat. He seemed impervious to the frightful cold, he grew gaunt, but his eye never lost its fire nor his arm the power to strike. Again and again he infused his own indomitable spirit into the staggering skeletons around him, and fought off the Cossacks who were clawing at the vitals of the dying multitudes. He seemed never to sleep and never to know weariness of body. When his horse succumbed, he leaped from the saddle as it fell and sprang upon another, whose strength to sustain him for a few more minutes appeared to be derived from the dauntless hero himself. He was the soul of the Grand Army as it desperately tried to fight its way through the blinding snow and arctic cold.

The first resting place on the German side of the Niemen was Gumbinnen. General Dumas, who had been long suffering from illness, managed with great difficulty to reach the town, and sought out a French physician, with whom he had lodged when passing through the place before. He had hardly entered the house when another patient followed him. Dumas looked around and saw a tall, spare figure, wrapped in a great cloak. He had a heavy beard, his face was blackened with gunpowder, his whiskers were half-burned off, but his eyes were bright and sparkling. Flinging his cloak aside, he exclaimed with a sigh:

"Well, here I am at last! What! General Dumas, do you not recognize me?"

"No," replied that officer, scanning him closely; "who are you?"

"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army—Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forests."

Dumas received with respectful anxiety the hero of the retreat, and the host administered to his immediate necessities. Ney and Dumas soon after set out in the sledge of the latter for Königsberg. Three years later Ney was shot because he had joined Napoleon after his return from Elba.

The most careful estimates of the French losses during the Russian campaign were 550,000 men and 900 pieces of cannon. The total number that entered the country at first was 610,000 and these were joined by 37,000 in the course of the campaign. Of this 647,000, the combatants numbered 600,000. Eighty-five thousand tottered out of Russia, of whom 35,000 were Austrians and 18,000 Prussians. The survivors, therefore, of the French army proper were some 32,000, out of about 600,000 combatants. The mind is staggered in contemplating these awful facts.

Moreover, the Russian losses were nearly as great, for the natives of that country were almost as susceptible to the rigors of its climate as the invaders. Setting out at the head of his immense army, Kutusoff had only 35,000 when he reached Wilna, and in a brief while half of these were in the hospitals. Moscow was the tragedy of the centuries.



IMPERIAL RUSSIAN FLAG



ALEXANDER MEETING THE PRUSSIAN AND AUSTRIAN SOVEREIGNS IN LEIPZIG



CIRCASSIANS RETURNING FROM A RUSSIAN RAID

Chapter CXXVII

REACTION AND REFORM

DURING the spectacular period from 1812 to 1815, the Czar Alexander I. reached the highest point of his importance and renown. He succeeded, though in a lesser degree, to the position of the man he had overthrown, and was the leading sovereign of Europe.

Early in the spring of 1813 the Russian forces followed the French over the border line, and called the Prussians to join them in the struggle against the falling Napoleon. Austria also entered the coalition, and the new army which the French raised, was overthrown by the allies at Leipsic.

Alexander followed his victorious troops into Leipsic and there met his brother sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. Both might have reproached him for deserting them in previous years, but this was no time to revive old grievances, and together the three monarchs followed Napoleon to his doom. The chief command of their armies was, however, given to an Austrian general, Schwartzemberg.

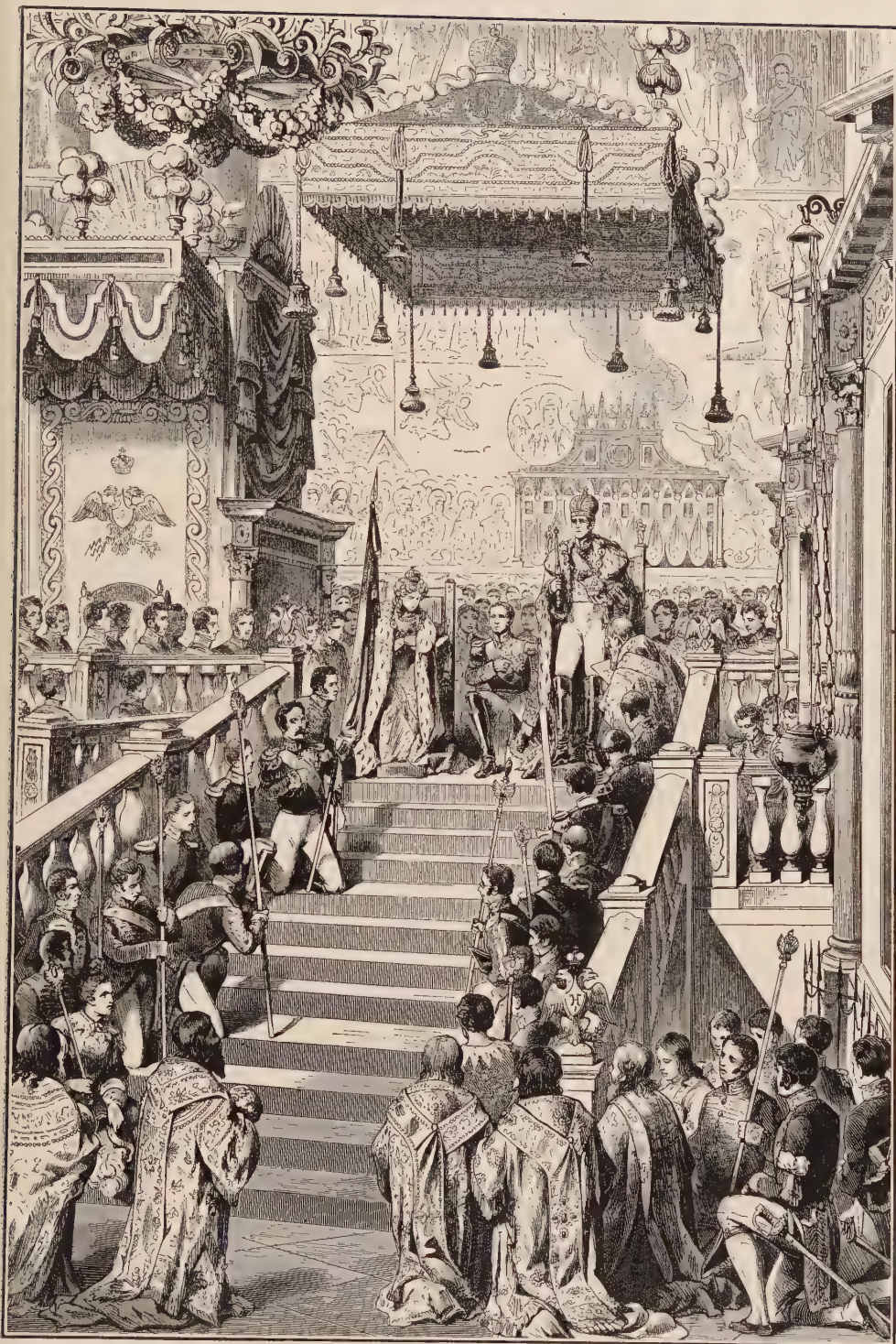
In the peace treaties which followed, and in the selfish political schemings of the Congress of Vienna, Alexander displayed rare moderation. It was largely owing to him that the French were not more humiliated, and indeed he won the friendship of their entire nation by defending them against the vengeance of the Prussians. Russia was confirmed in possession of Poland and of the territories she had recently seized from Sweden, but she asked for no further accessions.

Relieved of the fearful incubus that had so long weighed him to the earth,

the Czar now showed evidences of profound religious feelings. He, like many of his countrymen, looked upon the deliverance of 1812 as due to the direct interposition of heaven. His whole nature was tinged by a devout gratitude and humility, and his highest wish was to prove his thankfulness by his acts. His efforts led to the formation of the Holy Alliance by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, with the avowed object of regulating the relations of the states of Christendom by the principles of Christian charity. One of the clauses of the treaty excluded forever the members of the Bonaparte family from any European throne. Most of the other European rulers were favorable to the league, and it was formally made public in February, 1816. It was in virtue of this alliance that Austria crushed the Naples revolution in 1821, and France, in 1823, restored absolutism in Spain. Later France and England seceded from the Holy Alliance, whose real purpose grew to be the preservation of the power and prestige of the existing dynasties. In the natural order of events, it soon lost all force of meaning.

Alexander returned to his own dominions in October, 1815. Russia had become a powerful member of the family of nations, while the reforms set on foot long before were bearing their fruit. Relieved of the torturing anxiety caused by Napoleon's machinations, Alexander set himself to carry forward with renewed vigor his great reforms. Some of these have already been named. Many that had to do with the internal policy of the empire were strongly opposed. It is not unlikely that the ten years of trial had clouded Alexander's judgment, and given him a morbid dread of another frightful revolution. The army was maintained on a war footing, and, in 1821, numbered some 830,000 regular troops. This was so exhausting to the country as to cause great discontent and distress. Alexander attempted to meet the complaints by planting military colonies, but the scheme failed. Then he made the censorship of the press more rigid, and every book was carefully examined before it was allowed to enter the empire. The system of repression grew unbearable. It affected education and every democratic movement. Missionary societies and Masonic lodges were suppressed until in the end all plans of reform were abandoned. Thousands of secret police were distributed throughout the provinces as you find them now, and the favorite of one day, who basked in the smiles of the Czar, was likely to find himself on the road to Siberia to-morrow, because of some accusation made, he knew not by whom.

But if one fact has been demonstrated it is the impossibility of quenching public sentiment by such means: rather it seems to flourish and take root. Alexander grew more morbid as his years increased, and he made querulous complaints of the ingratitude of his subjects who seemed not to understand his good motives. When Greece revolted, his policy was in direct opposition



THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS I.

to the sentiments of the people, and he condemned the uprising, disclaimed his former friendship for the Greeks, and could be induced to do nothing more than urge the Porte to show clemency to the rebels. About this time, he was afflicted by the death of a daughter to whom he was devotedly attached. In the terrible inundation of St. Petersburg in 1824, he exposed himself to personal danger and illness to help the people, but could not regain their affection. Added to these trials was the conspiracy formed by the Poles and a number of Russians for the destruction of all the members of the house of Romanoff. The Czar began to break down mentally and physically.

Wearied of life, greatly depressed, and with his thoughts fixed gloomily on death, he set out in September, 1825, on a journey to the Crimea, hoping to benefit the health of the Empress, who was in a decline, and seeking rest and retirement for himself. He left her at Taganrog, but had not gone far when he was seized with a fever which compelled him to return. Despite the best medical care that could be given, he grew rapidly worse and died December 1. There were rumors that he was poisoned, but it is not to be believed, though his last hours were embittered by the discovery of the conspiracy which his brother Nicholas I. had to put down as the first act of his reign.

Nicholas I. (1825–1855) was the third son of Paul I., and was born at St. Petersburg, July 7, 1796. He was carefully educated by his mother, after which he devoted his attention to military studies and political economy. In 1816 he visited England and other European countries and made a tour through the Russian provinces. In 1817 he married the eldest daughter of Frederick William III. of Prussia, and lived in domestic retirement until the death of Alexander I., when he succeeded to the throne through the voluntary resignation of his elder brother Constantine, who had married a beautiful Roman Catholic Polish lady.

As has already been stated, Nicholas had hardly ascended the throne when a formidable insurrection broke out, set on foot by the numerous secret societies which honeycombed the empire, and included some of its foremost men. The uprising took place in the same month that Nicholas became Czar, and a bloody collision occurred on the Square of the Senate. By nightfall the revolt was suppressed and the insurgents were at the mercy of the new Emperor, who was not disposed to show them any consideration whatever. Capital punishment, which had been abolished by the Empress Elizabeth, was revived, and the rebels were hunted down like so many rabid dogs. Five of the ring-leaders were hanged on the *glacis* of the citadel and many others were sentenced to Siberia. The wives of these asked permission to accompany their husbands into exile, and some of them lived to be pardoned and brought back to their homes by Alexander II., thirty years later. The published experiences

of a number of these unfortunates form one of the most thrilling leaves in the history of the tumultuous empire.

At the beginning Nicholas showed a disposition to develop the intelligence of his people, that he might rest his Government on education; but he soon fell back to the ancient policy of the Czars, which was that of absolute despotism based on military power. He began the codification of Russian law in 1827, but it was not completed till 1846.

Soon after coming to the throne, he found his country involved in a war with Persia over the Georgian territory. The contest ended early in 1828, when the Russians stormed the city and fortress of Erivan and almost all the disputed region in the Caucasus was yielded to Russia. Then a war with Turkey opened and was closed by the treaty of Adrianople, September 19, 1829, which left the Porte in possession of Wallachia, Moldavia, and the conquests made by Russia in Bulgaria and Roumelia, while Russia obtained the whole coast of the Black Sea, with the territories of the Caucasus and most of the pachalic of Akalzik, the free navigation of the Danube, with the right of unobstructed passage between the Black and Mediterranean Seas. Russia assumed practically its present area.

The year 1830 was one of general ferment in Europe and the flames of insurrection spread to Poland. On the 29th of November a party of students attempted to seize the governor, the Grand Duke Constantine, at Warsaw, but he escaped by slipping through a secret door. A savage massacre of Russians followed, the troops fraternizing with the people and selecting as their leader General Chlopicki, a veteran who had fought under Napoleon, as had many of his comrades. The ardent Poles gathered an army of 90,000 men, to conquer which 120,000 Russian troops entered the country early in the following year. Chlopicki quarrelled with his associates and resigned, without dampening the enthusiasm of the insurgents, who replaced him with Prince Adam Czartoryski, once an intimate friend of Alexander.

A severe battle was fought at Grochow on the 20th of February, but the Poles, although they displayed great bravery, were compelled to fall back before the advance of their enemies upon Warsaw. The insurgents made passionate appeals to France and other powers, but there is no such thing as chivalry among nations, and not a hand was raised to help them in their life-and-death struggle. It would seem that France could not have refused, after all the blood the Poles had shed for her, but she shook her head and stayed her hand.

In the latter part of May another battle was fought, ending as before in the defeat of the Poles. Then cholera appeared in both armies and among its victims were the Russian commander and the Grand Duke Constantine, brother



THE STORMING OF ERIVAN

of the Czar. When the virulence of the scourge abated, the Russian armies pressed on and compelled Warsaw to surrender on the 7th of September. Poland was not foolish enough to expect any consideration from Nicholas, who in February, 1832, declared it a mere Russian province. He annulled the constitution that had been granted by Alexander and strove to stamp out the Polish nationality.

The ferocity shown toward the gallant but unfortunate Poles roused the sympathy of Europe and created universal dissatisfaction. The policy of Nicholas separated Russia more and more from the western nations, and made the empire the most absolute of military despotisms. The press was placed under rigid censorship, and, so far as it was possible to do so, intellectual development was restrained to things merely practical, with education limited to preparation for the public service.

Russia, however, had become a powerful factor in political affairs. In 1832 the Khedive of Egypt revolted against his suzerain, the Sultan, who found his dominions in such peril that he applied to Nicholas for help. The latter promptly furnished it, with the result of a treaty by which each country pledged itself to furnish the other the necessary assistance when called upon for preserving the tranquillity and security of its dominions. The Sultan agreed further in a secret article that if the Czar was attacked, he would allow no foreign vessel of war to enter the Dardanelles under any pretext.

The wild mountaineers of the Caucasus now claimed their independence, but Russia felt it would not do to concede it, and waged an energetic and persevering war against them. For years, despite the great loss of lives and the squandering of immense sums, no substantial progress was made, and it was left to a much later day to reduce the hardy patriots to anything resembling submission.

As we have learned, it is the belief of many intelligent observers of events that the next great war will be between England and Russia, and it will arise from their mutual jealousy over the advance into Central Asia. Both of these powers have been and are still edging forward, and it seems inevitable that sooner or later the clash must come and a conflagration be kindled to which most of the previous wars will be as only so many bonfires.

As long ago as the early part of this reign of Nicholas I., Russia was alarmed by the extension of British influence in Central Asia, and used different means to counteract it. Among these was the expedition for the conquest of Khiva in 1839. The complaint of Russia was that ever since she had entered Central Asia the Khivans had fostered rebellion among her Kirghis subjects and plundered their caravans. In 1717 Peter the Great tried to con-

quer Khiva but failed, and Czar Nicholas now renewed the attempt, only to fail, with a successful renewal more than a generation later.

Between 1844 and 1846 Nicholas visited England, Austria, and Italy. Signs of a political convulsion had already appeared, and again in 1848 Europe was swept by a storm which made more than one throne tremble. Nicholas carefully avoided interference until he could see an opportunity for benefiting Russia. That opportunity came when the Emperor of Austria begged his assistance in quelling the Hungarian revolt. Francis Joseph was in urgent need of help, for his armies were losing ground everywhere, and Hungary was on the point of gaining her independence when the Russian hordes swept into the country and the insurrection was crushed. No doubt Nicholas feared the disaffection might involve Poland, which had a large number serving in the Magyar ranks. He believed his conduct had made Austria a firm ally, but she was ungrateful, while the Hungarians formed an undying hatred for Russia. There was force in the remark of Nicholas that he and John Sobieski were the only two Slavonic sovereigns who had made the fatal error of saving Austria.

Hungary suffered the fate of Poland, and when bleeding and helpless she was handed over to Austria, her punishment sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world. No doubt this resentment over the interference of Russia had much to do with the Crimean war, which followed a few years later.

Russia had long watched for the opportunity of absorbing Turkey. This "sick man of Europe" had been ailing for a long time, and but for the jealousy of other nations and the dread of the disturbance of the "political equilibrium," he would have ceased to blight humanity and civilization by his existence. It seemed to Nicholas that the time was ripe for pressing his favorite scheme of seizing Constantinople. If he could be left in the possession of the Bosphorus, he was quite willing that England should retain Egypt; but, as I have said, the designs of Russia against Turkey alarmed other powers, notably England and France. Napoleon III., or the Little, as he was called in derision, was eager for some pretext for war to present itself, since he sat none too securely on his own throne, and a successful campaign by him would add to its stability for the time, and give employment to those whose plottings he had cause to fear.

The excuse which Russia made for declaring war was the refusal of her demand that the Turkish Government should guarantee the rights of the Greek Christians in Turkey. The position taken by England and France was, as has been intimated, that Russia's designs endangered the equilibrium of political power in Europe.

England and France, on March 24, 1854, declared war against Russia, and



THE FINAL ASSAULT AT SEBASTOPOL

their allied armies landed at the Bay of Eupatoria, in the Crimea, September 14, 1854. On their southward march they encountered the Russian forces under Prince Menzikoff on the banks of the Alma, where a bloody battle was fought September 20. The Russians were compelled to retreat and five days later the British forces seized Balaklava. On October 9, the regular siege of the southern part of Sebastopol began.

Sebastopol, the great military fortress and stronghold of Russia on the Black Sea, stands near the southwest extremity of the Crimea on the southern side of the harbor, which is one of the finest in the world. This roadstead is an inlet of the Black Sea, reaching inland for more than four miles, a half mile wide at its entrance, but immediately expanding into double that width. The heights of Inkermann are at the eastern end, and there the river Tchernaya enters the harbor through low marshy grounds. The South Bay extends about a mile and a half from north to south and forms the harbor proper of Sebastopol, between which and Quarantine Bay is the principal part of the town of Sebastopol on ground sloping upward. Before its destruction in 1854-1855, the town was substantially built of stone, with streets running north and south, and others intersecting them at right angles. It contained several fine public edifices.

The Russians had sunk vessels at the entrance to the harbor in order to shut out any maritime attack. On October 25 the Russians made a desperate attempt to destroy the besieging allies at Balaklava. They captured a few English guns, and the celebrated "charge of the Light Brigade" was the mad effort of a few Englishmen to recover these. A second assault by the Russians was made at Inkermann, November 5. They almost drove the English into the sea, but finally failed, after which they confined themselves mainly to the defensive. Although they made frequent sallies, these were intended mainly to harass and delay the siege operations. Some of the conflicts, however, assumed the character of regular field battles, notably the successful attack of the French upon a new redoubt, February 23, 1855, the unsuccessful assaults upon the Redan and Malakoff, June 18, and the battle of the Tchernaya, August 16, in which the Russians, with 50,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, made a final effort to break the aggressive force of their assailants.

When the trenches had been driven near enough to the Russian defences, a bombardment was opened September 5 and lasted for three days. Then the Malakoff and Redan were stormed and captured by the allies after a desperate struggle. The Russians blew up their elaborate fortifications on the southern side of the harbor and retreated to the north side, where the allies made no serious attempts to follow. They destroyed the valuable docks, arsenals, and shipyards, but remained most of the time inactive in their camps, where, as

you have been told in another place, they suffered so dreadfully from sickness and gross mismanagement that a year longer without mending would have brought their annihilation.

The siege of Sebastopol by the allies will always rank among the most famous in history. It lasted eleven months, from October, 1854, to September, 1855, during which the town was destroyed, though it has been partially rebuilt. The armies of the allies were withdrawn in the summer and autumn of 1856, and, though they did not attain any decisive success, Russia suffered a great loss of military prestige and all fear of any further aggression in southern Europe by her was removed for a long time.

While the land struggle was being carried on in the Crimea, the Baltic Sea was made the scene of naval strife. The English and French fleets bombarded and captured the fortress of Bomarsund in 1854, the Russian vessels only escaping capture by flight, their lighter draught making it impossible for the heavy ships of the allies to follow them. In 1855 the allies bombarded and partly destroyed Sveaborg, one of the two chief Russian fortresses in the north. Russian commerce was completely stopped.

The Peace of Paris (1856) deprived Russia of the right of navigation of the Danube, took from her a strip of territory to the north of that river, and forbade the unrestricted navigation of the Black Sea. In November, 1870, however, she availed herself of the Franco-Prussian imbroglio to secure from the Western powers a revision of the Treaty of Paris, so far as it affected the restrictions placed upon her in the Black Sea.

Nicholas died during the progress of the Crimean War. His death was due to atrophy of the lungs, and was doubtless hastened by grief over the repeated defeats of his armies, and by the excessive labor he underwent to repair his great losses. With all his love for power, he was remarkably temperate, frugal, and patriotic. His magnificent stature and figure caused his subjects to look upon him with awe and reverence and gave the Emperor himself undisguised pleasure.





THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG



SCENE OF ALEXANDER'S DEATH AFTER THE EXPLOSION

Chapter CXXVIII

NIHILISM



ALEXANDER II. (1855–1881), the son of Nicholas I., was born in 1818. He received a careful education, and the Emperor expressed himself delighted with the “true Russian spirit” shown by his son, who was declared of age at sixteen, made commandant of the Lancers of the Guard, and first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and was subjected to such a rigorous training that his health was injured.

He regained it by travelling through Germany, in which country he made a marriage with the Princess Maria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt (1841). Later he applied himself to his duties as Chancellor of the University of Finland, and by his winning manners made himself so popular with the Finns that they lost much of their love for independence.

When Alexander came to the throne he was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and there were gorgeous illuminations in his honor. Nevertheless he found his position delicate and critical, for he had to please two powerful and diametrically opposed parties. You will bear in mind that the Crimean war was in progress. The old Muscovite party were zealously in favor of it, while many wiser and more progressive men longed for peace. The Emperor sympathized with the latter party. He displayed remarkable skill in holding the balance between the conservatives and extreme radicals, and succeeded in bringing about several measures of reform.

The grand achievement which makes his reign memorable is the emancipa-

tion of some 23,000,000 serfs in 1861. You have heard so many references to them that you must have a true idea of what is meant. In Russia the feudal system never prevailed and the condition of the peasant was not a servile one. Until the eleventh century he could occupy any part of the soil that he had the means of cultivating, for the land was the property of all and farmed on communistic principles. It was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the reduction of the peasantry to a state of serfdom and their attachment to the soil was effected.

As early as 1856 Alexander II. declared that "the existing mode of owning men cannot remain unaltered; it is better to abolish serfdom from above than wait for the time when it shall be disturbed from below." The main difficulty lay in determining what was to become of the land occupied by the serfs. If it passed to the peasant, how was the proprietor to be remunerated? If the peasant were simply declared free, how was his loss of the soil to be made up? What is known as the Savoyard scheme—since it was applied in the Duchy of Savoy in 1771—was largely adopted. The liberated serfs were settled on the plots of ground they had occupied, the price of which was regulated by the Government. For these they paid in instalments covering a number of years, and thus ultimately became owners of the land. To obtain the purchase money they were authorized to borrow money or to sell a part of their undivided lands.

Poland was simmering with revolt. November 29, 1860, was the thirtieth anniversary of the revolution of 1830. There was a good deal of excitement with now and then political outbreaks in the churches and streets. Many blows were struck, but no lives were lost, though only a spark was needed to cause an explosion. The Emperor was too wise to close his eye to these ominous signs, and he granted a number of concessions, including elective councils in each government and each district of a government, with municipal councils at Warsaw and the principal cities of the country. A prominent Pole was appointed Director of Public Instruction, and there were many concessions as to the use of the Polish language. But the people were discontented, unable to believe in the possibility of a constitutional Poland united with Russia. Ready to go to the utmost lengths, the Czar made Count Lambert Viceroy; but the people were irreconcilable, and Lambert fell into a violent disputation with the military governor, who in chagrin committed suicide. Count Lambert was recalled and was succeeded by Count Luders.

By this time the authorities had become convinced that all concessions to the Poles were thrown away, for they accepted such favors as proofs of fear and remained as sour as before. It was decided to adopt the opposite policy, on the principle that it is folly to throw grass when only stones can be effec-



THE STORMING OF ACHULGOS

tive. A number of the prominent malcontents of Warsaw were seized and deported. As might be expected, Count Luders made himself detested and was recalled and replaced by the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar, who was appointed Viceroy in 1862. In the following January, a secret conscription was held and a number of obnoxious persons were seized at night in their beds and hustled off to the army.

This outrage fired the magazine. Poland flew to arms. The insurrection was conducted so skilfully that it proved complete preparations had been made for it. Nevertheless, the situation of the Poles was hopeless from the first, for besides being overwhelmingly outnumbered they lacked military training; only a few had firearms, the majority carrying scythes, pikes, and clubs, while opposed to them were the well-drilled and officered regulars, all provided with the best of weapons. Under the circumstances, the fighting assumed a guerilla character, the extensive forests near the towns being of great help to the insurgents.

At such times the combatants indulged in horrifying cruelties. Poland was infested with spies and the secret emissaries of both sides, who perpetrated assassinations without number. At one period the most intensely hated man by the insurgents or nationalists, as they called themselves, was Hermani, a Jew, who had betrayed a large number of patriots and had been marked for "removal," but he was so alert that it was impossible for a long time to catch him off his guard. When he was on the point of leaving Warsaw for Wilna, and was standing on the staircase of the Hotel de l'Europe the call was made that the omnibus was ready. At that instant four men darted from as many separate doors, each buried a knife in his body, and then whisked out of sight before any one could answer the cries of the victim for help. Although the utmost energy was used in tracing the criminals, they were never discovered.

No mercy was shown to the Polish leaders, who were hanged or shot whenever captured, some of the executions being of an atrocious character. Hopeless from the first, the insurrection was stamped out in May, 1864, and from that date the kingdom of Poland vanishes from all official documents. Even the lectures in the University of Warsaw are delivered in the Russian language.

A notable event of the reign of Alexander II. was the conquest of Schamyl. This remarkable man was the prophet and supreme military chieftain of the Circassians, and was born in 1797. From his earliest childhood he was noted for his activity and athletic skill, and among the hardy mountaineers there was none of his age that equalled him in these respects. He first took part in the defence of his country in 1824, and for thirty-five years was the most troublesome enemy the Russians had to encounter. It would require a volume to relate the wonderful exploits attributed to him, some of which sound

incredible. In 1831, the Circassians in battle were killed by the Russians almost to a man, and Schamyl lay prostrate, as was supposed, with a mortal wound. But at the first assembling of the tribes after their defeat he presented himself, though still suffering from his hurts.

When the earlier Circassian leader fell a victim to conspiracy in 1836 Schamyl was chosen his successor, and year after year he baffled every effort of the Russians, who sent large forces against him. He met with no end of narrow escapes. In 1839 his enemies stormed the town of Achulgos, which he was defending. To make sure of slaying Schamyl they killed every man they found in the place. Yet somehow the chieftain must have managed to secrete himself, for soon after he reappeared among his followers.

It was not till after the Crimean war that the Czar was able to break down the power of the Circassians. The Russians won several important victories over the mountaineers in 1857-58, and gained control of the defile, which cut the communications between Vedeni, the home of Schamyl, and the indispensable pasture grounds. On September 7, 1859, Schamyl and his son were captured by the Russians, who treated both with great respect. They were given a residence in Moscow befitting their importance, and in 1866 Schamyl and his sons took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor, the parent dying in 1871. Many of the Circassians emigrated to the Turkish dominions, finding it hard to adapt themselves to a settled life and disliking to be ruled by those of a different faith.

In 1877 occurred the latest of Russia's important wars, in which she seemed once more on the point of gaining Constantinople, the goal toward which she has been aiming ever since Ivan III. wedded the banished heiress of its ancient Emperors.

The Turks had been guilty of terrible atrocities against their Christian subjects in Bulgaria and the regions along the Danube. The horrors reached such a pitch of unspeakable barbarity that the Powers of Europe woke up and protested in a body. The Turks ignored the protest, and Russia, proclaiming herself the protector of all Eastern Christians, declared war against Turkey (April, 1877).

Being fully prepared, the Russian army lost no time in crossing the Danube, and its two hundred thousand men easily swept away all opposition until they reached the Balkan Mountains, that great natural barrier which separates the Turkish peninsula into a northern and southern half. Here Osman Pasha, the Sultan's ablest general, threw himself with a formidable army into the strong fortress of Plevna, and for several months checked the Russian advance. The siege was conducted with heroic valor upon both sides. Again and again the most desperate assaults of the Russians were repelled, until finally starva-



THE COSSACK IMPERIAL GUARD LEADING THE ADVANCE INTO TURKEY IN 1877

tion conquered the garrison and Osman Pasha surrendered his sword (December 10, 1877). The Czar, Alexander, personally returned the weapon to its owner, as a token of respect for a gallant foe.

Then though it was midwinter and bitter cold, the Grand Duke Nicholas led the Russian forces across the heights of the Balkans. One division penetrated the great Shipka Pass, and captured the entire Turkish army which defended it. The other defeated the enemy near Philippopolis and secured possession of the important city of Sophia.

The resistance of the Turkish forces went all to pieces with a crash, in face of this vigorous advance. The Moslems took to flight and did not rally until they reached Constantinople itself. The Russians advanced unopposed through a region of horrors, which grew more sickening as they advanced.

It seems that the moment the Turkish troops withdrew, the downtrodden Bulgarian peasants rose in a body against their Mahometan superiors and slew them without mercy. Every atrocity the Christians had once suffered they now retaliated on their oppressors. The Russians tried in vain to check the barbarity. Such Turks as could escape fled for their lives, and the race practically disappeared from Bulgaria.

When, however, the Russians reached Constantinople, they found not only the Sultan's troops confronting them, but also a British fleet anchored off the city. This was a distinct threat of war, and for a time the two great powers seemed likely to fight like beasts over their fallen prey. An arrangement was, however, finally agreed upon. Russia and Turkey signed a treaty of peace in March, 1878; and in June of the same year, the celebrated Congress of Berlin gathered all the diplomats of Europe to settle the affairs of the Sultan, "the sick man of Europe."

The little states of the Danube were made independent, and Bulgaria was created, or rather revived, as a new Christian state dependent upon Turkey. Russia was allowed a slight addition of territory, which brought her frontier to the shore of the Danube in Europe, and in Asia gave her the city of Kars and its surrounding province.

Kars had, indeed, been taken possession of by Russian troops during the war; both the city and the almost impregnable fortresses around, having been stormed and captured for the third time. Twice before, in 1828 and in 1855, Russia had laid her grasp upon this little territory. In 1877 she seized it for the last time, and it was hers.

No one thinks of Russia without recalling the Nihilists, or Anarchists, those abominable pests from which our own country, in common with others, has suffered. They believe in destroying all existing governments and authority and leaving men and women to do as they please. They deny God, the soul,

and the moral distinction between good and evil. No country has been so blighted by them as Russia, and thousands of young men in the universities are tainted with the venom, the female graduates being equally ardent. While the Nihilists hold many vague views, their leading principle is that society ought to be regenerated by a sweeping overthrow of existing social and political institutions. The idiocy of their methods was never more strikingly shown than in the assassination of President McKinley, in September, 1901. There was not the remotest possibility of any good being accomplished by his death, for the machinery of our government moved on without friction or jar.

Russia has long been the chief breeding-place of these vermin. The greatest leader in the movement was the agitator Michael Bakunin, born in 1814, and the journalist Tchernyshevski. In 1869, during some riotous manifestations by students, revolutionary manifestoes were distributed, and so much was done in advancing nihilistic ideas in the Sunday-schools that the Government suppressed them.

All these efforts at repression only stimulated the growth of revolutionary sentiments. Young men belonging to good families adopted menial callings in order to learn of the burdens and sufferings of the poor; associations were formed and a good deal of money was collected. Their secret emissaries were everywhere, among the highest officials of the Government, and even in the Czar's own household. So many assassinations took place and so many more were attempted that the Government adopted the sternest measures for stamping out the organization. In 1871, after a lengthy trial, a number of nihilists were sent to Siberia. Four years later the students of Kazan displayed a red banner and openly revolted. In 1877, more than a hundred persons were tried, mostly young men and women, the majority of whom were sent to Siberia. One of the most alarming occurrences was the unanimous acquittal by a jury in St. Petersburg of the woman Vera Sassulitch, who attempted the life of General Trepoff, governor of a prison. This was so ominous of the state of public feeling that it led to the "temporary" withdrawal of the trials for political crimes from juries and assigned them to courts-martial. In 1878 the assassination of public officials became more terrifying than ever.

Inevitably the shining mark of the nihilists was the Czar himself, whose existence became a burden. In November, 1879, he paid his annual visit to the memorial church at Sebastopol, where a solemn requiem was celebrated, and he set out for home on the 30th. On the following night, as the train was drawing near Moscow, followed by the baggage train, a violent explosion took place under the latter. This was from a dynamite mine below the rails, which destroyed one carriage and threw several off the line. As a precaution,



THE RUSSIAN TROOPS ENTERING SOPHIA

the officers had reversed the usual order of the trains and thereby doubtless saved the life of the Emperor. The persons concerned in the outrage were an ex-Jew, who made his escape to France, and Sophia Perovsky, afterward involved in the final tragedy of the Czar.

A similar mine had been laid farther south in the direction of Alexandrovsk, but a passing cart cut the wire unnoticed, and no explosion followed. Still another mine was laid nearer to Odessa, but the officials discovered it in time to prevent serious consequences. At this time the Empress was in a distressful condition, owing to her torturing anxiety about her husband. She was at Cannes, to which point the Emperor telegraphed her of his safe arrival, but made no mention of the attempt upon his life. She first learned of it through the newspapers.

The nihilists were as active as beavers. They were sleepless in their activity, and some of them utterly reckless of consequences in their wild attempts to take the life of the Emperor. A plot was discovered to blow up the landing stage at Odessa when he embarked for Yalta on his way from Warsaw. The arrest of the conspirators probably saved hundreds of lives. The Revolutionary Committee issued numerous circulars in which they acknowledged their part in the explosion and called upon all people to rally and help them destroy the Czar. They proceeded so far even as to pronounce formal sentence of death upon him at Livadia in the autumn of 1879. Evidently December 1 was selected for the Moscow attempt, since it was the anniversary of the death of Alexander I.

The illness of the Empress became of the gravest nature, and her immediate friends saw that it was hardly possible for her to live more than a few weeks. She knew the merciless persistency of the enemies of her husband, who were so daring, skilful, and powerful that the wonder to her was that he had escaped so long. How gladly she would have laid aside all the vain trappings of royalty and withdrawn to private life where she could breathe, and speak and move and act in peace with her loved ones around her. Compared with her tormenting fears and ever-haunting terrors, the humblest peasant in the empire was to be envied. Her illness increased, and her longing to return home was so deep that her husband could not refuse to gratify her, and she was taken thither with such careful preparations that the journey was not accompanied by any incident to cause alarm or misgiving.

But a short time later, on February 17, 1881, one of the most startling crimes was attempted by the nihilists, which was nothing less than the destruction of the entire imperial family. During those woful days Alexander was in the daily receipt of the most terrifying threats against his life. Every morning he found a sealed, black-bordered letter on his table which warned him he

should not survive March 2, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. When he donned his clothing, he might find a similar missive in the pockets. Wherever he went the same grisly warning awaited him. The utmost care had to be taken to prevent his eating poisoned food. Some of the letters addressed to him contained fine, impalpable, but deadly chemicals, which would have done their work except for the sleepless precautions. The nihilists in the guise of sweeps, workmen, and petitioners strove to gain entrance to the royal apartments in order to use their fatal weapons. There seemed to be a strange, insane desire on the part of these people to sacrifice their own lives for the sake of the world-wide glory, as they considered it, of removing the Autocrat of the Russias.

It is impossible to conceive of a more nerve-racking situation than that of one who is surrounded by professed friends, but knows that among them are a number of his most treacherous enemies. One can fight a peril whose nature is known, but how shall he strive against that which lurks in the darkness? In his own household, the Czar knew, were a number of his foes, acting under the guise of loyalty and devoted friendship. Proofs of this were given times without number, for what could be more startling than the sight of that grim missive lying on his table beside his couch when he opened his eyes in the morning? The writing within the letter was always the same: he knew the contents before breaking the seal. Who had left the document in his chamber? Who placed them in his clothing while he slept? What a shuddering terror it was to know that among the members of his household was not one, nor two, but a dozen or a score who night and day were planning his death with the subtlety of serpents, and were so firm in their confidence that they amused themselves by these repeated notifications of what was coming! Many a time when the Emperor was confiding his woes to some intimate friend, he must have asked himself, while looking into the man's eyes: "Are *you* one of them? With the honeyed words on your lips, are you plotting my life? Is there any one whom I can trust? While I am telling you of these warnings that drop like snowflakes at my bedside as I sleep, can I be sure that it is not *you* who steals into my apartment like a phantom of the night, and then waits to condole with me when I awake?"

One can imagine the worn Autocrat of all the Russias lying in his palatial chamber at night, wakeful, restless, and tormented, perhaps listening and watching for the noiseless approach of the mysterious one, who it would seem must be revealed in the illumination that filled the sleeping apartments. Midnight may have come and passed and a glance at the table showed no black-bordered missive. A faint rustling of the curtains, a soft sound, like that of a cautious footstep, may have pricked the monarch's senses into acute activity, but



THE THIRD CAPTURE OF KARS

nothing substantial revealed itself, and, convinced that it was the play of his imagination, he finally sank into a fitful slumber. By and by, perhaps, he started up and glanced around. There the letter lay on his table awaiting perusal!

Of course every movement of the imperial family was known to the conspirators,—their time for meals, for assembling, for the various duties of the day and night. Prince Alexander of Hesse-Darmstadt came to pay a visit to his sister, the stricken Empress, arriving on the night of February 17. In a letter to his wife he said:

"We were proceeding through a large corridor to His Majesty's rooms, when suddenly a fearful thundering was heard. The flooring was raised as if by an earthquake, the gas lamps were extinguished, and we were left in total darkness. At the same time a horrible dust and the smell of gunpowder or dynamite filled the corridor. Some one shouted to us that the chandelier had fallen down in the saloon where the table was laid for the dinner of the imperial family. I hastened thither with the Czarovitz and the Grand Duke Vladimir, while Count Adlerberg, in doubt as to what might happen next, held back the Emperor. We found all the windows broken and the walls in ruins. A mine of dynamite had been exploded under the room. The dinner was delayed for half an hour by my arrival, and it was owing to this that the imperial family had not yet assembled in the dining-room."

Naturally all was confusion, and for a time most of the party could not guess what had taken place. One of the princes remarked that the explosion was due to gas, but the Emperor instantly replied: "Not so; I know what it means." When the flurry had partly subsided, he, having satisfied himself that his daughter was safe, sent her to the Empress to quiet her fears and to assure her that none of the family had received harm. It must have been relief unspeakable to her to know this, but how many more attempts were to be made before the final tragedy?

Others had not been so fortunate, for two of the servants were killed, while the thirty-three Finnish guards assembled in the hall under the dining-room and above the floor where the dynamite was laid, suffered painful wounds. General Todleben, who made an investigation, expressed his belief that more than a hundred pounds of dynamite had been exploded, and the wonder was that many others were not victims. One of the cooks, a foreigner, and an official, disappeared, making it certain they were concerned in the plot, and there is no saying how many others were involved with them. The investigation brought to light the infernal ingenuity with which the scheme was arranged. Machinery was placed in the flue of the chimney and the explosion was set for six o'clock, but the dinner, as we know, was delayed by the arrival of the brother of the Empress.

This daring attempt upon the life of the Czar and his family caused a profound sensation throughout the empire and Europe. Russian and foreign papers, which were anxious to save Alexander from assassination, urged him as the only means of escape to abdicate. Glad would the members of the imperial family have been to have him do so, and equally glad would the Emperor have been to lay down his sceptre and give up the struggle against the fate which, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended over him by a single hair. It is said that when he met his council of ministers he made the offer to lay aside his crown for his son to take up, if they thought it best for their own safety and for the welfare of Russia. They would not consent. Such a surrender would bring irreparable disaster to the empire. The nihilists would become so encouraged that there would be no satisfying their demands until the Government was torn up root and branch. The Czar of all the Russias may be considered one of the most absolute monarchs in the world and his government the antithesis of a democracy, but in some respects he is helpless. He is surrounded by officials who control his policy and dictate his conduct. Many a Czar has been eager to break away from his environments and carry out some far-reaching scheme for the good of his people, but has been wholly unable to do so. If his ministers dare not openly defy him, they know how to thwart his plans, until in the end he is forced to consent to become the figure-head he is in many respects, though perhaps not wanting in the spirit to assert himself when roused to do so.

Alexander bowed to the wishes of his ministers, and then he took the most extraordinary step of his whole reign. He appointed the veteran General Melikof temporary dictator of the empire for six months. That officer had distinguished himself in the war with Turkey and afterward as governor of Charkof, and was nearly three score years old. There could be no question of his personal loyalty to the Emperor, who conferred almost absolute powers upon him and over the six governors-general of the empire. All that a single man could do, with the unlimited resources at his command, General Melikof was sure to do for his august but sorely harassed master.

The explosion in the palace caused a panic in St. Petersburg. People in walking the streets did not know when they might be treading upon dynamite, connected by electric wire with the hand of some shaggy and scowling nihilist hidden in one of the surrounding buildings. When it was believed the Emperor intended to attend the opera, the patrons kept away, and while the baleful shadow that hung over him was dark enough, it was made tenfold more sombre by the wild reports that were upon every one's tongue. There was a snowstorm of nihilist circulars and manifestoes, with the same fiendish declaration that the autocrat had but a few days more to live.



ALEXANDER II. GUARDED IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG

The Empress succumbed to her illness of body and mind, and died on the 3d of June. It would seem that the implacable foes of the Emperor would have been nerveless during his affliction, but with infernal ingenuity they planned to blow up the bridge over which the funeral procession was to pass, so as to destroy the mourners, including the foreign princes and all the attendants. They would have succeeded but for the intervention of the elements. A tremendous storm raised the Neva level with the banks, threatening to postpone the ceremonies, and the remains were laid to rest without any obstruction on the part of the nihilists.

By this time the Emperor came to believe that it was as safe for him to take no precautions at all, as it was to surround himself with guards night and day. The nihilists had proved their ability to penetrate every shield, and if they were determined to strike—and there could be no question of that—they would find the opportunity through every safeguard that human ingenuity could devise. And, so to the amazement of every one, the Czar began driving about the city in an open droschky, with only the coachman and a single Cossack as attendants. This startling change caused the gravest fears to the members of the imperial family, who privately instructed the coachman to keep clear of crowds, and, in the event of anything serious happening, he was ordered to forget all ceremony and etiquette, pay no heed to the wishes of the Emperor, and drive home with him as quickly as possible.

With the coming of Lent, Alexander withdrew into comparative retirement, while making his preparations for Holy Communion, which he and his sons received on Saturday morning, March 12, 1881. At noon of that day, General Melikov came to him with the news that one of the nihilists who had aided in the explosion in the Winter Palace had been captured. The wretch refused to answer any questions, and defiantly boasted that the Emperor's hours were numbered, and that his assassination was as certain to come as the sun was to rise. General Melikoff feared that the wretch had good grounds for his boasting, and he begged the Emperor not to attend the parade which was set for next day. Alexander listened calmly and then announced that he would be present. It may be he felt little or no misgiving, and it may have been in keeping with his policy that he would be as safe on the parade ground and among thousands of people, as within the recesses of his own palace.

The parade took place on Sunday, March 13, and during it no demonstration was made against the Czar. Perhaps it was because the precautions were too perfect, but the family of the Emperor were by no means reassured. That same afternoon, while Alexander was bowling briskly along in his carriage, some one flung a bombshell, which falling under the carriage, exploded, hurling particles of snow about in a shower, throwing down two of the horses,

ripping off the back of the vehicle, shattering the glass, knocking over two lampposts, and mortally wounding one of the Cossack attendants and a boy who was walking along the street with a basket on his head.

Seeing the two sufferers lying on the snow, the Emperor called to the coachman to stop, that he might look after them, but remembering his instructions, the driver pretended not to hear the command, and, whipping up the horses, drove as fast as he could toward the palace. The Emperor caught his arm and sternly ordered him to halt. This was done, and with a rashness that did his heart credit, while violating all discretion, Alexander stepped down from the carriage and went forward to speak to the sufferers. He gave directions for the care of the man and boy, who were in need of it, for they were grievously hurt and liable to freeze in the extreme cold. The scene was one of wild confusion, for two of the soldiers had seized the assassin, who was struggling furiously in their grasp, and trying to point a revolver at the Emperor, only a few paces distant. Looking calmly at the man, Alexander asked who he was, and then turned to walk to his carriage. It was noticed that his face was of deathly paleness, and, as splashes of blood were afterward found within the vehicle, there can be no doubt that he was wounded, though not seriously.

There were apparently assassins stationed at different points along the street, so that in case of failure the attempt could be repeated. Hearing the first explosion, these now came running to the spot to learn the results. One of them hurled his bomb so that it fell directly at the feet of the Emperor, before he could step into his carriage.

The scene that followed was of dreadful horror. The assassin himself was mortally wounded and fell to the ground with a shriek, while twenty persons standing round were killed or grievously injured. As for the poor Emperor, he sank in the snow, his clothes almost torn from his body, which was mangled and mutilated in a way that must have stirred the heart of a stone with pity. A second assassin standing with a bomb in his hand, laid it down and ran forward to help the dying Czar, who did not speak a word, though his lips were moving in prayer. He lived only a few minutes, never regaining consciousness.





THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER II.



THE RUSSIAN FLEET ENTERING VLADIVOSTOK

Chapter CXXIX

GROWTH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE ABROAD

STRANGELY enough, Alexander II., on the very morning of his death, had signed a ukase or royal order addressed to the senate, by which a commission was to be appointed for putting in force a scheme for giving the people representation in the government. There was to be an assembly composed of delegates from provincial assemblies. You will remember that the Czar had previously freed the serfs, so it is not improbable that future ages will declare that the man assassinated by the so-called friends of freedom, was in truth the best friend freedom has ever had in Russia. His people have given him the name of the Czar Deliverer.

His eldest son being already dead, Alexander was succeeded by his second son as Alexander III. (1881-1894). Alexander was born in 1845, and in 1866 married the Princess Dagmar, daughter of the present King of Denmark, the lady being sister of Queen Alexandra of England. He had three sons: Nicholas, the present Emperor, born in 1868; Grand Duke George, born in 1871, died 1899; and Grand Duke Michael, born in 1878. His two daughters were Grand Duchess Xenia, born in 1875, and Grand Duchess Olga, born in 1882.

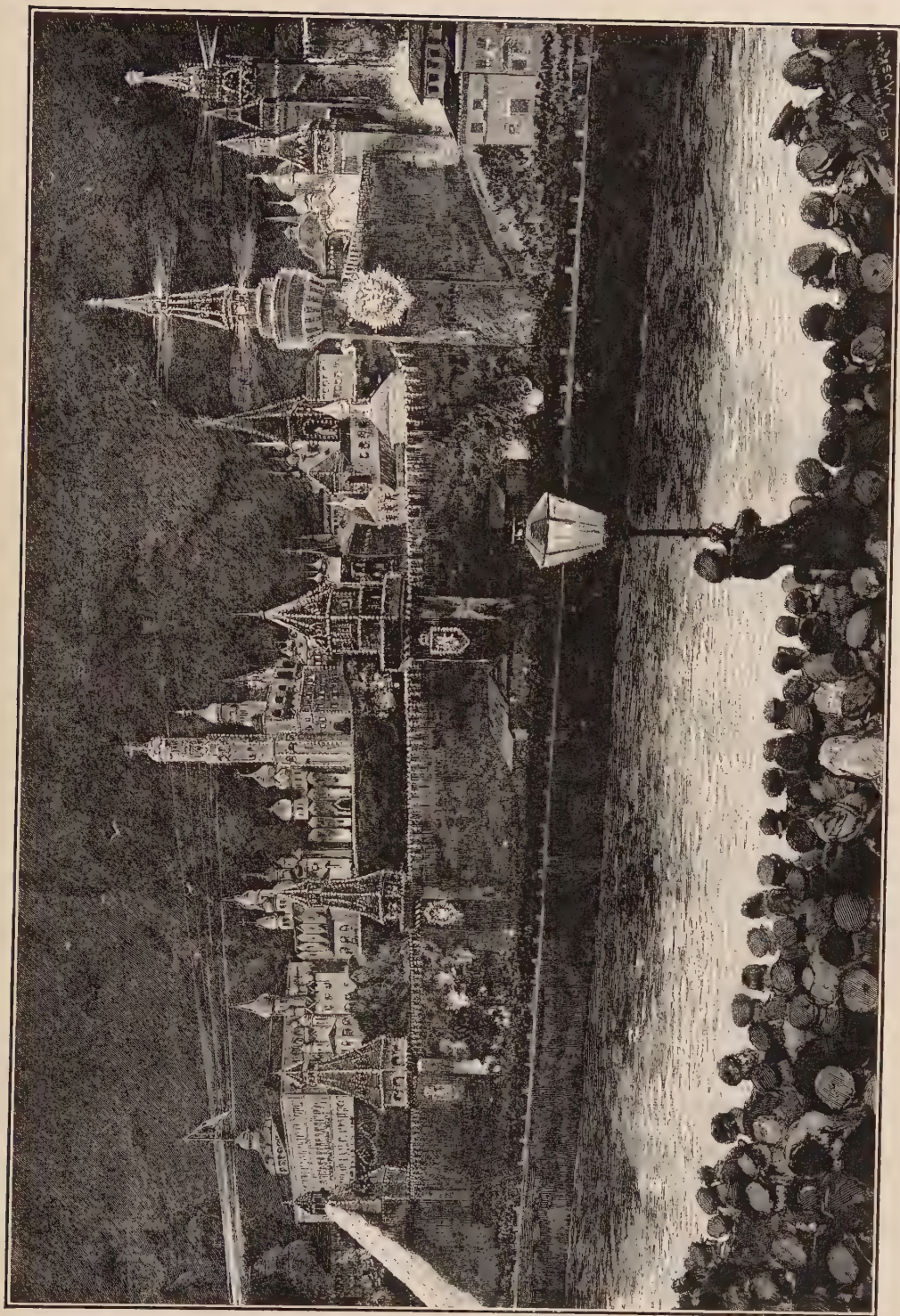
Although Alexander III. became Czar immediately on his father's death, there was so much turmoil, so many plots, and such black suspicion everywhere, that his coronation was delayed for two years. His father's assassins were captured and executed, and nihilism was so trampled on that though not

destroyed it has never since been able to show so terrible a front. The long postponed coronation took place in 1883. It was accompanied by a gorgeous ball, and by other brilliant ceremonies intended to proclaim the restoration of confidence and peace.

The new Czar had been inclined to favor the important project of his father for a representative government, so much so indeed that he called a grand council of the leading dignitaries and submitted the scheme to them for their opinion. They discussed the question long and with great earnestness, but the majority found grave objections to it, and therefore opposed the movement. They urged that the ukase should not be published, and it was not. No doubt the Czar was convinced by the arguments brought forward, for a few weeks later a manifesto appeared in which he declared his will "to keep firmly the reins in obedience to the voice of God; and, in the belief in the force and truth of autocratic power, to fortify that power and to guard it against all encroachments."

Alexander III. therefore became reactionary. His reign was marked by most cruel persecution of the Jews and unorthodox Christians. The savage treatment of those people would have disgraced any nation in heathendom. Many contended that the Czar knew nothing of many of these dreadful doings, for the Autocrat of all the Russias reads only such newspapers and literature as his ministers choose to give him. When, therefore, he knew nothing of wrong, how could he correct it? Thousands of despoiled Jews were driven out of the empire and compelled to take up again the burden of life in strange climes. Our own country became the refuge for multitudes, and sad to say, though it was natural that such should be the case, among these immigrants were criminals who became pests of society and brought evil and crime to our shores.

Emperor Alexander III. became an extremely irritable man, of narrow views and implacable in his personal dislikes. He died November 1, 1894, and was succeeded by his eldest son as Nicholas II. The troops instantly took an oath of allegiance to the new Czar and he was officially proclaimed at St. Petersburg on the following day. Owing to the disturbances in the empire, he was not formally crowned until May 26, 1896, when the ceremonies were marked by a degree of magnificence and splendor that caused the admiration of the world. The Kremlin was gorgeously illuminated; the proceedings lasted for a fortnight, and were attended by representatives of the leading nations, who formed a brilliant and imposing assemblage. The pleasure was marred, however, by an appalling calamity, resulting from the attempts to distribute gifts of food and drink to nearly half a million people on the Khodynskoye plain. The authorities were wholly unable to handle the enormous



THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS II. — ILLUMINATION OF THE KREMLIN

crowd, and in the terrific confusion nearly three thousand were suffocated or trampled to death. The catastrophe threw a gloom over what otherwise would have been one of the grandest ceremonials in the history of Russia.

The Emperor Nicholas has shown a commendable disposition to make what improvements he can in the administration of his immense empire, bound as it has been by many cruel and rigorous laws. In 1897 he brought about a number of relaxations, the principal of which were: The sons of a marriage of an orthodox Russian with a wife of another creed can be brought up in the religion of the father, and the daughters in that of the mother; Jews with a university education are allowed freedom of residence in any part of the empire; the Polish press, which had been forbidden to discuss political questions, is now permitted to do so, and local assemblies of Polish nobles were recognized; certain specified Polish taxes were removed, and permission was given to restore Roman Catholic churches in that country. It can not be said that these reforms are very extensive or revolutionary in their character, but a slight gain in the direction named is a great one in Russia, and is accepted by intelligent and progressive citizens as a harbinger of the better days that are coming.

The growth of Russia as a world Power has been steady of late years. Her ambitions in China and the Far East have kept her strengthening her resources, for no nation believes more implicitly than she that peace is the time to prepare for war. In March, 1898, an imperial ukase ordered the addition of 90,000,000 roubles to be expended upon warships already provided for, the extra disbursement to be extended over seven years.

It seemed almost like a grim jest for the Czar to follow this action by a proposal to check the increase of armaments throughout the world. But in August, 1898, Count Mouravieff, Russian minister of war for foreign affairs, placed a proposal in the hands of all the foreign representatives attending his weekly receptions at St. Petersburg. The document suggested the pacific settlement of international disputes by a permanent court of arbitration. A peace conference was finally organized in January, 1901, at The Hague, by the representatives of fifteen of the greater nations: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and the United States. What a grand step forward in Christianity and civilization it will be when this court of arbitration shall settle the quarrels of the world! But alas! the skies as yet give slight promise of the radiance that in heaven's own good time shall scatter the clouds of gloom, and darkness, and misery, and woe.

For the present the Czar's ministers seem more powerful than he, and it is their policy rather than his that rules Russia's subtle diplomacy. It is related

that in 1899 the ministry sent secretly from St. Petersburg to Mongolia and Tibet a Mongolian professor of Chinese medicine with presents to the hidden Dalai Llama and other officials. Some time later, a favorite of the Dalai Llama was received by the Czar at Livadia, and, returning to his own country, had little difficulty in impressing the Grand Llama with the prudence of opening friendly relations with Russia. Accordingly, in July, 1901, a special mission under the guidance of the former Buriat, arrived at St. Petersburg, was formally received and presented an autograph letter to the Czar from the regent of Tibet.

Two explanations were made of this extraordinary occurrence. One was that the mission was wholly religious and in the interests of the Buddhist subjects of the Czar, numbering nearly a million, and who, as is known, look upon the Dalai Llama at Lhasa as the head of their faith. The other explanation was that Tibet, seeing the weakness of China, her old protector, turned to Russia to save her from the rapacity of England. Whether either or neither of the explanations be true, no one can fail to see the steady edging forward of Russia behind England's Indian empire.

It is this position of Tibet that threatens India and causes so much uneasiness in England, for with Tibet in the possession of Russia, the latter would hold a tremendous advantage, and could readily drive a hostile army like a wedge between British India and British Burmah. When, in the summer of 1891, it was reported that a Russian expedition which had entered the country had been attacked by the Tibetans, the obvious explanation to the English was that the expedition was sent thither for the express purpose of drawing such an attack, in order to justify a subsequent invasion of the country.

Another northern door to India is Afghanistan. Russia for more than twenty years has put forth insidious efforts to secure influence at the capital, but during all that period, the reigning Ameer repelled every such approach, held his turbulent warriors in hand, and maintained his alliance with Great Britain. What is to follow the recent death of this Ameer remains to be seen. A new boundary line was definitely established and marked out between Russia and Afghanistan in 1901.

Russia's encroachment upon Persia has also been persistent; and it looks as if nothing can save that slothful land from the claws of the bear. When one contrasts the ancient Persian empire, magnificent, splendid, and all-powerful, with the miserable, rotten Persia of to-day, he is awed by the vanity of human greatness. Corrupt, with no system of public education, with roads, bridges, and dwellings tumbling to ruin, with courts which have no written laws, and where testimony is at the command of the highest bidder, Persia simply invites any nation that chooses to come forward and appropriate her. To none is she



THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS II. — PANIC OF THE PEASANTRY

so valuable as to Russia, which is undoubtedly arranging to devour her. The *Saturday Review* of London says :

“The conversion of the Caspian Sea into a Russian lake, and the subjugation of Central Asia, have laid Persia open all along her northern frontier. The Trans-Caspian railway has cast its arms about her borders, and the garrisons along the line from Kizil Arvat to Khushk stand ready to replace diplomatic dominance by military occupation whenever the occasion arises. That the occasion will arise whenever Russia requires it, is not a prophecy but a commonplace. Everything has been carefully prepared. Russian trade, sedulously fostered, has surveyed and opened the roads of advance, and furnished at each step a reason or a pretext for fresh interference. Russian officers command the most disciplined section of the Persian army, and Russian diplomacy, backed by irresistible force, has transcended, it might almost be said has excluded, all other influence in the Persian court. The right of railway construction in Persia has passed into the hands of the Czar.”

The fact that Russia stretches across Asia gives her an enormous advantage, in that continent, over all other Powers ; for no pressure can be exerted, so tremendous as hers. Other nations possess only a few isolated colonies, and none can strike such Titanic blows as she, since she is ever on the ground, so to speak, with the prodigious hammer grasped in her hand, and ready at the word to smite.

Let us therefore direct our attention for a moment to that immense territory known as Siberia, which is larger than the whole continent of Europe. It was unknown to Russia before the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1578, Yermac Timoslaf, a fleeing criminal at the head of a band of outlaws, attacked the Tartars and conquered a large part of their country ; but, finding himself unable to hold it, offered the sovereignty to Ivan the Terrible, who accepted the gift and sent a pardon and reinforcements to Yermac. When the outlaw died, much of the territory slipped from the Czar, but he despatched other troops and recovered it, and, before a century had elapsed, it was firmly attached to the Russian dominions.

Vladivostok, lying far to the eastward, is the capital of the coast province in Eastern Siberia and the chief naval station of Russia on the Pacific coast. It was founded in 1861, and became a naval station for fleets in 1870. The naval workshops were moved thither at that time from Nikolaievsk and extensive machine shops for steamers and repair shops were established. The first batteries were built in 1876-77, so as to be ready for the ever-threatening war with Great Britain.

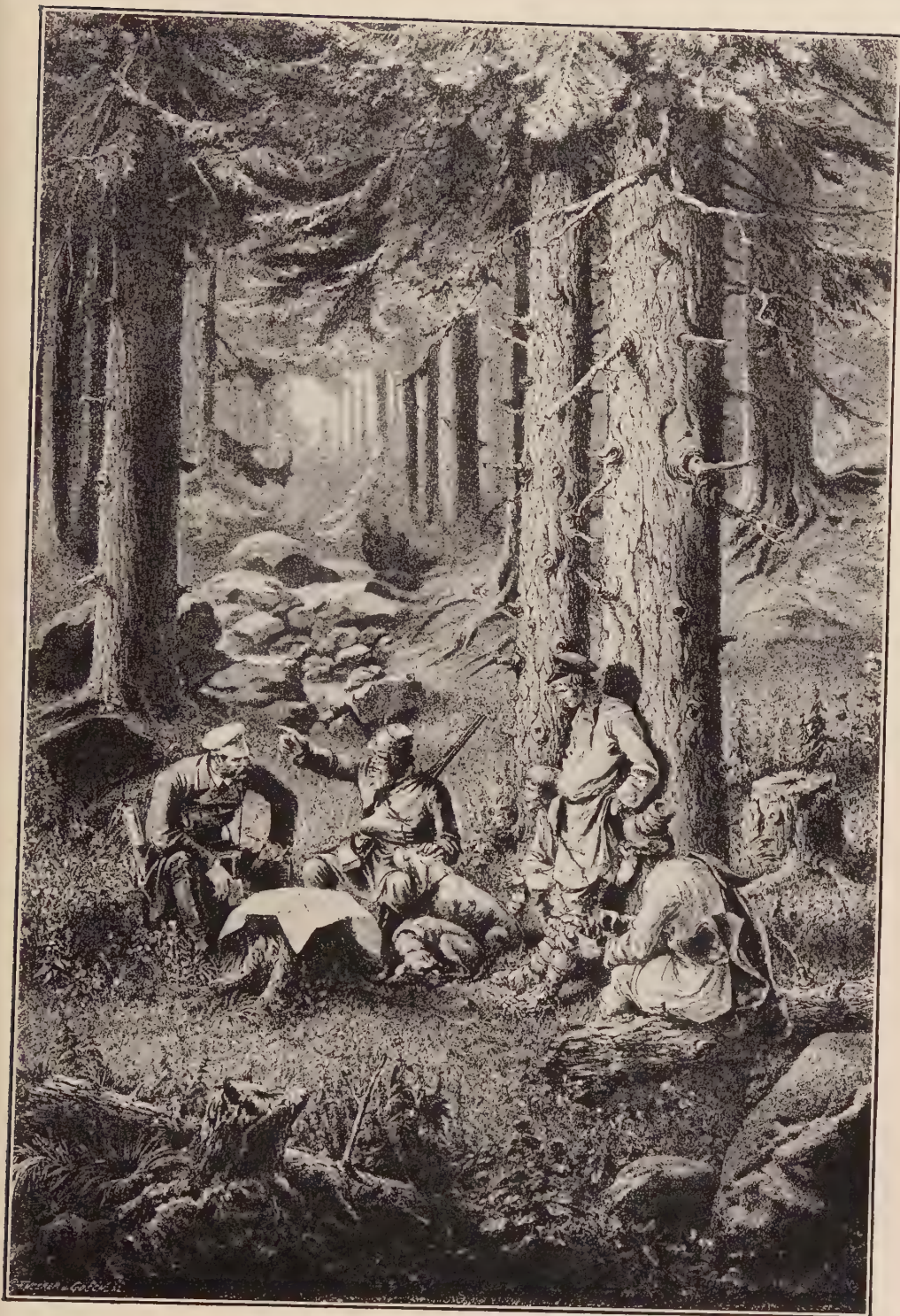
The project of a railway line from Moscow to this remote point is one of the most important commercial enterprises of modern history. Russia saw its

vast, far-reaching value, but the project was so costly that for a long time she shrank from attempting the herculean task, since the total length of the line was to be 5,542 miles, or nearly one-fourth the way round the world. The emperor, Alexander III., was always favorable to the railroad, and by and by he became fired with the resolution that it should be built. To a general report on the condition of Siberia he wrote the vigorous words: "How many of these reports of the Governor-Generals of Siberia have I perused, and with sorrow and shame must own that the government has hitherto hardly done anything to satisfy the demands of this rich but neglected region! It is time, indeed time." Another emphatic though briefer note was added to the report of the Minister of Ways concerning the Ussuri route, and the words are to form the inscription on the monument to be erected at Vladivostok, the terminus of the great work: "The construction of this railway must be begun forthwith."

When one reads or speaks of Siberia, he is apt to think of a dismal, barren region, with scant vegetation, a cold, inhospitable climate, the home of the wretched exiles banished thither in punishment chiefly for political offences. This idea is very erroneous. The convicts sent thither to work in the mines form an insignificant part of the inhabitants. The native population to-day numbers fully 5,000,000, chiefly distributed along the valleys of the great rivers, where several modern cities exist. Without attempting a detailed description of the country, let us quote from the United States Consular Reports for November, 1899: "Siberia and the Amur lands are rich beyond belief. . . . This vast territory, long looked upon as a barren waste, is destined to be one of the world's richest and most productive sections. In northern France wheat ripens in one hundred and thirty-seven days; in Siberia in one hundred and seven."

Work was actually begun on the great Siberian railroad in 1891; and it is now practically completed. A despatch from Vladivostok announced the finish of the Northern Manchurian railway on November 3, 1901, which was the anniversary of the Czar's coronation. This line connects the town with the great Trans-Siberian line. The only break now between Vladivostok and Moscow is at Lake Baikal, where a line will be constructed in the course of two or three years around the southern end.

Elsewhere we shall learn of the part taken by Russia in the suppression of the Boxer outbreak in China. The course of the Czar in his efforts to secure concessions from the Yellow Empire in Manchuria, sometimes threatening the interests of other nations, caused considerable uneasiness. At first, however, there were no protests, since Russia was clearly within her treaty rights. She sought merely to develop the concessions made by China at the close of the



TRACING THE NEW BOUNDARY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AFGHANISTAN

war with Japan. During the Boxer frenzy of 1900, the vicious hordes swarmed into Manchuria, destroyed Russian property and life, and even invaded Siberia. Russia sent armed forces to retake her own property, punish offenders, and protect her subjects against further outbreaks. Although making an armed occupation of the country, she disavowed any intention of annexation, no doubt willing to await the time when the ripe fruit should fall into her outstretched hands.

In February, 1901, the outline of a secret treaty between Russia and China became public. It provided for the resumption of civil government by China in the province of Manchuria, under what was virtually a Russian protectorate. This looked like the beginning of the annexation of the province, to be followed perhaps by that of all Mongolia, Sungaria, and Eastern Turkestan. When this great scheme should be carried to its conclusion the Russian Empire would be advanced eight hundred miles into China and pushed to the frontiers of Tibet and British India—a stupendous step that might well cause alarm to the other Powers. To negotiate secretly with China at St. Petersburg, while jointly negotiating with her neighbors in China, was clearly a breach of faith on the part of Russia. The dissatisfaction in the United States with the self-evident attempt to absorb Manchuria was marked, because of the great increase of our trade with that province. No joint action was taken by the Powers, but separate remonstrances were made to China by the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, Austria, and Italy. The reply of Earl Li and Prince Ching was that they regretted to negotiate in this fashion with Russia, but dared not refuse. China was notified by our government on February 10, 1901, that pending peace negotiations we could not view with favor any secret agreement with another Power looking to the cession of territory, and such cession could not be valid without the consent of all the Powers. As usual, Russia was ready with a disclaimer, which did not receive much weight. Matters drifted along, with all manner of rumors, some with a basis of fact and others merely suspicions, until something like a cutting of the Gordian knot was made early in 1902, by the publication of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan.

This is in the nature of a warning to the Russian bear, that it will be unsafe for him to tramp beyond a certain limit. Russia is given notice that henceforward she will be permitted to wrest from China only such concessions in Manchuria as are sanctioned beforehand by Great Britain and Japan. If Russia chooses to go to war with Japan over the question, Great Britain will compel her to do so single-handed, for no other Power will be permitted to help Russia. In 1899, Mr. Hay, the United States Secretary of State, had secured pledges from all the nations trading with China that freedom of trade would be re-

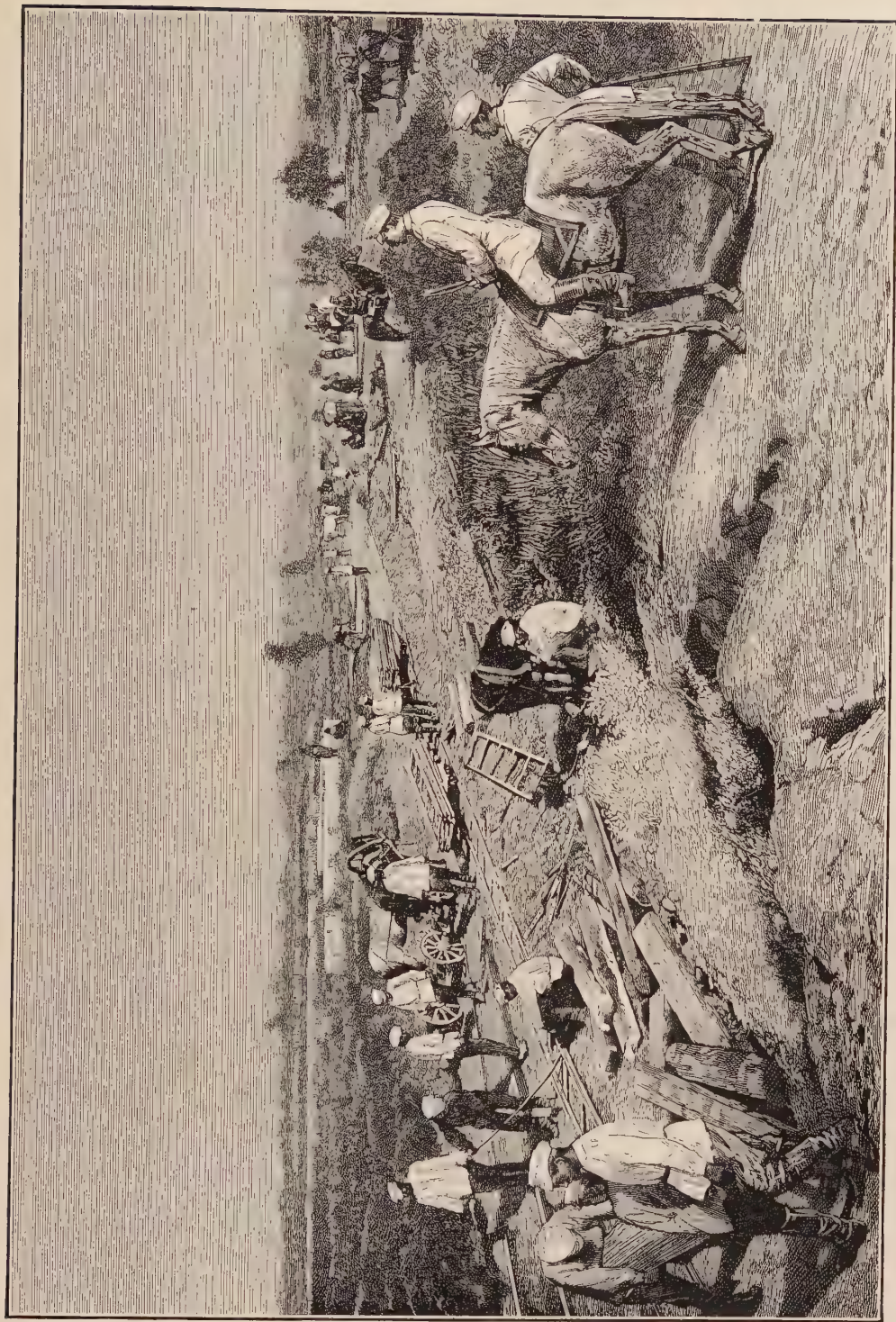
spected. This assurance was given more than once by Russia, yet her arrangements in Manchuria were distinctly opposed to this. The publication of the Japanese treaty was followed by her airy declaration: "We are happy to ascertain that England and Japan are pledged to maintain the integrity of China and the independence of Corea, two principles which Russia was the first to establish as the basis of foreign policy in the Orient."

Her difficulties with other nations had the effect of bringing Russia into closer alliance with France. Both countries felt the need of help, and in 1901 both the Czar and Czarina made a formal visit to the French Republic. They were received by President Loubet in person; and both at Dunkirk and elsewhere the excitable French people had elaborate and enthusiastic ceremonies of welcome for their royal guests.

One of the singular facts of modern history has been the long traditional friendship between Russia and the United States. Since positive and negative electricity mutually attract, it may be that the Russian bear and American eagle are drawn together because of their opposite natures, for one is an absolute despotism and the other the broadest democracy. The amity between the two has never been broken, though it is not impossible it may be approaching a rupture.

During the trying days of our civil war, when many patriotic hearts despaired of the Union, and the Emperor Louis Napoleon was urging England to intervene, and England was on the point of doing so, those nations sent fleets into our waters, whose errand was ostensibly a peaceable one, though their ultimate design was sinister. When they sailed, a Russian fleet also headed across the Atlantic, and dropped anchor outside of New York City. No one except a select few knew what this meant, but it is now certain that if England and France had attempted to intervene, they would have had to fight the Russian fleet as well as our own. The service Russia did the United States at that time was one whose value cannot be overestimated, and for which she will always receive our profound gratitude. It may be added that there is reason to believe that the purchase of Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000 was in the nature of a slight expression of this gratitude, for when the bargain was made, no one suspected the enormous value of those regions. Yet our government never made a better investment than when it bought that country of "fogs and icebergs."

After the purchase the name was changed on the suggestion of Senator Sumner to Alaska (*al-ak-skak*, "a great country"). Until the recent gold finds in that region, the fur industry was the most valuable, including as it did, the hair-seal, sea-otters, beavers, bears, deer, mink, wolverines, foxes, etc., the greatest of all being the seal industry. The poaching became so flagrant that



BUILDING THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

as in the case of our buffaloes, the herds were threatened with extinction, and the nations concerned resorted to every measure possible to check it. At the Paris Tribunal in 1893, it was declared illegal to use firearms or explosives in Behring Sea, or to kill any seal within sixty miles of the Pribyloff Islands which is their chief breeding place, while the months of May, June, and July were made the close season. Despite the vigilance of armed cruisers in those waters, the ruthless slaughter continued, though to a lessened extent. In November, 1897, Russia, Japan, and the United States made a treaty forbidding pelagic or open sea sealing, and since then those regions have been under something approaching effective police surveillance.

After the Spanish-American war it was generally asserted that Russia was among those disposed to give open or covert aid to Spain, while England was said to have been our only ally, so far as her international obligations would permit. Russia remained silent for a long time under these charges, but finally on February 3, 1902, Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador to this country, said respecting the statement that Austria wished to put pressure on the United States, and that behind her were France, Germany, and Russia: "There is not a word of truth in such a statement as to Russia. Nothing could be further from the facts. The attitude of my country was absolutely friendly before the Spanish-American War—absolutely neutral, friendly, and loyal during that war; absolutely loyal since the war. When I came to my post the war was in progress. I was asked what was the attitude of my country toward America. I answered then as I answer now—absolutely neutral, friendly, and loyal."

Despite these assurances the ancient friendship seems in danger of undergoing a severe strain, through the conflicting interests and policies of the two nations in China.





NICHOLAS II AND HIS WIFE

Chapter CXXX

RECENT RUSSIAN DIFFICULTIES



IS no check possible to the advance of the Russian Empire? Every nation has its weakness, and that of Russia lies within herself. Three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write; there is no free press; no public discussion of governmental affairs is permitted; and as has been shown, the Czar is walled in by the power of a ministerial aristocracy more absolute than himself, more reactionary and mediæval in its tendencies. The whole empire is simmering with discontent, as proved by the incessant fierce outbreaks. It is vain to speculate of the future, but history teems with instances of world-embracing empires which tumbled to fragments through the vastness of their own conquests and the dry rot that gnawed at their vitals.

One of the continuous elements of danger to Russia is the thousands of students in her various universities. These young men are fond of studying political economy, and many become restless under the system of tyrannous repression which holds back their country from real progress. Writings forbidden by the strict censorship of the press reach the hands of these young men, and breed discontent, which often finds expression in violent outbreaks against the established order of things. Some of the most virulent nihilists have been graduated from the universities, and the hot-blooded youths cause no little concern to the government.

In December, 1900, the students at Kief presented a remonstrance against



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE. — THE FRENCH FLEET SALUTING AT DUNKIRK

the retention of an obnoxious professor, but the rector of the university refused to dismiss him. An appeal being made to the governor-general, he interfered and forbade the professor lecturing to the students. The rector and council were powerless against this order, but they took their revenge by requiring seven of the students to choose between three days' imprisonment and three years' expulsion. They chose the latter, having of course the intense and angry sympathy of the rest of the students, who grew troublesome and turbulent, especially after the rector refused to meet them for the discussion of their grievances. It finally became necessary to appeal to the police and military authorities. A large number of students were arrested and brought to trial under a special act created a year previous. The new kind of punishment meted out was that of compelling the convicted students, more than two hundred in number, to enlist in the army. While this method may have been effective, so far as they were concerned, one cannot help thinking that it was by no means an unmixed good to the government, for these students, driven into the ranks, cannot be compelled to fight in such a way as to add any real strength to the armed forces. And who shall gauge their power in sowing the seeds of discontent and possible revolt among those to whom the empire looks for security?

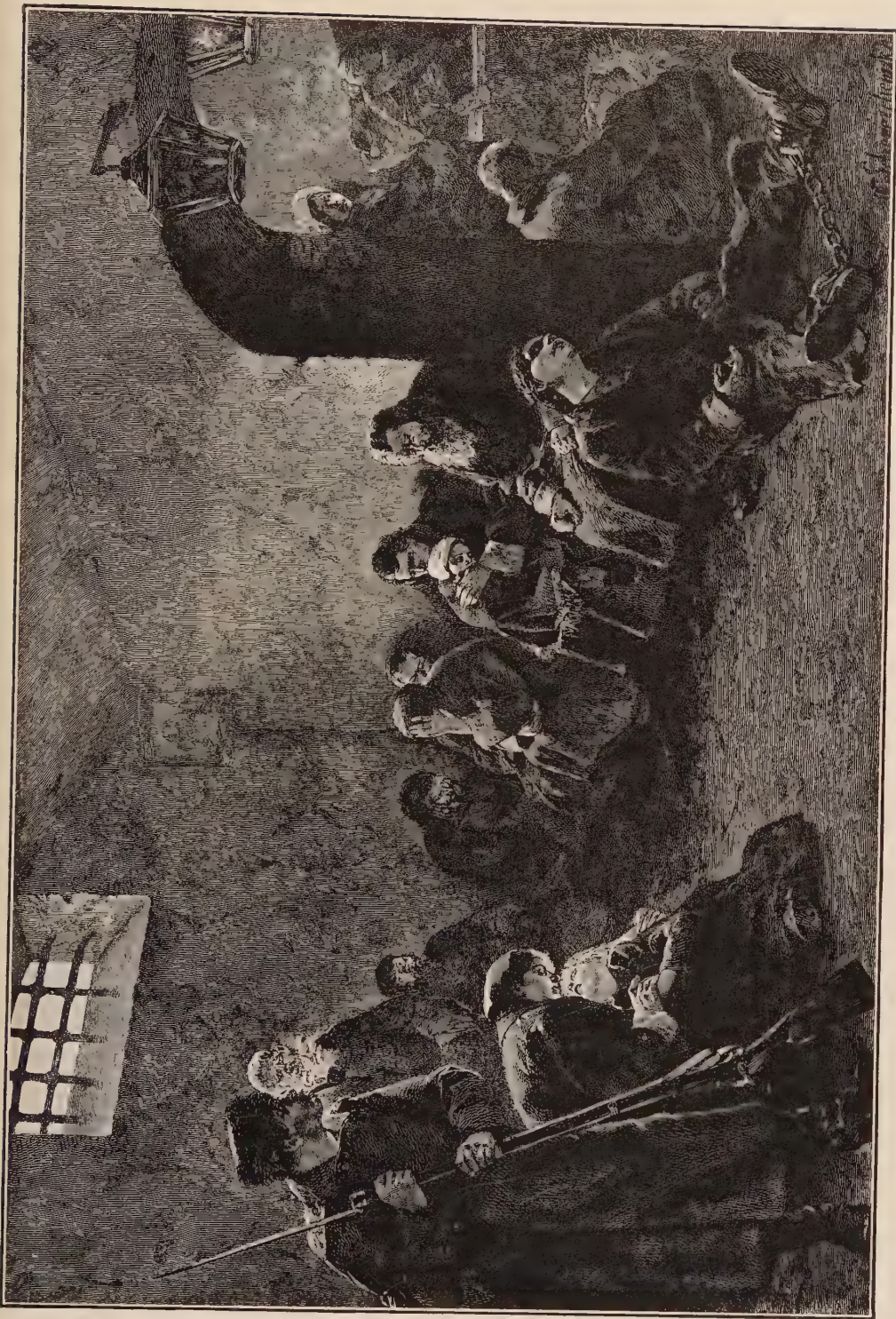
Naturally, too, the harshness shown to the Kief students angered the members of other universities, where numerous disorderly outbreaks took place. These were specially violent in St. Petersburg, Odessa, and a few other cities, where the ominous signs showed a resentment, not against obnoxious instructors alone, but against the government itself. The students called public meetings which were forbidden by the authorities; they appealed to the public, and were battered into insensibility or death for their pains. Several were sent to Siberia. On February 27, 1901, one of the expelled students secured admission to the office of the Minister of Public Instruction, Privy Councillor Bogoliefoff, under the pretence of wishing to submit a petition to him. His manner roused no suspicion, though public sentiment was in an inflamed state, but, in the presence of the official, the young man whipped out a pistol and wounded the minister so grievously that he died on the 15th of the following month.

The most alarming feature of these disturbances was the repeated proofs that there was a manifest understanding between the young men and the workmen, who are always in a state of incipient revolt, and ready for any desperate deed under daring and capable leadership. On the 22d of March, a manifesto was issued in Paris, signed by forty-five Russian men of letters, setting forth in vivid language the brutality of the police—numerous instances being cited—and appealing to the press of the world. Such appeals, like one addressed directly to the Czar himself, rarely produce any results. Petitions are not looked upon with favor in Russia, and it may be doubted whether the personal appeal

to the Emperor was ever seen by him, unless he accidentally came across a stray copy which escaped the vigilant eyes that oversee the literature provided for him.

Had the public been asked to name the greatest reactionary in Russia, the one whose malign influence most clogged the wheels of progress, who saw perfection of government only in mediævalism, the man selected would have been M. Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator of the Holy Synod. He had for twenty years earned the grewsome reputation of effectually blocking all advancement, and the enmity toward him was intense. While he was sitting in his home, on March 22d, 1901, a man named Lagofsky fired three times through his window at him, but every shot missed. The would-be assassin was seized, and it was stated that he had been selected by lot to commit the crime. Others, however, have said that he acted of his own impulse because of the excommunication of the distinguished author, Count Tolstoi, which the Russian Church had pronounced a short time before.

It was impossible for the Czar not to be impressed by these occurrences, and he now roused himself and grappled with the difficulty. His first measure was to stop the system of punishment which forced the convicted students into the ranks of the army. His next was to appoint General Vannovsky Minister of Public Instruction, with practically unlimited powers for the time. This officer had investigated the earlier student difficulties for the Emperor, and none knew better than he the cause of all the troubles. In making the appointment the Czar wrote: "The regular organization of popular education has always formed one of the chief cares of the Russian rulers, who have striven, surely but gradually, to perfect it in accordance with the fundamental principles of Russian life and the requirements of the times. The experiences of recent years, however, have shown the existence of defects so material in our scholastic system that I think the time has come to undertake an immediate and thorough revision and improvement. Highly valuing your experience as a statesman and your enlightenment, I have chosen you to co-operate with me in the work of renovating and reorganizing Russian schools; and in appointing you to the now specially important office of Minister of Public Instruction, I am firmly convinced that you will unswervingly endeavor to attain the goal indicated by me, and that you will bring into the work of educating the Russian youth your cordial sympathy and sagacity, ripened by experience. May God bless our work, and may parents and families, who above all are bound to care for their children, help us in our work, and then the time will soon come when I with all my people shall see in the young generation, with pride and encouragement, the firm and sure hope of the Fatherland and its strong protection for the future."



STUDENTS ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA FOR RIOTING, 1901

Count Tolstoi, excommunicated by the Russian Church, was afterward banished from the empire, on account of what was declared to be the heresy promulgated in his world-famous writings. The Count wrote his reply to this decree at Moscow on April 13, 1901, and published it in Paris. He denounced the decree as illegal or intentionally equivocal, arbitrary, unjustified, and full of falsehoods. Moreover, he said, it constituted an instigation to evil sentiments and deeds. He condemned the practices of the church and said he was convinced that its teachings, theoretically astute, are injurious, a lie in practice, and a compound of vulgar superstition and sorcery, under which entirely disappears the sense of Christian doctrine. When a powerful government, unable to combat the theories of a writer, resorts to the argument of might, and replies by driving him into exile, such government not only confesses its weakness, but adds immeasurably to the influence of the one whom it seeks to disarm.

Another proof of the dread which Russia feels of fearless writers was given in July, 1901, when Mr. George Kennan, the noted traveller, lecturer, and author, who has done so much to enlighten the world as to the barbarities of the Siberian exile system, was ordered to leave the country on the ground that he was "politically untrustworthy." The Minister of the Interior in Russia has the legal authority to expel undesirable foreigners, and Mr. Kennan had no choice but to comply with the order.

The unrest among the students still continued a menace to the empire. The mutterings again broke into open revolt, on March 16, 1902, in St. Petersburg. For several days leaflets had been distributed announcing that there would be a demonstration, and calling upon the working people to take part in it. Knowing that disorder was inevitable, the government concentrated a large number of police and troops in the principal streets and public buildings. The Kazan Cathedral Square had been named by the agitators as the main rendezvous, and there a formidable military force was stationed, with another large body along the Nevsky Prospekt, into which the Cathedral Square opens.

In the face of these precautions hundreds of male and female students and workmen gathered in the side streets and marched toward the rendezvous. Hardly had they reached the Nevsky Prospekt, when the mounted police and Cossacks charged them, wielding whips and savagely trampling down the crowd. The wildest confusion followed, the women screaming and the men shouting and cursing. A large number were seriously hurt, and similar scenes occurred at other points. The spectators were ordered to keep moving, and were hurried by the lashing of the cruel whips. When these were not effective enough to suit the cavalry, they rained blows with the flats of their swords, and arrested several hundred of both sexes. The ferment lasted for several hours, but the police kept the upper hand. They were so strong that in every collision with

the crowds they were the masters. It was noticed that in numerous instances they grew tired of using the sides of their swords and struck with the edges and with a violence that caused several deaths.

The outbreaks were not confined to the capital. Only a short time previous, a significant occurrence took place at the small town of Pultowa, where there is no university nor any factories. During a darkened scene in a theatre in a play called "The Power of Darkness," the audience broke into wild shouts of "Long live Tolstoi!" and "Down with despotism!" and revolutionary pamphlets were distributed. A large number of persons were arrested and thrown into prison, but they succeeded in winning over the other prisoners. The warders were overpowered, the windows of the jail broken, and all escaped.

Not less significant was the election of Maxim Gorki to their body by the members of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. For joining in the protest of the literary men against the brutal conduct of the police just a year before, he had been expelled from St. Petersburg and was living in the Crimea under police surveillance.

In Finland also, there has been disastrous tumult. Finland for six centuries was developed on the ideals of progressive and cultured Sweden, before being transferred to the autonomous control of Russia. When the island fortress of Sveaborg, the key of Finland, yielded to Russia in 1809, the articles of peace drawn up by Alexander I. and accepted by Sweden and Finland, provided that the Finnish constitution should be preserved intact, Russia retaining military rights in the different strongholds. Since then the Finns, down almost to the present, have enjoyed a freedom such as England grants to her colonies. They made astonishing progress in every respect, education being in such an advanced state that it roused the admiration of all other countries with the exception of Russia, which perhaps was soured by the sight of so much enlightenment within her own borders.

One of the most striking characteristics of Finland has been the purity of her politics and the perfection of her civil service. Russia, slow, ponderous, and reactionary, determined to curtail her liberty. The Finnish Diet of 1900 was warned in the speech from the throne that no comment upon imperial affairs would be permitted. The warning being disregarded, the Diet was suspended indefinitely. Governor-General Bobrikoff continually irritated the Finns by all manner of persecutions. Public meetings were prohibited; newspapers fined, suspended, or suppressed on the most trifling prettexts; passports were required as in other parts of Russia, and finally the public records, and priceless Finnish archives, including the Magna Charta of Finnish liberty, were forcibly taken from Helsingfors, the capital, and carried to St. Petersburg.

The Finns bore all these outrages with admirable restraint, but February



THE STUDENT GATHERING IN ST. PETERSBURG DISPERSED BY COSSACK POLICE, 1902

18, 1901, was proclaimed a day of mourning. All lights were extinguished at nightfall, and the windows where some Russians insisted upon lighting up a house, were smashed. The disorder was trifling, but the leading Finnish officers were displaced and threats were made by General Bobrikoff that the Cossacks would be called in to preserve order. The execrated Russian police system was extended over Finland, and Russian was made the official language, and compulsory in the schools. From 1903 it is to be used in all departments of the state. There was a wholesale dismissal of native officials and the conscription act was extended over the country despite the earnest remonstrances of the Diet and leading citizens. So intensely do the Finns hate service in the Russian army, though always ready to serve the Czar in their own, that four-fifths of the levies fled into the interior, many perishing on the way through the icy wilds of Scandinavia. A miserable remnant were brought into Helsingfors, where the students, aided by sailors and fishermen, made a daring effort to release them. In checking this effort, the Cossacks killed several and wounded a large number. The brutality of these soldiers stirred all classes of citizens to frenzy, and for weeks Finland was on the verge of revolution.

The capital was in a state of siege, and troops were brought thither from other districts. The leading pastors sent urgent appeals to St. Petersburg, promising that if the Cossacks were withdrawn, all disorder would cease. Incredible as it may seem, Russia for once gave partial heed to the prayer, and ordered General Bobrikoff to cease raiding the districts and driving the people from the streets. Immediately all rioting stopped, though the tranquillity was that of despair. The paw of the bear rests upon the throat of unhappy Finland, and the pathetic truth of George Musgrave's words regarding the exodus from Helsingfors must touch every heart: "During the summer bi-weekly steamers leave at midnight, as the never setting sun lingers on the horizon in brief punctuation between night and day. Never was a sadder sight or a more glorious background. The decks are closely packed with emigrants who are going chiefly to British colonies to escape oppression. In two years the figures have leaped from tens to thousands. The country is being drained of its best blood and muscle. As the steamers draw out, the beautiful words of the national hymn ring out—like a wail of despair from the weeping women on the quays, as a cry of impotent defiance from the stalwart fellows on board:

‘And were we called to dwell in light, midst golden clouds of morn,
Where thousand stars are glittering bright,
Where tears ne’er flow, nor sorrows blight,
Still for this land so poor, so stern, our longing souls would yearn.’”

It will be pleasant to turn aside from all this turmoil, strife, argument, and protest, and glance for a few minutes at the home life of the mightiest monarch

in the world. It can well be believed that Nicholas II. would prefer to be a private or titled gentleman rather than the Emperor of all the Russias, Czar of Poland and Grand Duke of Finland, for aside from the never ending anxieties and wrenching cares of his exalted office, his tastes lead him away from that thorny path. He has remarked more than once that there are many more pleasant occupations than that of ruling refractory subjects, and that one's pleasures are measured by the happiness he bestows upon others. No one certainly can refuse to subscribe to his declaration that "The victories of peace are much greater than those of war, and had the latter achieved half the results that can be placed to the credit of science, art, or literature, I could understand its glorification."

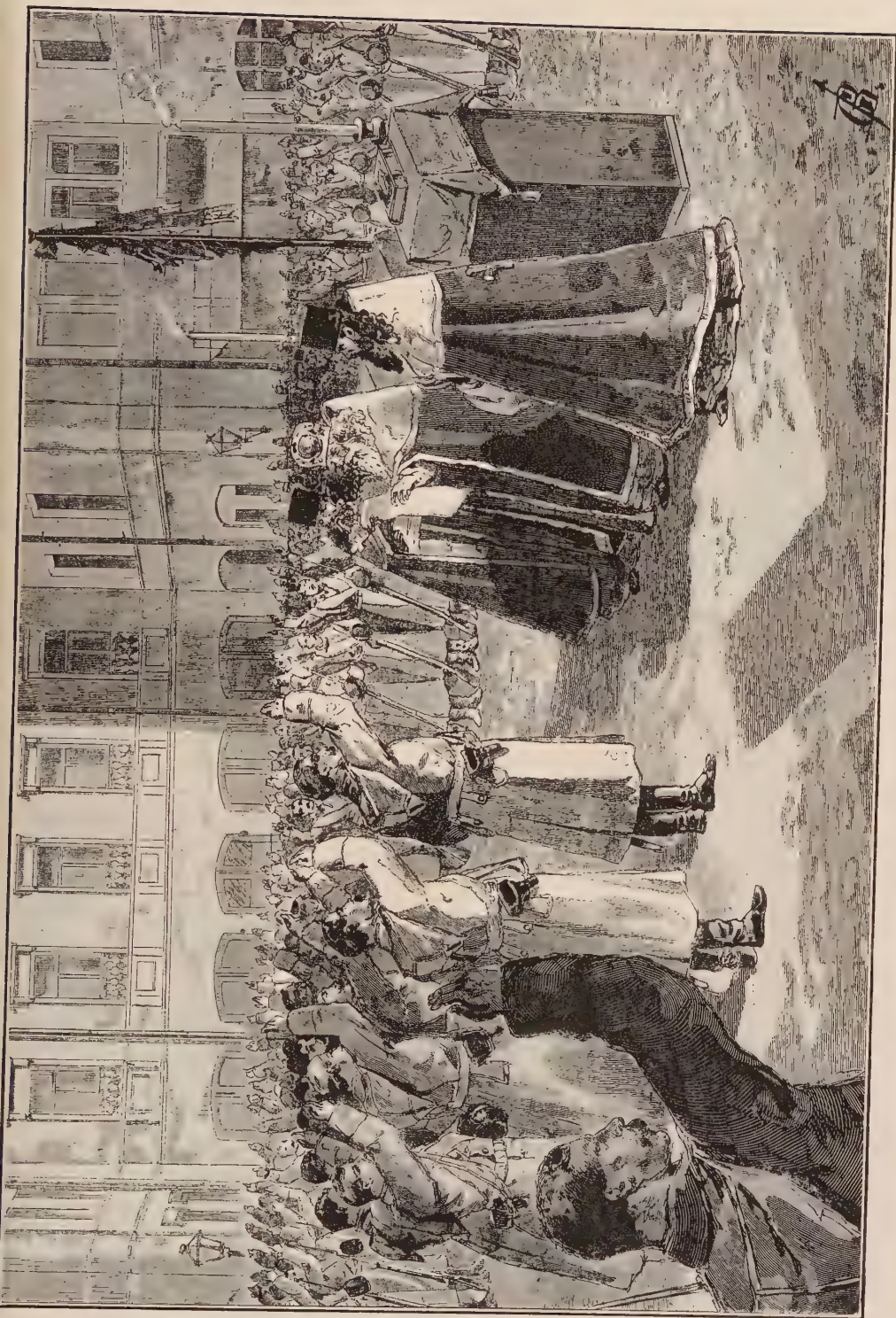
Could Nicholas be left to carry out his own ideas, no doubt he would give many valuable reforms to his country. He believes that Russia has a grand commercial future before her, and he spends many hours in studying the problems of education and social improvement. Mr. John Hulme, in his instructive article, "The Homely Czar," says that he once remarked to one of the Czar's privy councillors that he could not understand how a man of the intellectual capacity and breadth of mind possessed by the Emperor did not make use of his great power to satisfy the political aspirations of his people. It would require from him only a single stroke of the pen, as in the case of his namesake and ancestor in the making of the Moscow railway.

To this remark the councillor made this reply:

"It is true that the Czar is a despotic monarch wishing to wield his power for the benefit of the many; but he is surrounded by what is practically another monarchy, also despotic but less liberal; a monarchy which, while apparently supporting the ruler's actions, nevertheless strains every nerve to prevent those actions from taking any direction save that which leads to the benefit of the few. His Majesty has no great fondness for war's alarms or military glory. His disarmament manifesto—that bolt from the blue which so astonished the rest of Europe—was the expression of an ingrained desire for peace. I would not be at all surprised to see, before long, the doves of officialdom fluttered by the Czar's proclamation of a constitution for the people of the Russian empire."

There is a world of significance in these words. Admitting the good intentions of Nicholas, he is walled in by another monarchy, "also despotic but less liberal," whose sole controlling policy is that of benefit of the few against benefit of the many. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the vastness of his dominions makes it utterly impossible for the Emperor personally to supervise the execution of any policy he may originate.

Personally Nicholas is one of the best of husbands and kindest of fathers.



THE IMPERIAL BODYGUARD SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO NICHOLAS II.

Before his ascension of the throne, it is said that he had loved and desired to marry one of his subjects, an obscure Jewess. He even offered to resign his claim to the throne in favor of his younger brother George. But George was a consumptive, already doomed to death, and so Nicholas consented to abandon his love-dream and take up the weary burden of his official duty. Later he was much attracted to the German Princess Alix of Hesse, and soon after his accession to the throne he married her. Her name, according to Russian custom, was changed at the ceremony, and she became the Czarina, Alexandra.

Much that was foreshadowed in the preceding pages came to pass in the years 1903, 1904, and 1905. In 1903 there was a sudden outburst of Russian bitterness against the Jews, and nearly a hundred of these unfortunates were slain at Kishineff. President Roosevelt forwarded to the Czar a vigorous protest against this crime, and some ill-feeling was thus roused between the United States and Russia.

Soon, however, the subjects of the Czar had more serious difficulties to face in the Far East. By steady encroachments they had assumed practical sovereignty over Manchuria, and the tentacles of their mighty octopus began to reach out toward Corea. This led to the Japanese war, and though at first the Russian Cossacks made daring raids into Corea, they were repulsed, slowly forced back, and at last completely defeated by the advancing Japanese. Details of the strife will be found in the story of Japan.

Even while the struggle was at its height, the internal changes in Russia became so noteworthy as to distract attention from the war. An heir to the throne, the little czarévitch, Alexis, was born August 12th, 1904, after the birth in the royal family of four female children in succession had caused the country almost to give up hope of a male heir. The occasion was made one of great rejoicing throughout the empire; but soon the failures in the East wrapped the country once more in gloom.

At length a general strike of workmen was caused by the increasing suffering which followed in the train of war. Early in 1905 this led to more official slaughter. A priest, called Father Goupon, led a vast procession of workmen to present a petition to the Czar. His followers were confronted by lines of soldiers, and refusing to disperse, were fired upon with deadly effect. A few days after, the Czar's uncle, Grand Duke Sergius, regarded by many as the real ruler of the country, was literally torn to pieces by a bomb. The missile was thrown by a man who, as he was carried off to prison, kept crying, "Freedom! Freedom!" Since then the people have been promised a limited extent of constitutional power.



THE POLES UNDER LADISLAUS INVADING RUSSIA

CHRONOLOGY OF RUSSIA



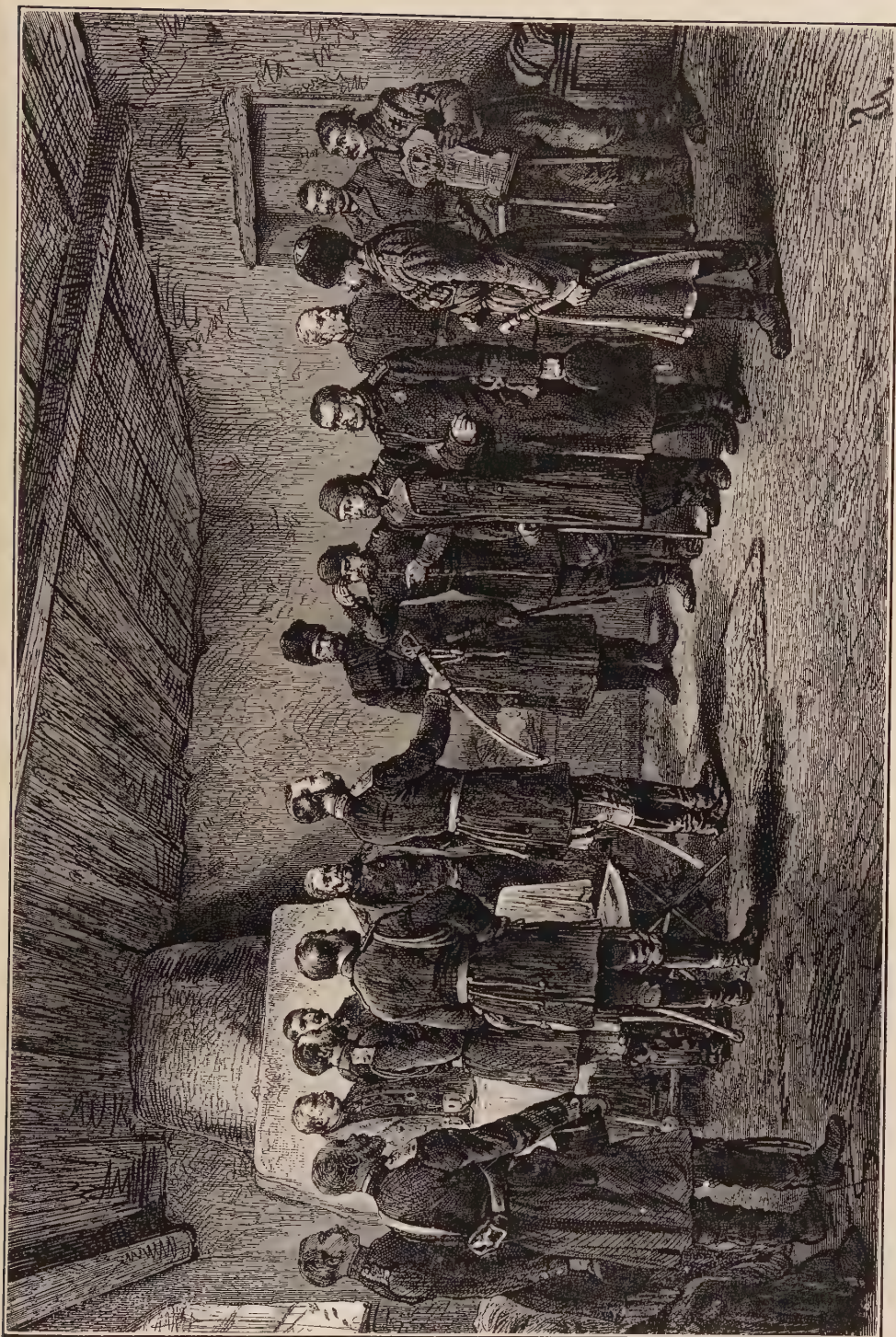
RD. 862—Settlement in Novgorod by the brothers Rurik, Sineus, and Truvor. 879—Death of Rurik. 907—Oleg captures Kief and invades the Greek Empire. 945—Olga avenges her husband's death. 955—Olga becomes a Christian. 972—Sviatoslav repulsed by the Greeks and besieged in Dorostol. 980—1015—Rule of Vladimir and the blending of the Normans with the Slavonic race. 988—Baptism of Vladimir and his people. 1036—Yaroslav the Just became chief ruler. 1054—Death of Yaroslav. 1125—Vladimir Monomachus removed his capital from Kief. 1223—Defeat of the Russians by the Tartars, who overran and subdued the country. 1240—Establishment of the Tartar empire of the Golden Horde. 1380—Dimitri of Moscow defeated the Tartars on the Don River. 1383—Moscow burned by the Tartars. 1462—Ivan III. the Great begins the establishment of modern Russia. 1471—Ivan defeats the Republic of Novgorod. 1472—Ivan marries Zoe or Sophia, heiress of the Greek Empire. 1478—Ivan finally suppresses the Republic of Novgorod; he refuses tribute to the Tartars. 1480—Flight and destruction of the Tartar army. 1487—Ivan captures Kazan, the Tartar capital. 1492-94—War with Lithuania. 1497—Ivan's book of laws. 1505-33—Basil makes his power absolute. 1506—First historic mention of the Cossacks. 1506-23—War with Poland. 1533—Ivan IV. the Terrible becomes ruler as an infant. 1538—His mother Helene dies of poison. 1543—He assumes power. 1547—Ivan takes the title of Czar. 1553—The English "Russian Company" established for trade. 1554—Ivan captures Astrakan. 1564—Withdrawal of Ivan for a time from Moscow. 1578—Yermac adds



SVIATOSLAV SACRIFICING HIS GREEK PRISONERS AT DOROSTOL

Siberia to Russia. 1584—Ivan succeeded by his imbecile son, Feodore. 1591—Suspicious death of Dimitri; raid by the Khan of the Crimea. 1604—Invasion of Russia by the pretender, Dimitri the False. 1609—Russia invaded by the Poles. 1610—Death of the second false Dimitri. 1610-13—Ladislaus of Poland rules in Russia. 1613—Expulsion of the Poles. 1613—Michael Romanoff chosen as Czar. 1614—Leader of the Poles put to death. 1618—A truce for fourteen years agreed upon with Poland. 1634—Treaty with Poland. 1647—Publication of the Book of Ordinances. 1652—Transfer of the allegiance of the Cossacks to Russia. 1655-56—Schism in the Greek Church. 1667—Gain of considerable territory by Russia. 1682—Massacre by the Strelitz of the friends of Peter the Great; his half-sister Sophia made regent. 1682-89—Joint rule of Ivan V. and Peter I. (the Great). 1689—Marriage of Peter; his triumphant entry into Moscow; and dismissal of Sophia. 1689-1725—Rule of Peter the Great. 1696—War with Turkey and capture of Azov. 1697—Peter starts on his visit to Europe. 1698—Peter returns to Moscow and exterminates the Strelitz. 1699—Death of General Gordon. 1700—Great victory of Charles XII. of Sweden over the Russians. 1703—Foundations of St. Petersburg laid. 1709—Charles XII. defeated at Pultowa and driven out of Russia. 1711—War with Turkey; Peter saved by the negotiations of Catharine; Treaty of peace. 1713—Finland subjugated. 1716-17—Peter and the Empress make a tour of Europe. 1718—Execution of Alexis, son of Peter the Great. 1722—New law of succession promulgated by Peter. 1725—Death of Peter the Great. 1726—The Academy of Sciences founded. 1728-41—Explorations of Vitus Behring. 1727—Menzikoff banished to Siberia. 1741—Coup d'État of Elizabeth. 1756-62—Elizabeth takes part in the Seven Years' War. 1762—Peter III. changes sides in the war and is assassinated by his wife. 1762-96—Rule of Catharine II. the Great. 1767—War declared by Turkey against Russia. 1772—First partition of Poland. 1773—Uprising of the peasants under the lead of a Cossack pretender. 1774—Peace made with Turkey. 1775—Execution of the pretender. 1783—The Crimea annexed to Russia. 1787—Catharine's visit to the Crimea. 1788-91—War with Turkey. 1788—War declared by Sweden against Russia; the Swedes disastrously defeated. 1793—Second partition of Poland. 1795—Third partition of Poland. 1799—Defeat of Moreau by the Russian General Suvoroff. 1800—Capricious course of Paul. 1801—Death of Paul by violence. 1801-25—Alexander I. becomes the most powerful sovereign of Europe. 1801—Peace made with England, France, and Spain. 1805—Alexander joins the coalition against Napoleon; battle of Austerlitz. 1806—Alexander joins Prussia against Napoleon and is defeated at Eylau. 1807—Russians crushed at Friedland. 1808—Alexander agrees to the French continental system; declares war against England and

forms an alliance with Napoleon. **1809**—Russia joined weakly in the war against Austria. **1812**—Alexander reverses his policy and defies France; Napoleon invades Russia; burning of Moscow; disastrous retreat of the French army. **1813**—Battle of Leipzig. **1814**—Alexander with the victorious allies enters Paris. **1815**—Return of Alexander to Russia. **1816**—Formation of the Holy Alliance made public. **1821**—The army of Russia numbered 830,000 men. **1821-25**—Period of repression in the empire. **1825-55**—Reign of Nicholas I. **1825**—Insurrection put down with cruel rigor. **1827-55**—Codification of Russian law. **1828**—Conclusion of the war with Persia. **1829**—Acquisition of the whole coast of the Black Sea and other territory through the treaty of Adrianople. **1830**—Insurrection in Poland. **1832**—Suppression of the Polish insurrection and Poland made a Russian province; severe punishment of the leading insurgents; help given to the Sultan of Turkey; war in the Caucasus. **1838**—First railway line laid in Russia. **1839**—Failure of the expedition for the conquest of Khiva. **1844-46**—Visit of Nicholas to England, Austria, and Italy. **1848-51**—Unsuccessful uprising in Hungary. **1854**—Declaration of war by France and England on behalf of Turkey; battle of the Alma; Sebastopol besieged; battles of Balaklava and Inkermann. **1855**—Assault upon the Redan and the Malakoff; battle of Tchernaya; capture of the Malakoff and the Redan; fall of Sebastopol. **1855-81**—Reign of Alexander II. the Czar Deliverer. **1856**—Withdrawal of the allies from the Crimea; Peace of Paris. **1859**—Capture of Schamyl the Circassian leader. **1861**—Emancipation of the serfs. **1862**—Insurrection in Poland. **1864**—Extinction of the kingdom of Poland. **1866-85**—Activity of the nihilists. **1881**—Assassination of Alexander II. **1883**—Coronation of Alexander III. **1891**—Beginning of the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway. **1894**—Accession of Nicholas II. **1897**—Relaxation of a number of harsh laws; first general census of the empire; treaty by Russia, Japan, and the United States forbidding pelagic or open sealing. **1898**—Proposal by the Czar for the pacific settlement of international disputes by a permanent court of arbitration. **1899**—Troubles with the students in different parts of the empire; messengers and presents sent to Tibet. **1900**—Destruction of Russian life and property in Manchuria by the Boxers; agreement between Chinese and Russian military officials in Fueng-Tien. **1901**—Banishment of Count Tolstoi; special mission sent from Tibet to St. Petersburg; treaty proposed at St. Petersburg with the Chinese plenipotentiary; dissatisfaction of the Powers; completion of the Northern Manchurian Railway. **1902**—Steady encroachments of Russia in Persia and China. **1903**—Massacre of Jews at Kishineff and protest forwarded from the United States. **1904**—War with Japan in Manchuria and Corea; birth of a direct heir to the Russian throne; upheavals and massacres in the struggle for constitutional government.



ALEXANDER II. RESTORING OSMAN PASHA'S SWORD

RULERS OF RUSSIA

DUKES.

Rurik,	862
Oleg,	879
Igor,	913
Olga, his widow,	945
Sviatoslav,	955
Yaropalk,	973
Vladimir, the Sunny,	980
Sviatopalk,	1015
Yaroslav, the Just,	1018-1054
Vladimir Monomachus,	1113-1125

GRAND DUKES OF MOSCOW.

Ivan I.,	1328
Simeon,	1340
Ivan II.,	1353
Dimitri II.,	1359
Dimitri III., Donski,	1362
Basil III.,	1389
Basil IV.,	1425

CZARS OF RUSSIA.

(The title of Czar was used but not officially assumed before Ivan IV.)

Ivan III., the Great,	1462
Basil V.,	1505
Ivan IV., the Terrible,	1533
Feodore,	1584

Boris Godunov,	1598
Feodore II.,	1605
Dimitri, the Impostor,	1606
Basil Chouiski,	1606
Ladislaus of Poland,	1610

(From 1598 to 1613 is called the Period of Troubles, no Czar was fully acknowledged.)

HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

Michael III.,	1613
Alexis,	1645
Feodore III.,	1676
Ivan V., Peter I.,	1682
Peter I., the Great,	1689
Catharine I.,	1725
Peter II.,	1727
Anne,	1730
Ivan VI.,	1740
Elizabeth,	1741
Peter III.,	1762
Catharine II., the Great,	1762
Paul,	1796
Alexander I.,	1801
Nicholas I.,	1825
Alexander II.,	1855
Alexander III.,	1881
Nicholas II.,	1894

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR RUSSIA

Achulgos (ah-chŭl'gōs)
 Afghanistan (ahf-găn'ī-stahn')
 Alexis (ăl-ěks'is)
 Astrakan (ahs-trah-kahn')
 Austerlitz (ows'těr-līts)
 Azov (ah-zōv')
 Baikal (bī'kahl)
 Baku (bah-koo')
 Balaklava (băl-ă-klah'vă)
 Basil (bā'sīl)
 Behring (bē'rīng)

Beresina (bě-rě-zē'nă)
 Biron (bē'rōn)
 Borodino (bō-rō-dē'nō)
 Caucasus (kaw'kă-sŭs)
 Chernigov (chěr-nē-gōv')
 Chlopicki (klō-pits'kē)
 Chouiski (choo-ēs'kē)
 Circassia (sěr-kăsh'ī-ă)
 Cossack (kōs'ăk)
 Courland (koor'lănd)
 Cracow (kră'kō)

Crimea (kri-mě'ă)
 Czech (chěk)
 Dantzig (dănt'zīg)
 Derzhaven (děr-zhah'vīn)
 Dimitri (dmě'trē)
 Dnieper (nē'pěr)
 Dolgourouki (dōl-goo-roo'kē)
 Erivan (ěr-ě-vahn')
 Eylau (ī'low)
 Godunov (gō-doo-nōv')
 Gogol (go'gol)
 Grodno (grōd'nō)
 Helsingfors (hěl'sīng-fors)
 Ingria (īn'grē-ă)
 Inkermann (īnk-ěr-mahn')
 Ivan (ē'van)
 Kamtchatka (kahm-chaht'kā)
 Kars (kahrs)
 Kazan (kah-zahn')
 Khan (kahn)
 Khiva (kē'vā)
 Kief (kē-ěf')
 Kirghis (kěr-gēz')
 Kosciuszko (kōs-sī-ūs'kō)
 Kremlin (krēm'līn)
 Krylov (krē-lōv')
 Ladislaus (lăd'īs-lawss)
 Ladoga (lăd'ō-gă)
 Lestocq (lēs-tōk')
 Lhasa (hlahs'să)
 Lithuania (līth'ū-ă'-nī-ă)
 Mazeppa (mah-zěp'ă)
 Malakoff (mah-lah-kōf')
 Manchuria (măn-choo'rē-ă)
 Menzikoff (măn'shě-kōf')
 Moskwa (mōsk'vah)
 Munich (mūn'nīk)
 Neva (nā'vah)
 Niemen (nē'měn)
 Novgorod (nōv'gō-rōd)

Odessa (ō-dēs'să)
 Okhotsk (ō-kōtsk')
 Oleg (ō'lěg, *or Rus.* ahl'ē-ōk)
 Orlof (ōr-lōf')
 Petropolovski (pā-trō-pow-lōv'skē)
 Plevna (plēv-nah)
 Potemkin (po-tem'kin)
 Pskov (skōv)
 Pultowa (pŭl-tow'ă)
 Riga (rē'ghă)
 Romanoff (ro-mah'nōf)
 Rurik (roo'rīk)
 Schamyl (shā'mil)
 Sebastopol (sā-vās-tō'pōl *or Eng., Sē.* bās'tō-pōl)
 Shipka (shīp'kā)
 Sigismund (sīj'īs-mŭnd)
 Smolensk (smo-lensk')
 Sobieski (sō-bē-ēs'kē)
 Stanislaus (stăn'īs-laws)
 Stockholm (stōk'hōlm)
 Strelitz (strīl'īts)
 Suvoroff (soo-vō'rōf)
 Sveaborg (svā'ah-bōrk)
 Sviatoslav (svē-ăt-ō-slahv')
 Taganroc (tah-găn-rōk')
 Tarki (tahr'kē)
 Tchernaya (chěr-na'yă)
 Thibet (tīb'ět)
 Tiflis (tīf-lēs')
 Tolstoi (tol'stoi')
 Tourgeneff (toor-gěn'ěf)
 Tver (tvěr)
 Vladimir (vlah-dēmēr)
 Vladivostok (vlah-dē-vōs-tōk')
 Wilna (vīl'nă)
 Xenia (zē'nī-ă)
 Yaroslav (yah'rō-slahv')
 Yermak (yěr'mahk)



THE LATER RUSSIAN CZARS

Nicholas I.
Alexander III.
Catharine I.

Peter the Great
Catharine the Great
Alexander II.

Alexander I.
Nicholas II.
Peter II.



THE PHœNICIANS WRECKED ON THE SPANISH COAST

MODERN NATIONS—SPAIN

Chapter CXXXI

THE 'BEGINNINGS OF SPAIN—THE GOTHIC KINGDOM

[*Authorities* : Coppee, "History of the Conquest of Spain"; Hume, "Spain, Its Greatness and Decay," "The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth and Influence"; Hale, "The Story of Spain"; Lane-Poole, "The Story of the Moors in Spain"; Latimer, "Spain in the Nineteenth Century"; Prescott, "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Charles the Fifth," "Philip the Second"; Irving, "Life of Columbus," "Moorish Chronicles," "Conquest of Spain," "Conquest of Granada"; Watts, "Spain"; Burke, "A History of Spain"; Meyrick, "The Church in Spain"; Ticknor, "History of Spanish Literature."]



T has been said that nations like individuals have their birth, growth, manhood, old age, decay, and death. Many of the stories already told in these pages confirm this declaration. Perhaps the most impressive example of modern times is that of Spain. She came into being many centuries ago, climbed to the greatest heights of power, influence, and glory, and, though she still exists, she is in a condition of senility and decrepitude, which, like that of the tottering nonagenarian, suggests a collapse not far distant.

The earliest historical mention of Spain finds it inhabited by a people who sprang from a number of different races. To the Greeks and Romans the country was known as *Spania*, *Hispania*, and *Iberia*, and in the Scriptures the "ships of Tarshish" probably referred to those of the Phœnicians, which traded with Spain. The colony of Gadir, or Cadiz, was planted by the Phœnicians about 1100 B.C., at which time they found the southern part of the country in the possession of the Iberians. It is uncertain where the latter came from. As a people, they were short of stature, with a swarthy com-

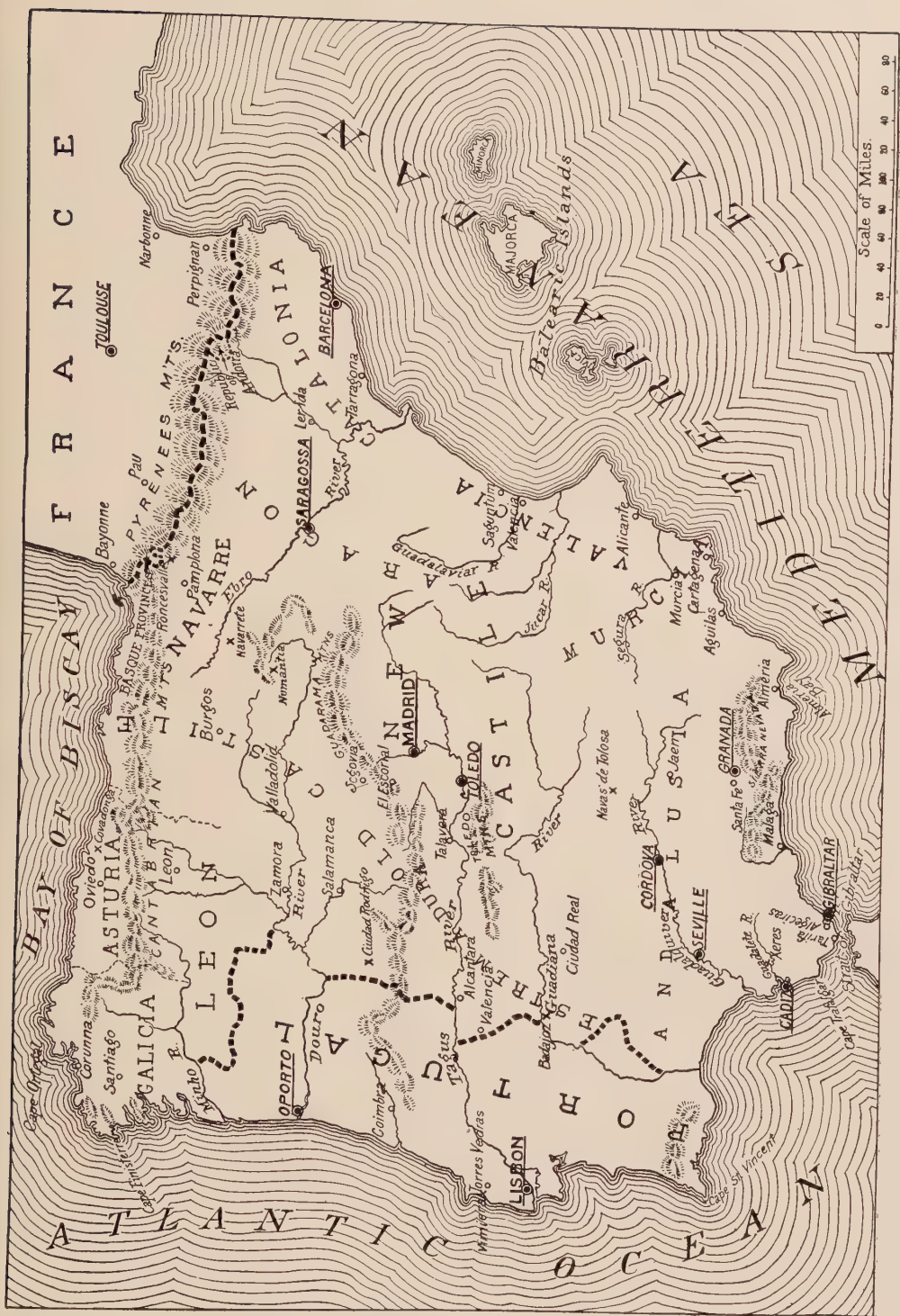
plexion, and plentiful black, curly hair. Investigations seem to indicate an affinity with the Kabyl tribes of the Atlas instead of an Aryan origin.

Far back among the shadows of prehistoric times, a horde of Celts swarmed over the Pyrenees into this land of the Iberians, encountering possibly a still earlier race, whose descendants of to-day are the Basques. The Celts swerved to the west and settled in what now is Portugal and Galicia. In civilization and physique, the invaders were much superior to the Iberians. As the centuries rolled on, the two peoples fought for mastery. They gradually blended in the central part of Spain, while the Celts continued dominant in the west and northwest of the peninsula, and the Iberians held their own in the east and south.

Such were the inhabitants of the country when the enterprising mariners of Phœnicia began planting colonies on the coast. They found the country fair and inviting, with fertile alluvial valleys; sheep with the finest of wool, and a soil rich with minerals, such as the quicksilver of Almaden, the silver and gold, the copper and tin from which bronze was formed, and the corals, pearls, and precious stones, which made the Phœnician colonies rivals in wealth of Carthage herself. It is said that the Phœnicians gathered such enormous quantities of gold that their ships would have sunk had they tried to carry it all away.

Cadiz was the most important settlement made by the Phœnicians, who induced the natives to develop the mines, whose richness became famous, and soon led other nations, among them the Greeks, to send expeditions thither. The strangers were welcomed, and since their only purpose was to procure all the gain they could, they made no attempt to interfere with the government of the country. We owe to the crude alphabet brought by them the more reliable history that has come down to us from those remote times.

Naturally, it was trade which gave the great Phœnician city of Carthage a foothold in Spain. At that time Carthage had no armies, but after her defeat by Rome in the first of their tremendous wars, the grand project of forming Spain into a Carthaginian province was conceived by Hamilcar. He was surnamed *Barca* or *Barak*, or "lightning," and when very young was given command of the Carthaginian forces in Sicily (247 B.C.), at a time when the Romans had full possession of the island. He maintained a long and successful warfare against them, but the defeat of the Carthaginian fleet compelled him to withdraw from Sicily (241 B.C.), and he became commander of the Carthaginian army. It was about 236 B.C. that he entered upon the campaign whose aim was to found a new empire in Spain, from which, as a base, he might attack the Romans. He advanced westward, while the fleet under command of his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, cruised along the coast. Crossing the Strait of Gibraltar,



SPAIN AND HER ANCIENT KINGDOMS

Hamilcar attacked the natives, and steadily bored his way to the heart of the country. No force could be gathered to make a successful resistance, and he subdued many tribes and cities, and gathered such a stupendous amount of plunder that it interfered with the advance of his army. He spent nine years of conquest in Spain and then fell in battle.

Hamilcar, as you will recall, was the father of Hannibal, one of the greatest of all military leaders. You have not forgotten that the lad inherited from his father his hatred of Rome. In his later years, when in exile, he related the following anecdote: "When I was a little boy not more than nine years old, my father offered sacrifices to Jupiter the Best and Greatest, on his departure from Carthage as general in Spain. While he was conducting the sacrifice, he asked me if I would like to go to the camp with him. I said I would gladly and began to beg him not to hesitate to take me. He replied: 'I will do it if you will make the promise I demand.' He took me at once to the altar at which he had offered his sacrifice. He bade me take hold of it, having sent the others away, and bade me swear that I would never be at friendship with the Romans."

Hannibal, as we know, faithfully kept his youthful oath. After the death of his father, he was employed by Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law, in most of his military expeditions. He won the enthusiastic love of the soldiers by his heroism and noble character, and when Hasdrubal was assassinated, the army with one voice chose Hannibal their commander-in-chief, though he was only in his twenty-ninth year. Before entering upon his life work—that of fulfilling his pledge to his father—he spent two years in the conquest of Spain. Saguntum was a city in alliance with Rome, and Hannibal attacked it, on the ground that its inhabitants were making aggressions on some of the subjects of Carthage.

The story has been told of the fall of the city after a siege of eight months and after it had made a vain appeal to Rome for assistance. In capturing it, Hannibal violated the treaty made by his father, and in 218 B.C. brought on the second Punic War. The campaigns that followed were among the most remarkable in history, and brought to Hannibal a fame which places him among the foremost military geniuses of antiquity. After having maintained himself in Italy for upward of fifteen years, he was recalled to Africa to defend his country against Scipio, who defeated him with great loss, and peace was concluded in the following year (201 B.C.).

The capture of Saguntum by Hannibal seems to have drawn the serious attention of Rome for the first time to Spain. Its importance was seen, and the future empress of the world began to send armies thither. The Romans drove the Carthaginians from the Peninsula in 206 B.C., and made the country a

Roman province. The Romanizing of the country went on steadily for centuries, and to this fact Spain owes the basis of her language, and many of her customs, traits, and peculiarities.

Not until 25 B. C., however, did the Cantabri and Astures, in the extreme north, lay down their arms to the Roman conquerors, one of whom was the illustrious Julius Cæsar. The country having been finally reduced to subjection, was divided into the three provinces of Tarraconensis, which embraced the northern and eastern provinces; Baetica (Andalusia), and Lusitania, which included Portugal and certain of the western provinces. This division of Spain lasted down to the reign of Constantine the Great (306-337), and until his death her condition was highly prosperous.

The Roman occupation was of great advantage in every respect to the Spaniards. They were forced to cease their wasteful intestine wars, and to give their energies to industrial pursuits. They adopted the laws, language, and customs of their conquerors, and the population increased rapidly. In numerous parts of the country Roman towns sprang up, while many aqueducts, bridges, amphitheatres, and buildings were erected, whose ruins are the wonder of modern tourists.

For three hundred years Spain was the richest province of the Roman Empire. It was for a long time the granary of Rome, and gold and silver flowed thence like a river into the coffers of the imperial city. According to Gibbon, twenty thousand pound-weight of gold was annually received from the provinces of Austria (Asturias), Gallicia, and Lusitania.

Spain was withdrawn from military history for four hundred happy years, and then the shaggy warriors from the German forests came rushing down upon Southern Europe. These Goths did not have to occupy France long to discover the riches of neighboring Spain, and nothing was more certain or natural than that they should move forward to occupy it. Rome could do nothing, for she herself was besieged by Alaric, and purchased her ransom by paying two and a half tons of gold, fifteen tons of silver, and valuable silks and cloths in profusion. Then Alaric died most opportunely for the Romans, who began negotiating with Ataulfus, the brother-in-law and successor of Alaric. These negotiations recognized the mastery of the Goths in Southern France and in Spain, which were presented to them as a gift, the Goths having no objection to becoming nominal subjects of the Empire on the single condition of military service. Indeed, it may be said of these Goths and Romans that they mutually conquered each other, for, though the barbarians were wild and savage, and able to beat down the others in battle, they began to learn the wisdom of employing their minds and bodies in more useful pursuits than fighting and hunting.



THE IBERIANS DRIVEN UNDER THE ROMAN YOKE

Before Ataulfus could occupy his new empire, he had to drive out the Sueves and Vandals, who were devastating it, but he and his lusty followers completed the work, and in Narbonne he established himself with a Roman bride. She was Placidia, sister of the Roman Emperor Honorius, and was among the captives taken in the siege of Rome. Ataulfus fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. The tawny chieftain had already captured the heart of the Roman maiden, and she consented. The Emperor held this mighty warrior for the time in awe, and to win his friendship approved the marriage. Ataulfus was anxious to retain the good-will of the Emperor, and, therefore, devoted his energies to warring upon the Vandals and Sueves, who were the enemies of both.

There was a Roman who had also wished to marry Placidia, and he persuaded the Emperor Honorius to attack the Goths. They were driven out of Gaul, and retreated into the Spanish country. Ataulfus withdrew to Barcelona, where he established his court and made the city the capital of his kingdom, to which he gave the name of Hispana-Gothia. Still anxious to conciliate the Emperor, he strove to introduce among his people the manners and civilization of the Romans, thereby offending his own followers, who thought his course weak and womanly.

You can understand that Ataulfus did not hold the most enviable situation in the world, and he must have had a hard time of it; for it was all important for him to keep the good-will of his turbulent warriors and to retain the regard of his high-spirited wife. He succeeded in the latter, but not in the former. Six bright, affectionate children were born to the couple, and received careful training, but the soldiers and officers were soured at sight of their leader becoming Romanized. They were angry when ordered to fight beside the Romans, whom they hated, and this made the trouble still greater.

One day, while the King and his family were watching the evolutions of his cavalry in the court yard of his palace at Barcelona, a dwarf stole up behind Ataulfus and drove a sword into his back. So intense was the resentment against the assassinated monarch, that the agonized Queen could find no one to avenge his murder. A relative, Sigeric, succeeded the dead King, and showed his anti-Roman ferocity by slaying the six children of Ataulfus, and compelling his widow to walk barefoot through the streets of the city. Such fiendish cruelty turned the anger of the people against Sigeric, who, a few days later, also fell by the dagger of an assassin.

The Goths were more fortunate in selecting Wallia as their next king, for, though he detested the Romans as much as his predecessor, he was tactful. He pleased his own people by sending an expedition against the Roman possessions in Africa. His fleet, however, was baffled by a tempest and his soldiers

scattered. Before he could bring them together, a Roman army advanced against him, and he found himself in imminent danger.

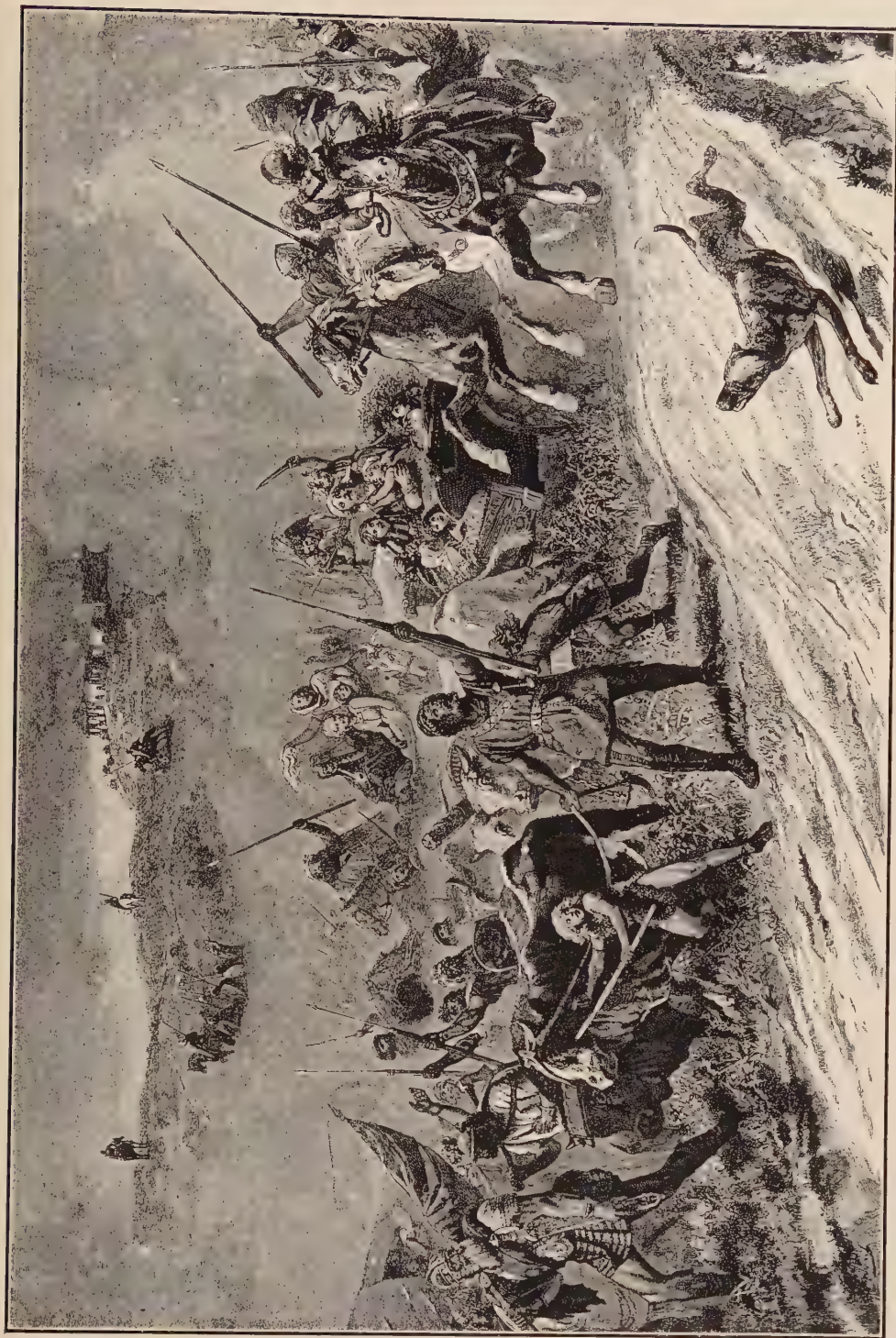
A singular solution of the difficulty resulted. Constantius, the commander of the Roman army, was the admirer of Placidia, who had been won away from him by Ataulfus. Constantius had been told by the Emperor that he might wed her if she would agree, and the general, therefore, came rather to woo than to war. As soon as the two armies encamped within sight of each other, Constantius sent a proposal to Wallia that they should make peace, the condition being that the Gothic leader should surrender Placidia, widow of the dead chieftain.

You may be sure that Wallia was glad enough to do this, and he proved his wisdom by winning the ardent support of his followers in the step. He led them against the barbarians of the north, who had dared to occupy a country that the Goths claimed as their own. The campaign was successful, and the Vandals were compelled to withdraw into Gallicia, while the Sueves saved themselves by claiming the protection of Rome. The grateful Emperor gave the lands in Southern Gaul, from Toulouse to the sea, to Wallia, who made the city his capital, and lived there until his death, a few years later.

The successor of Wallia was Theodoric I. (418-451), son of the great Alaric, who lost his life in the bloody struggle against Attila at Chalons, leaving his throne to his son, Thorismund (451-452), who was assassinated by his brother, Theodoric II. (452-466), and he, after reigning a number of years, fell by the hand of an assassin, who was also a brother, named Euric (466-483). What a condition of affairs, when two rulers obtained their power by each assassinating a brother!

Yet the reign of Euric was brilliant and successful. He greatly extended the power of the Visigoths both in France and Spain, introduced the arts of civilization among his subjects, and drew up a wise code of laws for the government of his people. It will be seen that the Goths had made great advancement in civilization. Euric doubtless considered himself the equal in all respects of the Roman Emperor. The language of the kingdom was Latin, but corrupted by the tongues of the earlier tribes, to which confusion the Goths added by a mixture of their own words, though their books were written in Latin. The government had the form of an absolute monarchy, though the prelates of the church possessed so much influence that it was really a theocracy. Since there was no royalty or nobility of descent, every chieftain considered himself as good as the King, for there was always the possibility of his becoming one.

While it would take too much space to give the particulars of the rule of all the different Gothic kings, we must dwell for a brief time upon the career of Roderick, who, through various difficulties, became ruler of all Spain in the



THE GOTHIS DESCENDING INTO SPAIN

year 709. This was a century after the amazing success of the Arab Mahomet, who had set in motion that wave of conquest, in which the Mahometan hosts declared their purpose of conquering the world, and soon swept over Northern Africa and Western Asia.

Roderick was fiercely threatened by rivals for the throne, who were favored by the Church under the Bishop of Toledo. Count Julian, one of the foes of the King, held a virtually independent command in Africa, where the Goths had the posts of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, of Tangier, and of Arsilla. Julian had defeated Musa, the Saracen leader, who to his astonishment one day received a visit from the victor, with an offer to surrender all the Gothic posts, on condition that Musa would use the Saracen army to aid the enemies of Roderick.

Musa was so impressed by the magnitude of the treason that he sent the Count to the Caliph in Arabia. The Caliph was highly pleased, and directed Count Julian to return to Musa with his approval. To test his sincerity, Musa sent a number of his troops to the northern shore, where under their leader, Tarik, they were allowed to plunder as they chose without molestation.

The glowing reports brought back by these visitors led Musa to send Tarik once more with a larger force. The name of this leader is perpetuated in the name given the town where he landed, Tarifa. Indeed, he has supplied all modern governments with a word by which he is likely to be forever remembered. Our "tariff" comes from the duties collected by the Mahometans at Tarifa on all goods entering Spain. Gibraltar is also "Gebel-al-Tarik," the Mountain of Tarik.

Despite the treason of his officers—and history contains few instances of equal perfidy—Roderick prepared to make the best resistance he could against the invaders. He hastened against them with a force so numerous that the Moors of Tarik were terrified. They were only some twelve thousand in all, and it was said the Goths numbered ninety thousand.

This battle of Xeres, fought on the plains of that name, near Cadiz, more than a thousand years ago, ranks among the decisive struggles in the world's history, for its results were of momentous importance. The disparity of numbers by no means indicates the true relative strength of the armies; for many of the Goths had no defensive armor, and their weapons consisted of short scythes, clubs, axes, slings, bows, and lances. Worse than all, was the disaffection among a large number of the officers and troops. Some who dared not act openly, merely waited to see which way the battle promised to go, with the purpose of joining the successful side, so as to claim a part of the reward. The army itself was too large to be handled well, and there was no commander equal to the task. In the height of his great career Napoleon Bonaparte ex-

pressed the doubt that there were two generals in France capable of effectively handling a hundred thousand men.

Exactly the opposite state of affairs existed in the Moslem army, which was compact, ardent, well armed, highly disciplined and fanatical in its heroism. Tarik, their commander, was idolized, for, as his own Caliph declared, he was one of the best swords in Islam. It is said the battle lasted eight days, but probably several were spent in preliminary skirmishing, and the severe fighting lasted but a day.

The struggle opened at dawn on Sunday, July 19, 711, and for the first day or two inclined to the side of the Goths. One inspiring cause that nerved the Saracens was the fact impressed upon them by Tarik, that he had burned their ships, and they must win a victory or be utterly destroyed; for the Goths were in front and the sea was behind them. All that mortal men could do they were certain to do. They hurled themselves upon the ranks of the Christians with irresistible fury. Tarik himself singled out a knight clothed in brilliant armor, and, believing him to be Roderick, fought a way through the defenders, and slew him with his own hand. The Moslem soldiers were fired to enthusiasm by the deed, which, in the Gothic ranks, caused dismay, confusion, and panic. At this critical moment a strong body of Roderick's foes is said to have drawn off and joined the Moslem troops. Be that as it may, the Gothic army was utterly routed and fled in wild, headlong confusion, with the Moors in merciless pursuit, cutting down and slaying the terrified fugitives, until no more food remained to the dripping swords. The losses on both sides were frightful, but that of the Goths must have been more than double—perhaps three or four times as great—as that of their conquerors.

It was never known what became of Roderick. By some it is said he was indeed slain on the field, though his body was never found. Another legend is that he was swept along with the frantic army, and that, exhausted from his wounds and exertions, and oppressed by his ponderous armor, he reached the marshes of the River Guadalete, where he was either slain by his pursuers or drowned. His riderless steed was found, and near the spot a royal crown, a purple mantle, and a sandal embroidered with pearls and emeralds.

The end of it all was that Spain was delivered helpless and bound to the Moslem invaders, and the whole current of her history abruptly changed.





THE FIRST BAPTISM AMONG THE GOTH'S IN SPAIN



THE SCHOOLS OF CORDOVA

Chapter CXXXII

SPAIN UNDER THE MOORS



THIS was the message that Musa, the Governor of Africa, sent to the Caliph Welid at Damascus: "O Commander of the Faithful, these are not common conquests; they are like the meeting of the nations on the Day of Judgment."

And the solemn ecstasy of the Mussulman leader was natural, for he and all his people stood almost breathless at sight of the completeness of their triumph. It was Tarik who had won the astounding victory, but Musa, his superior, was moved by a base jealousy to go to treacherous lengths to rob him of the glory and claim it for himself. He succeeded partially for a time, but Tarik, the idol of his soldiers and one of the most daring and chivalrous of military leaders, was beloved by his Caliph, who had learned of his wonderful achievements, and he saw that full justice was done the hero. Musa himself was punished with such ferocious cruelty that with all his meannesses one cannot help pitying the old man who deserved better treatment from the country he had faithfully served.

Although the mortal blow had been struck against Spain, a good deal of work still remained to be done by the conquering invaders. Tarik was the one to follow up his success without a day's unnecessary delay, although in doing so he had to violate the express orders of Musa, which bade him remain on the defensive and await his superior's arrival. Tarik separated his forces into three divisions, and advancing over the Peninsula met little trouble in reducing

city after city. One of his officers was despatched with seven hundred horse to seize Cordova. A rattling hailstorm and the dense darkness allowed them to approach a weak spot in the walls undetected. They rushed through, and the city was speedily left with no choice but to surrender. It was placed in charge of the Jews, who were staunch friends of the Moslems, because the latter did not persecute them as the Goths did.

Aided by the Jews, and by the panic which clung to the Spaniards, the Moslems subdued them in every quarter. Malaga surrendered, and Elvira, near the present site of Granada, was stormed and taken. Theodemir made a valiant defence in the mountain passes of Murcia, but was rash enough to fight a battle on the open plain, with the result that his army was annihilated. Theodemir escaped with a single attendant to the city of Orihuela, which he saved through a trick, which has become dear to story tellers.

Hardly any men were left to garrison Orihuela, most of them having fallen in the field, so Theodemir made all the women put on male attire, draw their hair under their chins, to imitate beards, wear helmets, and carry long rods that looked like spears. Then they were lined up along the ramparts, and, in the dusk of early evening, the Moslem general did not dream that they were not what they pretended to be. He saw that a desperate fight was inevitable, with doubtful results, and was gladdened, therefore, at sight of a knight with a flag of truce issuing from the gates, for the purpose of negotiating the surrender of the city.

The general, who was a son of Musa, and a brilliant leader, was prepared to listen to a demand for liberal terms, and he heard it. The knight impressed upon him the fact that the city could defend itself for a long time, but his master was anxious to spare the lives of his soldiers, and knew the magnanimity of the Moslem commander. He demanded, therefore, that the inhabitants should be allowed to retain their property and become peaceful tributaries to the Moors. Upon this condition they would surrender without striking a blow; otherwise the garrison would fight to the last man.

Abdulaziz expressed his willingness to grant the terms, and suggested to the messenger that he should return and lay them before Theodemir. "That is unnecessary," replied the Goth, "for I have full authority to conclude the matter and sign the treaty." Accordingly the terms of the capitulation were immediately drawn up and signed by the Moslem general, who handed the pen to the other for him to attach his signature. He did so with a bold sweep of his arm, and the name he wrote, lo! it was "Theodemir."

Abdulaziz was astonished to find he had been treating with the famous Gothic commander himself, but he complimented his adversary on his cleverness, and thanked him for the confidence shown in his generosity. The reader



TARIK LAYING HIS CONQUESTS AT THE FEET OF MUSA

may be interested in the words of this remarkable document, which, yellow with the mould of twelve centuries, is preserved in the *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escorialensis* of Casiri. It was drawn up in Latin and Arabic, and the translation reads:

“In the name of God, clement and merciful: condition of Abdulaziz, son of Musa, son of Nosseyr, to Theodemir, son of the Goths [Tadmir Ibn Gobdos]: Peace is ordained, and this shall be for him a stipulation and a pact of God and of his Prophet, to wit: That war will not be waged against him or his people; that he shall not be dispossessed of, or removed from, his kingdom; that the Faithful shall not slay, nor subjugate, nor separate from the Christians their wives or their children, nor do them violence in what pertains to their law [religion]; that their temples shall not be burned;—with no further obligation on their part than those herein stipulated. It is understood that Theodemir will exercise his authority peacefully in the seven following cities, —Orihuela, Valencia, Alicante, Mula, Biscaret, Aspis, and Lorca; that he will take nothing belonging to us, and will neither aid nor give asylum to our enemies, nor will conceal their projects from us; that he and his nobles will pay a dinar or gold-piece per head yearly; also four measures of wheat, four of barley, four of must, four of vinegar, four of honey, and four of oil. Vassals and people liable to tax will pay the half. Agreed to on the fourth of the moon Regeb, in the ninety-fourth year of the Hegira [April, 713]. The present writing is signed by Otman Ibn Abdah, Habib Ibn Abi Obeida, Idris Ibn Maicera, and Abul-Kasim el Moseli.”

Early the next morning the gates of Orihuela were thrown open and a force of Moslems rode in to take formal possession. When Abdulaziz looked around and saw only a few men, he asked Theodemir what had become of all whom he had seen upon the ramparts. Theodemir then smiled and explained the joke he had played upon the Moslem.

Abdulaziz was a man who could appreciate a jest of that nature, and he laughed heartily and praised Theodemir for his quick wit. He honorably kept the letter and spirit of the agreement he had made, and, while he remained in Orihuela, he was treated as a guest and not as an enemy. Sad to say, the Caliph of Damascus in his resentment against Musa, who had used Tarik so ill, caused this generous son of Musa to be beheaded.

Neither the people nor the city suffered any injury at the hands of the Moslems, who soon left the province to occupy the other cities in southern Spain. Murcia and its seven cities, because of the friendship of the two commanders, were treated with leniency and were garrisoned with only small parties, who, in every instance, obeyed the orders of Abdulaziz to act generously toward the conquered. The Moorish general made Theodemir governor of the

province of Murcia, which was afterwards called in Arabic "Theodemir's land." It may be added that the Moors set an excellent example to the Christians in their chivalrous treatment of their enemies. Centuries later, the victorious Spaniards addressed them as "Knights of Granada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors."

Tarik had pushed on to Toledo, the Gothic capital, in quest of the nobles, but when the city was delivered into his hands by the Jews, he found his foes had fled into the mountains of the Asturias. Count Julian and other traitors remained, and were rewarded with governmental posts, but the others had abandoned Spain to the Moors, and it became part of the immense empire of the Arab Caliphs, whose court at Damascus governed a country stretching from the mountains of India to the pillars of Hercules. All that remained to be done for the pacification of Spain was accomplished by Musa, who crossed the Straits in the summer of 712, with eighteen thousand men, reduced Carmona, Seville, and Merida, and at Toledo met Tarik. He showed his insane jealousy of Tarik by striking him in the face with his whip, when that victorious general begged his pardon for having disobeyed his orders, and by removing him from command, but as soon as the news reached the Caliph Welid, he summoned Musa to Damascus and restored Tarik to the leadership in Spain.

You do not need to be reminded of the dream of the followers of Mahomet, who aimed to overrun all Europe and bring it under the green banner of the Prophet. Musa had revelled in the vision, but his recall ended that. In 719, however, an Arab leader occupied the southern part of Gaul and raided into Burgundy and Aquitania. In 721, the Saracens were defeated by Eudes, Duke of Aquitania, in front of Toulouse, but the repulse only changed the course of the devastating wave to the westward. The invaders seized Avignon in 730 and desolated the neighboring districts. Then the new governor of Narbonne, Abderahman, planned to conquer all Gaul. He checked Eudes, who had tried to carry the war into the enemy's country, captured the Aquitanian's fair daughter Lampagie, and sent her as a prize to Damascus. He now invaded Aquitaine, defeated Eudes, captured Bordeaux, and, in 732, advanced in triumph toward Tours.

Between that city and Poitiers Abderahman met Charles Martel, the "Hammer," who fought with him one of the decisive battles of the world, for upon its issue depended the question whether Europe was to be Christian or Mahometan. The conflict was a stupendous one, but the Moslems were overthrown and driven from the field in irrestrainable panic. Long after, the scene of the battle was known as the "Pavement of the Martyrs," and never again did the Moors, through all the centuries they held sway in the south, attempt to invade France.

But France had learned to respect the heroism and prowess of her swarthy



THE PRINCESS LAMPAGIE BROUGHT BEFORE ABDEHMAN

neighbors and, though her troops indulged in occasional forays, there was little effort to subjugate the Moors. You have learned elsewhere of the attempt of Charlemagne in 777 to stamp out the Moslem power on the other side of the Pyrenees, and of his disastrous failure. The rear of his army was destroyed in the Pass of Roncesvalles, by the treacherous Basques, aided by the Saracens. It was on that dreadful day that Roland, the Paladin, commander of the frontier of Brittany, fell, and his sad fate has been commemorated many times since in song and story.

The triumph of Charles Martel having ended all possibility of the Saracen conquest of Europe, the Moors gave their attention to the work of consolidating the kingdom they had won. For nearly three hundred years after the ill-starred invasion of Charlemagne they were hardly disturbed in their possession of the country. While some of the Goths in the mountainous districts of the north refused to yield, and now and then regained small portions of their dominion, there was no real interference with the domination of the Moors until the eleventh century. They did not think the conquest of the northern districts worth the cost. They, therefore, left Galicia, Leon, Castile and the Biscayan provinces to the Christians, and were content with the possession of the better part of the country.

Thus it came about that Spain presented a peculiarity never seen before or since: she was the home of two distinct races and civilizations, which for centuries flourished side by side. It was Christian in the north and Moslem in the south. Although opposed by blood and religion, the two peoples not only lived in comparative harmony, but in numberless instances displayed friendship and mutual regard.

The reader should study the map and make careful note of the boundaries of these two extraordinary kingdoms. In a general way, the dividing line may be taken as the Sierra de Guadarrama mountains, which extend northeasterly from Coimbra, in Portugal, to Saragossa, from which point the Ebro can be accepted as the boundary. This division gave to the Moors the rich valleys of the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir, in addition to the famous cities of Andalusia, with their soft climate, occasionally plagued by the hot winds from Africa, but well watered and capable of high cultivation, while the north was bleak, sometimes intensely cold, deluged with rains, and having few natural advantages other than good pasturage. These two divisions were separated by a large plateau, belonging chiefly to the Moors, who left it to the care of the descendants of the Berber tribes that first came to the country with Tarik. Two-thirds of the Peninsula belonged to the invaders, and was by them called "Andalus," though the more familiar form of the name is Andalusia.

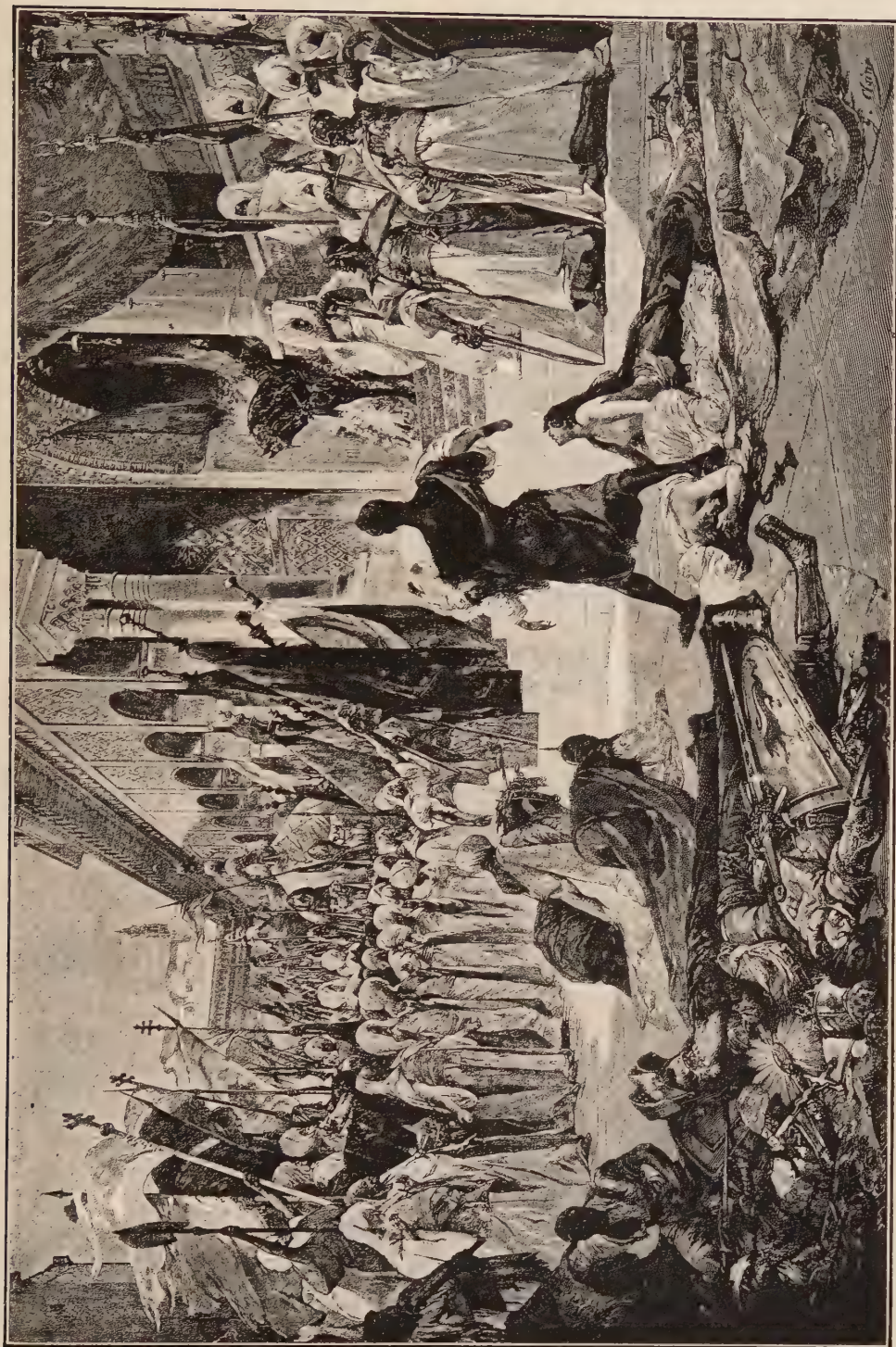
It was there that these people founded the remarkable kingdom of Cordova,

which was the wonder of the Middle Ages. While all the rest of Europe was sunk in the darkness of anarchy and ignorance, Cordova held aloft the beacon light of learning and civilization. Her rulers were wise, mild and just. Indeed, one of the unsolvable problems is where those people got their ability for administration, since they came from the flaming deserts of Arabia, and never had the opportunity to acquire the difficult art in which, however, they showed themselves to be past masters. The Goths were always unable to rule to the satisfaction of their subjects, but Spain in all her history was never so contented, happy, and prosperous as under the Moors. The so-called religion of the Christians had made little impression upon the native Iberians. The one thing they yearned for was the privilege of living in security and peace, and that boon was given to them for the first time by those of another race, who were fanatical believers in a wholly different religion.

The people were allowed to keep their own laws and judges, to collect the taxes and to adjust all differences among themselves. The citizen classes were required to pay only a moderate poll tax, instead of all the State expenditure; and they paid no other taxes unless they held cultivable land, while the poll tax was graduated according to the rank of the payer. Being, however, a tax upon what was termed heresy, it was levied only upon the Christians and Jews, while all, including Moslems, had to share in the land tax. In most cases there was no disturbance of the property of cities, or of the farming class. While the lands of the Church and of those who had fled were confiscated, the serfs were allowed to cultivate them undisturbed, or were required to pay only a small portion to their new masters. In short, with the exception of the poll tax, the Christians did not suffer any more exactions than the Moslems. Moreover, they were permitted to sell their lands, which right they never possessed under their Gothic rulers.

As regarded religion, they were not disturbed. Indeed, the poll tax assumed such big proportions that the frugal Arab preferred that no attempts should be made to turn the Goths from the error of their ways. Like many since, they decided not to let religion interfere with business, and it is not to be wondered at that the Christians of lower rank openly declared their preference for the rule of the Moors over that of the Goths.

The Mahometan rulers, however, were by no means at peace among themselves. It must not be supposed that the Arabs were a closely united people, even though all professed the faith of Islam. Bitter jealousies and enmities prevailed among many of the tribes. It was the militant character of Islamism that made it permanent and extended its boundaries so as to include millions of people. Nor must it be imagined that the Mahometans fought only to advance their faith; the hope of "loot" and booty was as potent to them as to



THE SPOILS FROM THE CAPTURE OF LEON BROUGHT BEFORE ALMANZOR

professing Christian nations, though their fanatical devotion to the cause of God and his Prophet cannot be denied.

So long as these turbulent warriors could be kept fighting, it was easy to hold them together, but Spain being conquered and themselves in quiet possession, the old jealousies and quarrels reappeared. For about six hundred years most of the immense Mahometan Empire was under the nominal authority of a central ruler, known as a Caliph, which title means a "successor." This Caliph appointed the governors of all the provinces and removed them when he chose. So vast an empire, however, could not long be held together by a central point, and the power of the Caliphs steadily diminished, while the local governors, including the "Emir of Andalus," virtually became independent, though still professing loyalty to the Caliph.

In a furious contest between rival Caliphs of the houses of the Abbasides and the Omeyyads, all of the latter, except two, were treacherously slain. One of these succeeded in reaching a remote part of Arabia, where he and his descendants ruled for many years. The other, who bore the common name of Abderahman, left Damascus with horses and money, and by rapid flight over almost unknown paths, joined a band of Bedouins, who received him hospitably. He remained a long time with them, often changing from one tribe to another through fear of his pursuers. He wandered through Egypt to Barca, where the governor, an ardent Abbaside, heard of his presence and sent out agents to arrest him. Escaping his enemies by the narrowest chance, he fled to the desert, where messengers came to him from Cordova with the offer of an independent crown, though they warned him at the same time of the great personal peril he would have to face. He promptly accepted the offer, and, accompanied by some seven hundred picked horsemen, all fully armed, set out for turbulent Spain.

The Abbaside Emir in control of the country at that time, who was named Yusuf, received the startling news while returning from Saragossa. He made all haste homeward, sending messengers in every direction to summon troops to the defence of the endangered country.

Abderahman was a strange compound. He was tall, athletic, brave, and of no mean mental ability. He had but one eye, lacked the sense of smell, and, while merciful and charitable when he chose to be, at other times was as remorseless as Satan himself. He landed on the southern coast of Spain early in 755, and was received with shouts of welcome, thousands flocking to his standard. The Abbaside ruler of the country made a brave resistance, but was defeated and driven into exile, while Abderahman, in less than a year, suppressed all opposition and declared himself independent of the Caliph of Damascus. Thus the Mahometan world was divided, and there reigned in Spain an independent Caliph of Cordova.

Firmly established, Abderahman set himself to work to improve the capital, and under him and his successors, Cordova grew into a splendid city. The Guadalquivir was narrowed, and the space gained from the waters turned into beautiful flower gardens. He transplanted the palm into the peninsula, cultivated the soil more highly than before, and made the country one of the most delightful and attractive in the world. But to do all this, he acted with a harshness that was appalling, murdering and massacring all who dared to raise a hand against his iron authority. If the people feared, they also detested him, and he died a gloomy and unhappy man. His rule of thirty-two years was upheld by the swords of mercenaries whose bloody support he purchased with gold, and he sank into his grave amid curses instead of regrets and blessings.

For nearly three hundred years Spain was governed by the descendants of the house of Omeyya, the first being the fugitive Abderahman, and the mightiest, the conqueror Almanzor. During that period, the sovereigns at Damascus were of the house of the Abbasides, who were kept so busily employed at home in suppressing disorder that they had no time to give to concerns in Spain. To the period named belonged the most brilliant portion of the Moorish occupancy of the country. The government resembled that of the eastern Caliphs, and the sovereign was called, like them, the "Commander of the Faithful."

The civilization of Moorish Spain became the wonder of Europe. Scholars flocked from all lands to the schools of Cordova. Science and the arts made rapid advancement. We are told that when the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, then the most gorgeous of Christian cities, sent an ambassador to Cordova, the envoy fainted at sight of the splendor that confronted him. Yet, as is so often unhappily the case, while the land increased in wealth and culture, it declined in virtue and military strength. Gradually it broke up into a number of semi-independent little kingdoms, offering an easy re-conquest to the advancing Christians.



THE RETURN FROM A MOORISH RAID



ABDERAHMAN, CALIPH OF CORDOVA, SUPERINTENDING HIS EXECUTIONERS



THE PALACE OF ALMANZOR AT TOLEDO

Chapter CXXXIII

RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN KINGDOMS

LET us turn now to the story of those Goths who fled from the fatal defeat of Roderick at Xeres. One party, as we have seen, secured peace under the crafty Theodemir, and became subjects of the Moors in Murcia.

Another band refused submission on any terms, and fled northward till they could go no farther and found themselves in the mountains of Asturias, the coast land bordering the Bay of Biscay. This heroic little troop, reduced at one time, according to legend, to only thirty men, sought refuge in the mountain caves. Their leader was Pelayo, who may or may not have been a descendant of the ancient kings of the Goths. He was certainly a valiant warrior, from whom the present royal family of Spain is proud to trace its descent.

While a Moorish army was hunting Pelayo and his men amid the mountain defiles, the fugitives suddenly hurled masses of rocks down upon their pursuers, and amid the confusion and death thus caused, charged boldly upon the entire army. The Moors were put to flight, and this battle of Covadonga (720) marks the turning point in the tide of conquest.

The Mahometans recognized that the subjugation of those wild mountains was impossible, or at least not worth the cost. No second serious attempt seems to have been made to disturb Pelayo, and he ruled over the wild precipices and wilder men of the north, a king, if you choose to call him so, though we do not know that he ever took the title. His subjects, all mingling to-

gether, Goths, Romans, Celts, native Iberians, and we know not what fragments of other races, became the ancestors of the modern Spaniards, the *hidalgos*, who pride themselves upon their blue and ardent blood.

On the immediate successors of Pelayo we need not dwell. They were sturdy fighters all. Gradually they ventured out of the Asturian mountains into the plains to southward. Alfonso I. extended his conquests to the capture of cities on the Douro River, so that the weight of his hand was felt over nearly a fourth of Spain. He did not, however, really rule this land, he only ravaged it, always returning to his region of refuge among the cliffs. It is from these early Spanish forays and fightings, *guerrillas* or little wars, as they called them, that we get our modern word for that cruel and barbaric system of surprise and licensed robbery, guerrilla warfare.

About the year 910, that is, after nearly two centuries of this wild mountain life, King Garcia, or his brother, Ordoño II., ventured to desert their highland capital of Oviedo and establish their court permanently at Leon, a city of the plains. Ordoño II. was buried there in 923, and from that time the Spanish state may be said to have assumed a permanent power and location. Its chiefs no longer depended on their caves for refuge, but met the Moors upon equal terms. Their possessions, named from their new capital, became the Kingdom of Leon.

At this time Castile was a waste borderland lying between the Christians and the Moors, and harried alternately by both; a land of castles, as its name suggests, strong places to which the inhabitants fled for refuge from the marauders. Aragon was still in possession of the Moors, Navarre was a wild, semi-independent mountain region, half Spanish and half French.

The earliest of the Castilian heroes is Fernan Gonsalez. He was the governor or Count of Castile from 932 to 970, and successfully asserted the independence of the borderland of castles against the claims of the King of Leon to be regarded as its overlord. At one time Fernan was overpowered and imprisoned. But he had won the love of the Princess Sancha of Navarre, and she helped him to escape, bribing his jailer and then guarding his flight with a troop of her wild Navarrese. She became Fernan's bride, and he made her both Countess and Queen of Castile, for he finally achieved the independence of his land. The city of Burgos was founded by his successor in 982 as the Castilian capital.

Doubtless Fernan was much helped by the victories of Almanzor, a warlike Moorish chieftain, who at this period rearoused the Moslem fanaticism and sought to urge his race to the complete reconquest of northern Spain. Almanzor repeatedly defeated the kings of Leon, and finally stormed their capital and put all its population to the sword. Once more the Christians seemed on the

point of being driven to take refuge in the mountains. Fortunately for them, Almanzor died. Maybe Fernan Gonsalez defeated him first; maybe the King of Leon did; more probably they did not. The earlier Christian chroniclers merely tell us that at last God took pity on their great miseries, that a demon carried off Almanzor, that he died "and was buried in hell." The slow advance of the Christian kingdoms recommenced.

From all these centuries of battle Spanish romance has fastened upon two heroes as specially its own. They are Bernardo del Carpio and the Cid. Modern critics have insisted that history shall abandon Bernardo altogether. Romance makes him the chief hero of the Spanish resistance to Charlemagne's inroad, which seems, by the way, to have been directed quite as much against Christians as against Moors. Bernardo is represented as the Spanish leader at the victory of Roncesvalles. He slays most of Charlemagne's paladins, and finally, finding Roland's armor invincible to sword-blow, takes the Frankish champion in his arms and strangles him to death.

The Cid, on the other hand, is a positive historic figure, who lived toward the end of the eleventh century. It is not our province to separate carefully the real from the fanciful in his career. He was one of the leading nobles of Castile, and when, in 1072, his sovereign was assassinated, the Cid consented with his peers, though most unwillingly, to acknowledge the next heir as their king.

This heir was Alfonso VI., King of Leon, and thus the two kingdoms were once more united, though by this time Castile had grown to be the greater and more important of the two. Castile's first hero, Fernan Gonsalez, had separated the kingdoms; the Cid, her most celebrated hero, saw them reunited.

The Cid's real name was Rodrigo Diaz, the title by which he is generally known, *El Cid Campeador*, meaning merely the Signor, or Lord Champion. Before Rodrigo would submit to his new King, Alfonso, he insisted on that monarch's making oath that he had taken no part in the assassination of the previous King. Naturally the ceremony did not please Alfonso, and he and the Cid were never friends. Indeed, the Cid soon found himself a banished man, and went forth on his good steed Bavioca to carve a kingdom for himself from troublous Spain. We find him warring now in one service, now in another, lending his mighty sword, if truth must be told, to Moors as well as Christians.

At length he gathered such strength and wealth and so many followers that he set up as a king on his own account in eastern Spain, and, in 1094, he undertook the most gigantic enterprise of his fierce career. Next to Cordova, the most powerful city of the Moors was Valencia, on the eastern coast. The Cid besieged Valencia and captured it after a desperate resistance. He wanted it

for his capital city; but unfortunately the Moors also recognized its value. Again and again they endeavored to retake it; each time the Cid repulsed them. Finally, in 1099, he died, and the Moors coming again to assault Valencia, we are told that his followers placed his dead body on horseback and rode out behind it. The mere sight of the Cid was enough, and once more his enemies fled. This method of defence seems, however, to have had no permanent value, for a year or so later Valencia was easily retaken by the Moors.

In the mean time the Cid's despised sovereign, Alfonso VI., had made a conquest of more permanent effect. In 1095 he recovered from the Moors the city of Toledo, which had been the ancient capital of Gothic Spain. We may, therefore, fairly consider this period to indicate that the balance of power in the Peninsula was at last inclining to the Christian side. Indeed, Alfonso is said to have marched his forces right through to the southern coast and stood in mailclad might upon the shores of Gibraltar's strait.

The coming of new hordes of Mahometans into Spain saved their dominion from extinction. Alfonso was defeated, Valencia recaptured. The newcomers, however, were not civilized like the Spanish Moors; they were barbarians, and the opulent magnificence of Andalusia declined as their power increased. In the course of a half-century these wild Africans drew all the Moorish power into their own hands, and reinforced by armies of their African kinsmen, started out once more to conquer Spain and Europe.

A crusade was preached against them. Warriors from all over Europe hurried to Toledo, where Alfonso IX., King of Castile and Leon, held his court. The crusaders met the foe in a great battle on the borders of the southern mountain land in the region called the Navas (fields) de Tolosa, July 16, 1212. The result was long doubtful, but in the end the Mahometans fled, and their power in the West was broken forever.

The Moors were not, however, immediately driven from Spain. Alfonso IX., well content with having repelled the great African invasion, disbanded his costly army of crusaders and went back to his capital. He died soon after and left it to his grandson, Fernando III. (Saint Fernando) to reap the fruits of his victory. Fernando captured the ancient Moorish capital of Cordova in 1235, and soon after, by adding Seville to his dominions, extended them to the southern ocean.

At this period, then, there were five kingdoms in Spain. Castile and Leon was the central and most powerful one, its bounds touching the coast line on the north, west, and south. But the Moorish kingdom of Granada still lay in the extreme south, Portugal was in the extreme west, and Navarre among the northern mountains, while all eastern Spain had been gathered into the kingdom of Aragon, second only to Castile in power and importance.



KING JAMES THE CONQUEROR SETTING OUT FOR THE BALEARIC ISLES

Aragon had grown slowly with the centuries. Its independence of Castile and Leon had been positively established in 1096, when its King, Pedro I., aided by the Cid, won the battle of Alcoraz against both Moors and Castilians. The Aragonese King, Alfonso the Battler (1104–1134), wellnigh conquered all Spain, but the Moors slew him in battle, and his power disappeared with his death. Pedro II. lent a generous and most efficient help to Castile in the great battle of Tolosa; and then came his son, James, called the Conqueror, who made Aragon permanently an important state, one of the powers of Europe. The first exploit of James the Conqueror was the conquest of the Balearic Isles from the Moors, in 1228. To win these he had to build a fleet, and for the first time Spain disputed the Mahometans' sovereignty of the Mediterranean and its islands. James then conquered the great city of Valencia, which had been the glory and death of the Cid. The new conqueror, however, wisely retained his own seat of government, the safer inland capital of Saragossa.

Pedro III., son and successor of James, interfered in the quarrels of Italy and became King of Sicily. This drew him into a quarrel with France, and a powerful French army invaded his country. The heroic defence of one city after another wore out the invaders. They died in great numbers, and Pedro drove the exhausted remnant back through the Pyrenees into their own country. His ships, under his great admiral, Roger de Lauria, twice defeated and shattered all the naval force of France. Thus Aragon was fairly established as a naval power, a kingdom of islands, stretching from Spain to Italy, the equal and rival of France and of Castile.

Of Alfonso X. of Castile (1252–1284), Alfonso the Wise, we need hardly speak, except to remind you that he was elected Emperor of Germany during the Great Interregnum there. He was a learned busybody, feebly intruding himself everywhere, and accomplishing nothing, with the best of intentions. He was, however, a really noteworthy scholar, the earliest to appear among the kings of Europe.

Pedro of Castile (1350–1369), the Cruel, is only memorable as the miserable and bloody tyrant who called the English Black Prince into Spain to save him from his infuriated subjects. The French also entered the Peninsula, upholding the cause of Pedro's rival and brother, Henry; and the land was a prey to horrors of every kind. The Black Prince defeated the French in a great battle at Navarrete, and restored Pedro to power; but the knave cheated him out of his pay, starved the English army, and let the Prince wander back to Bordeaux, a prey to the disease from which he died. The rebels under Henry took heart once more. Pedro was besieged in a small castle and, seeking escape, met Henry in a personal and undignified squabble. Each stabbed at the other

with a dagger, and the cruel King was slain. Henry succeeded to the throne of the exhausted land as Henry II. (1369-1379).

These and similar dissensions had delayed the final expulsion of the Moors for over two centuries. At last Henry IV. (1454-1474), on coming to the throne of Castile, announced his intention of leading his subjects in a final crusade against the Mahometans. The warlike Castilians took up the project eagerly, but Henry proved to have neither the valor nor the wisdom necessary for a general. He led his armies year after year into the Moorish territories, but dared not risk a serious battle, contenting himself with establishing a strong camp, from which small parties were despatched to burn and plunder.

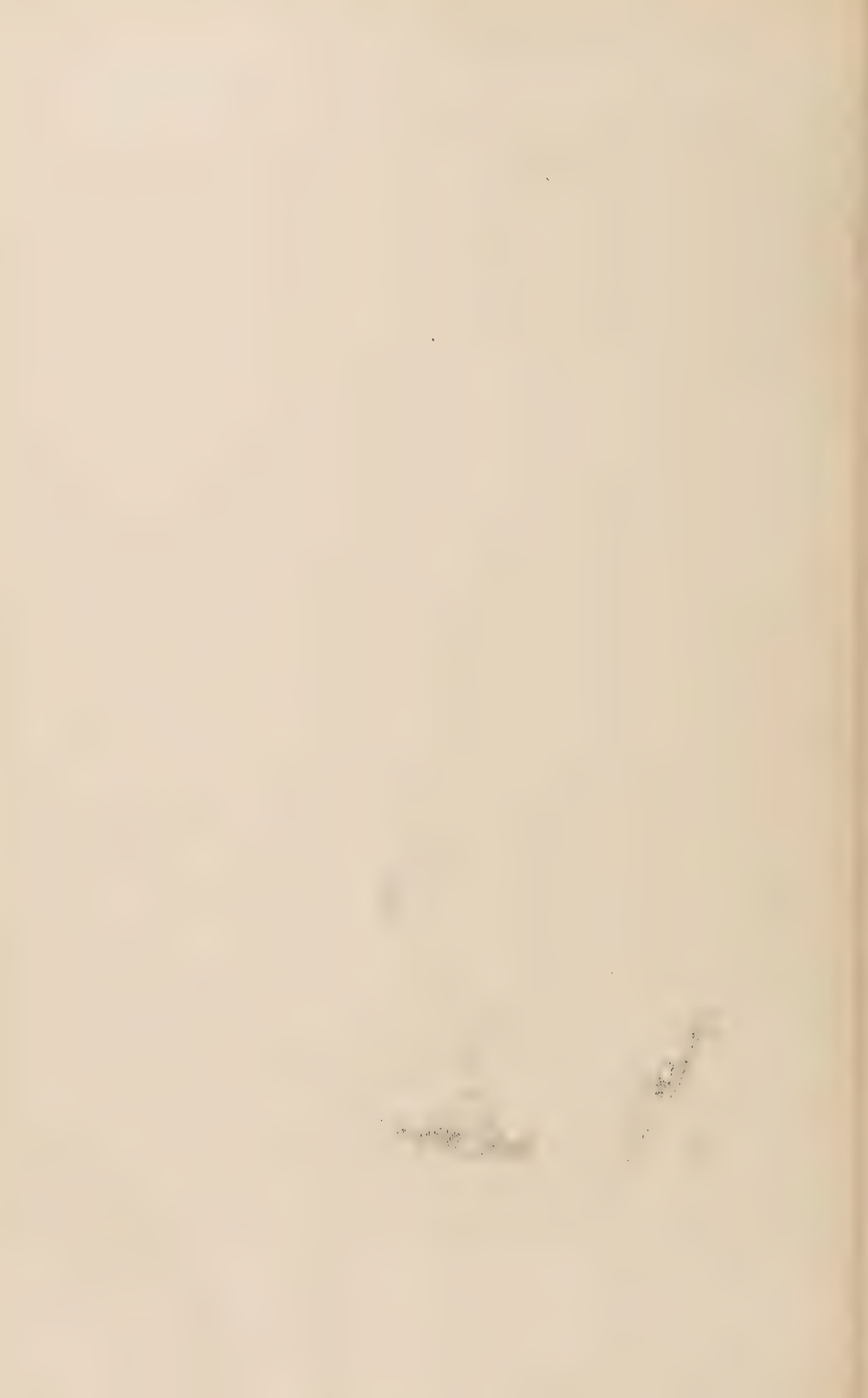
Henry's people finally became so disgusted that many rebelled against him and the nation thus returned to its favorite pastime of civil war. The insurgents set up a young half-brother of Henry as his rival, and the lad was so successful that he is sometimes included in Spain's list of kings, as Alfonso XI. He died suddenly, perhaps poisoned. The rebels besought his sister, Isabella, to take his place; and thus comes into our pages that fair young lady, the greatest and most striking figure in all Spain's story, the Queen to whom she owes both her greatness and her fall.



DEATH OF PEDRO THE CRUEL



PEDRO III. OF ARAGON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH





DEATH OF COLUMBUS

Chapter CXXXIV

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA



THE reign of Ferdinand and Isabella was made noteworthy by the three greatest events of Spanish history: first, the final conquest of the Moors, and the consequent expulsion of that able race from the Peninsula; second, the discovery of America, with its vast resulting increase of Spanish territory and wealth; third, the enforcement of the Inquisition and the establishment of a religious intolerance so severe as utterly to crush the intelligence of the people.

Personally, Isabella must have been among the noblest of women. She was deeply and thoughtfully religious. No faintest shade rests upon her moral character. She was shrewd and tactful, wise, far-sighted, and ready for all highest thoughts and enthusiasms. Perhaps she was a paragon of beauty as well; but one must not accept too blindly the profuse extravagance of adulation with which courtier chronicles portray the features of a young and powerful Queen.

In the very first act with which Isabella comes before our notice, she displayed both patriotism and wisdom. Being urged by the ablest and most honorable of the Castilians to head the rebellion against her feeble and wicked half-brother, Henry, she refused, and insisted that the factions should become reconciled. Her course endeared her to all parties except, indeed, the capricious King, who had no wish to see her more popular than himself.

Under Isabella's influence a peace was arranged by which Isabella was

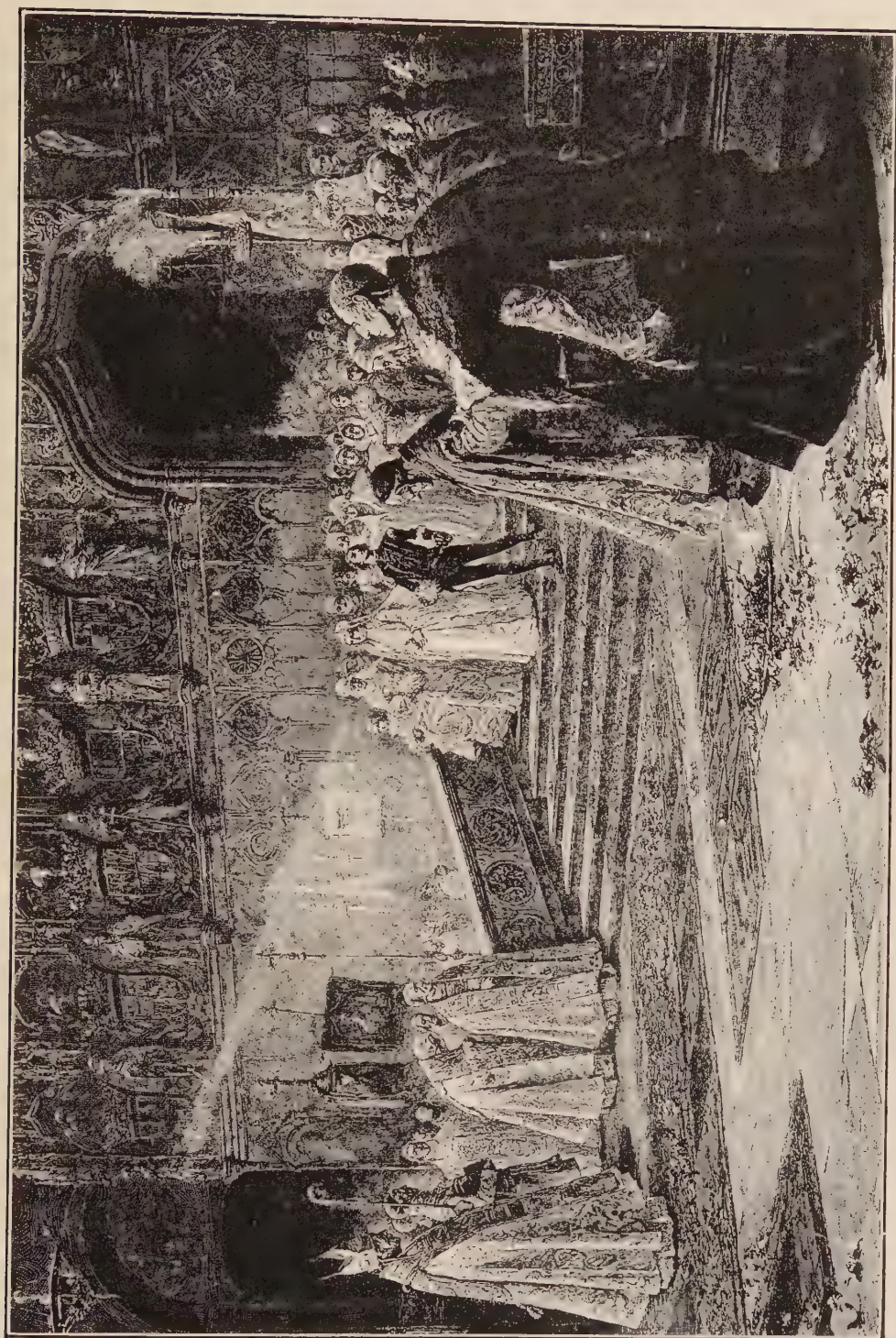
declared the heir to the feeble and fast aging King, with the right of selecting her own husband.

You may be sure that suitors without number hastened to compete for the hand of the charming heiress to so rich a kingdom. The brother of crafty old Louis XI. of France was a candidate, so was the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., the triumphant York King of England. The King of Portugal also came to woo, and managed to enlist the Spanish King so strongly in his favor, that Isabella found herself in much danger of being forced into the match. By this time, however, she had made her own choice of a partner, one far more suitable than either the treacherous English duke, the sickly French prince, or the widowed Portuguese King. Aragon had, as we have seen, grown to be a powerful state. Navarre had recently been added to the Aragonian dominion, and the kingdom—what with its navy and its Italian possessions—was almost, if not quite, the equal of its neighbor. The oldest son and heir of the kingdom of Aragon was Ferdinand, a youth of eighteen, who had naturally made his bid for Isabella among the rest. She caused inquiries to be made as to his character, and learned that he was handsome, manly, and clever. Just which of the three characteristics moved her most you must guess for yourself; she was only a year older than the young prince himself. At any rate, she sent Ferdinand word that if he wanted her he must come in haste and take her.

Indeed, it was high time. Her brother, King Henry, was party to a plot to carry her off secretly and marry her to whom he pleased. A few of her own partisans saved her by fleeing with her in hot haste to Valladolid before the conspirators arrived. Efforts were made to waylay Ferdinand upon the frontier, and he had to slip into the country in disguise and with insufficient money to pay his expenses. It was all very exciting and romantic, and Ferdinand won his way to his lady like a true knight-errant, and they were hastily married amid the shouting of the good people of Valladolid, for all the world loves lovers; and though this young pair had never before seen each other, still the efforts to keep them apart had doubtless made them lovers for all that.

King Henry did his best after that to deprive his sister of her inheritance; but he died only four years later (1474) of mingled age and depravity, and thus the young Queen and her husband succeeded to the throne of Castile and Leon.

The disappointed King of Portugal attempted to fight them for it; but Ferdinand, who had wisely kept in the background during his wife's coronation, now came vigorously forward and at the head of the Castilian forces defeated the Portuguese so completely that a peace was soon arranged, which included a promise of marriage between the Portuguese King's son and the baby



THE WEDDING OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

girl just born to Isabella. Five years later Ferdinand's father died, and he became King of Aragon in his own right.

Thus at last all the little Christian kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula were, with the exception of Portugal, united under this youthful royal couple. And seldom have a pair seemed better mated, or king and queen proved abler. Each was wise, earnest, and energetic. We are told that Isabella was an inch taller as she was a year older than her husband; but Ferdinand was not the man to be overshadowed in any company; and though we cannot find for his cold nature the same admiration we give to her intense and holy spirit, yet it may well be that his strength and caution were just the qualities needed to give weight and success to her less calculated impulses. Indeed Isabella seldom came forward, leaving the task of government to her husband, except when her deeper enthusiasms were aroused.

It was she who insisted that in the name of Christianity the task dropped by her brother must be taken up and the Moorish kingdom of Granada subjugated at last.

The mighty city of Granada was then the most populous in Spain. It had been founded by the Moors in the eighth century, and for a time remained subject to the caliphs of Cordova. It was made capital of the province of Granada in 1235, and rapidly acquired distinction for its trade and wealth, and as the seat of arts and architecture. By the end of the fifteenth century its population was nearly half a million, and the city was enclosed by a wall with more than a million towers. One of the most famous structures of the world is the Alhambra, which was begun in 1248 and completed just a hundred years later. The fortress which bore that name formed a part of the citadel of Granada, which contained the palace of the ancient Moorish kings. The Spaniards call the remains of the palace the *Casa Real*. They are ranged around two oblong courts, the Court of the Fish Pond and the Court of the Lions. Nothing can surpass the richness of the ornamentation and the elegance of the columns and arches. Yet the Moors themselves began to be sunk in sensual sloth. Boabdil, at this time their King's son, was educated rather as a girl than a boy in oriental languor and idleness.

No time could have been more favorable for the grand campaign of Ferdinand and Isabella, for not only was the whole Spanish people fired by one resolve, but there was bickering and wrangling among the different factions in Granada, though they were so defiant and self-confident that they anticipated the sovereigns by striking the first blow and captured the notable stronghold of Zahara. This last exploit of the Moors in Spain has such historical value that we quote the account of our own brilliant Washington Irving:

"In the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred and eighty one, and

but a night or two after the festival of the most blessed Nativity, the inhabitants of Zahara were sunk in profound sleep; the very sentinel had deserted his post, and sought shelter from a tempest which had raged without for three nights in succession; for it appeared but little probable that an enemy would be abroad during such an uproar of the elements. But evil spirits work best during a storm. In the midst of the night an uproar rose within the walls of Zahara, more awful than the raging of the storm. A fearful alarm-cry, 'The Moor! The Moor!' resounded through the streets, mingled with the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish, and the shout of victory. Muley Abu-l-Hasan, at the head of a powerful force, had hurried from Granada, and passed unobserved through the mountains in the obscurity of the tempest. While the storm pelted the sentinel from his post and howled around tower and battlement, the Moors had planted their scaling ladders and mounted securely into both town and castle. The garrison was unsuspecting of danger until battle and massacre burst forth within its very walls. It seemed to the affrighted inhabitants as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret. The war-cry resounded on every side, shout answering shout in the streets of the town; the foe was in all parts, wrapped in obscurity, but acting in concert by the aid of preconcerted signals. Starting from sleep, the soldiers were intercepted and cut down as they rushed from their quarters; or, if they escaped, they knew not where to assemble, or where to strike. Whenever lights appeared, the flashing cimeter was at its deadly work, and all who attempted resistance fell beneath its edge. In a little while the struggle was at an end. Those who were not slain took refuge in the secret places of their houses, or gave themselves up as captives. The clash of arms ceased, and the storm continued its howling, mingled with the occasional shout of the Moorish soldiery roaming in search of plunder. While the inhabitants were trembling for their fate, a trumpet resounded through the streets, summoning them all to assemble, unarmed, in the public square. Here they were surrounded by soldiery, and strictly guarded until daybreak. When the day dawned, it was piteous to behold this once prosperous community, which had lain down to rest in peaceful security, now crowded together without distinction of age, or rank, or sex, and almost without raiment, during the severity of a winter storm. The fierce Muley Abu-l-Hasan turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and ordered them to be conducted captives to Granada. Leaving a strong garrison in both town and castle, with orders to put them in a complete state of defence, he returned flushed with victory to his capital, entering it at the head of the troops, laden with spoil, and bearing in triumph the banners and pennons taken at Zahara. While preparations were making for jousts and other festivities in honor of this victory over the Christians, the cap-



THE EDUCATION OF BOABDIL, THE LAST KING OF GRANADA

tives of Zahara arrived—a wretched train of men, women, and children, worn out with fatigue and haggard with despair and driven like cattle into the city gates by a detachment of Moorish soldiery.”

This disaster roused the Spaniards to fury. Henceforward the war was pressed with unrelenting vigor. Hardly had Muley Abu-l-Hasan reached Granada when he found that the Christians had seized one of the bulwarks of his capital. There was still discord among the defenders, and, at last, in 1491, the Spanish army settled itself before the capital for the final siege. To encourage the soldiers, Isabella herself came and resided in the camp, and she had it built into a regular city, the city of Santa Fé (holy faith), as a warning to the Moors that she meant to dwell there permanently until they surrendered. There were gallant deeds of valor on both sides; but the persistency of Isabella and the civil strife among the Moors left but one ending possible.

None saw this more clearly than the Arab leaders, who opened negotiations for surrender. Boabdil, who had forcibly wrenched the Moorish crown from Abu-l-Hasan, his father, accepted the inevitable and made his preparations for the surrender of the city, which took place on the 2d of January, 1492. Accompanied by two score cavaliers, he rode out to the plain where Ferdinand and Isabella, surrounded by their gorgeous court, awaited him. Had not the Christian King prevented, Boabdil would have dismounted and knelt in token of his homage. Ferdinand spoke soothing words and showed the fallen sovereign all courtesy and honor. He made his submission and abdication also to Isabella, and then, accompanied by his mother, rode away. At some distance on a rocky elevation, Boabdil paused and looked back at the citadel and fortress of Alhambra and, while the tears filled his eyes, mournfully contemplated the kingdom he had lost. The spot is still pointed out, and bears the name of “*El ultimo suspiro del moro*” (the last sigh of the Moor).

Spain, so long distracted and torn by civil war, was consolidated into one compact, powerful empire, extending from the Pyrenees to the Strait of Gibraltar, and at the same time she acquired an immense domain in the New World.

The story of America's discovery needs no repetition. Let us, however, stop to recall King Ferdinand's treatment of Columbus. His plans were referred to a court of judges, mostly churchmen at Salamanca, and these laughed at him as a madman. He was turning from Spain in despair, after seven years of wasted entreaty, when another churchman brought his project to the notice of Isabella. “After Granada is conquered, I will listen to him,” said the single-minded Queen.

So Columbus went to her camp city of Santa Fé, and we can imagine him wielding an enthusiast's sword against the heathen Moors. Then, when Granada

fell, he had a personal audience with the sovereigns, and when Ferdinand turned away from him as a madman, Isabella, stirred by the dream of converting an entire world to Christianity, spoke her famous decision: "I will undertake the enterprise for mine own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my crown jewels for the expense."

So, you see, Aragon, if we may still discriminate between the united Spanish kingdoms, had no part in the momentous expedition. Isabella's crown jewels were not pawned, though her offer of them was no idle speech, so low had the royal treasury sunk in the long struggle with Granada. A year later Columbus returned in triumph, and at once hundreds of Spanish cavaliers, having lost the excitement of war at home, sought adventure in the newly discovered world. Columbus became only one of a thousand sailors to those distant climes, and wealth hitherto undreamed of poured into Spain.

Even before Isabella's death, in 1504, the condition of the land had changed marvellously. What with the sudden influx of wealth, the union of the little kingdoms, and the ability of her sovereigns, Spain stepped at one stride into the foremost place among European countries. Yet even in this, the moment of Spain's triumph, were sown the seeds which have led to her decay.

The causes which joined to weaken Spain irreparably were the drain made by the flocking to the New World of thousands who supposed that gold was as plentiful there as the stones in the streets at home; the establishment of the Inquisition; and the driving out of the remaining Moors and Jews, who vainly hoped that the terms of the surrender of Granada would be kept. Ferdinand and Isabella were fanatical in their religious faith, and could not rest until it was firmly established throughout the kingdom. Those of the Moors, or Moriscos, as they came to be called, who would abjure their religion and accept the new one were allowed to stay, otherwise they were exiled, and were not permitted to carry their accumulated wealth away with them. Some of the Moriscos accepted outwardly the new religion, but they hated their oppressors with an inextinguishable hatred. They were ordered to throw aside their picturesque costume and wear that of the Christians; they were forbidden to bathe, and must remain as unclean as their conquerors; they were prohibited from using their accustomed ceremonies, were commanded to speak only the Spanish language, and even to change their names to conform with the detested tongue. In short, they were to become Spaniards in the fullest sense.

In 1526 Charles V. confirmed this cruel decree, and, though he was prudent enough not to enforce it rigidly, it served to wring torturing bribes from the sufferers.

The Inquisition had had a nominal existence for a long time in Spain and Portugal, but it was first rigidly enforced under Ferdinand and Isabella, the



COLUMBUS RIDICULED AT SALAMANCA

pretext being the discovery of certain sinister plots among the Jews. The application, in 1478, to Pope Sixtus IV. for the reorganization of the Inquisition was followed by the action of the crown in appointing the inquisitors and taking sole charge of the whole horrible business. The Pope protested, but the Spanish crown maintained its assumption; and, in 1483, the Inquisition opened its appalling work under Thomas de Torquemada. In 1492 just after the surrender of Granada its cruelty expelled the Jews from Spain in a body, torturing all who remained and refused Christianity. Then the Pope tried to lessen the rigors of the tribunal, but little or no attention was paid to his protests. The historian Llorente asserts that during the sixteen years that Torquemada held office, 9,000 people were condemned to the flames, and that his successor in eight years put 1,600 to a similar death. Other historians declare the statements of Llorente grossly exaggerated, but, making all possible deductions from his figures, the work of the Inquisition in the New as well as the Old World was frightful beyond description.

Let us sum up briefly the subsequent history of this terrible engine. Its severity was abated in Spain in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and under Joseph Bonaparte it was repressed, in 1808, until the Restoration; suppressed again on the establishment of the new constitution in 1820; partially revived five years later, and finally abolished in 1835.

The persecution and deportation of the Moriscos continued until 1610, when the last half million were driven out after the previous exiles. With their destruction vanished the culture, refinement, the arts and sciences that had made southern Spain a beacon light among the nations of the world.

82



HENRY OF CASTILE DEFIED BY THE FRIENDS OF ISABELLA



THE ESCURIAL

Chapter CXXXV

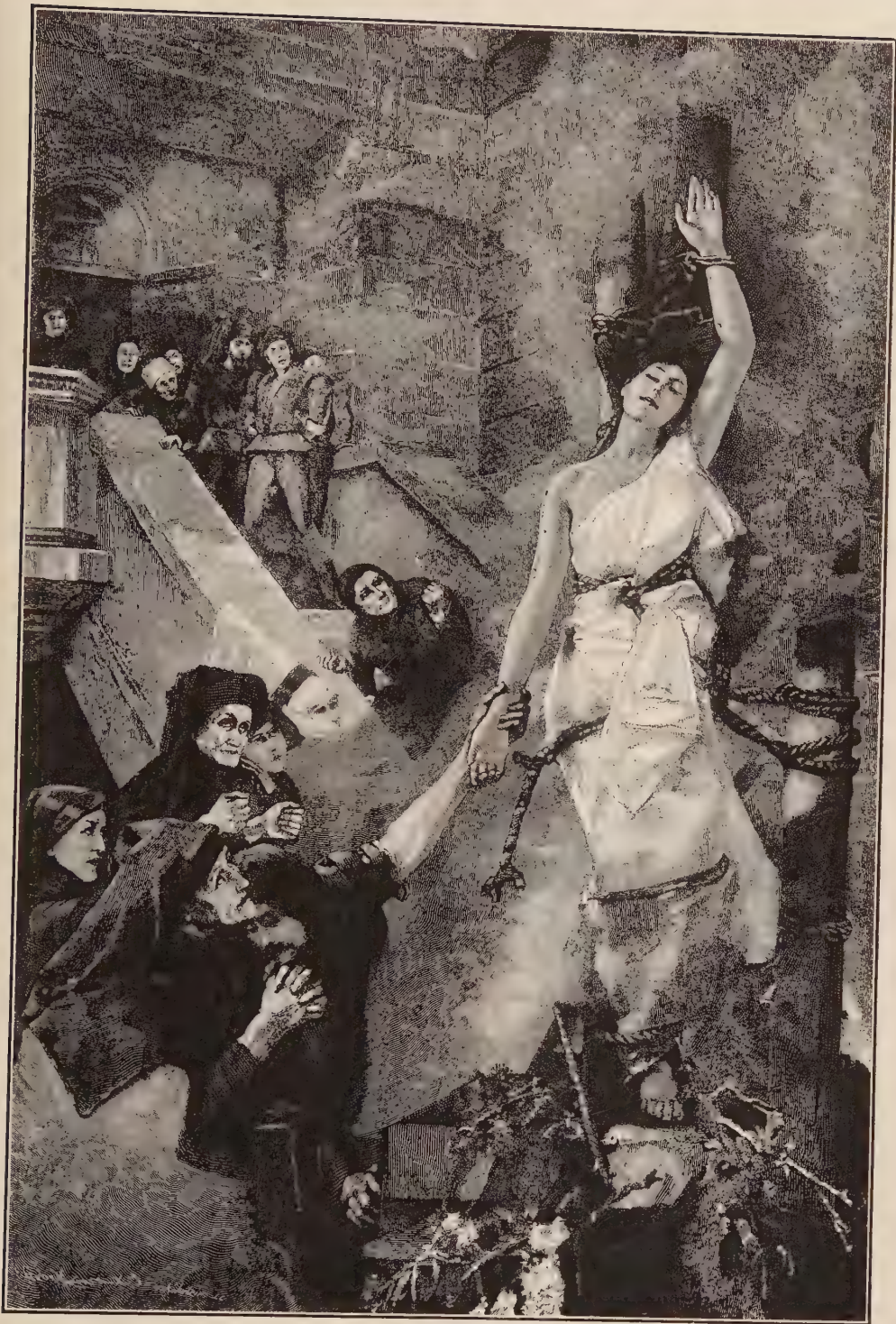
SPAIN UNDER THE HAPSBURGS



FERDINAND and Isabella were singularly unhappy in the misfortunes of all their five children. These were sought in marriage by Europe's foremost rulers; but Isabella's only son and two of her daughters died in their early days of youth and promise. Of the two surviving daughters, the younger was that Catharine of Spain, who wedded Henry VIII. of England, and to divorce whom he broke with the Pope and quarrelled with most of Europe.

The older daughter, Joanna, was married to Philip of Hapsburg, only son of the great German Emperor, Maximilian of Austria. This young couple thus seemed ultimately destined to rule the combined Spanish and Austrian possessions, then at their widest extent, including all America and most of Europe. But alas! Philip died, and Joanna, who had loved him devotedly and had always shown symptoms of insanity, went completely out of her mind at his loss. It is one of the saddest tales in history; for the poor mad queen insisted that her husband was not dead, and she bore his coffin everywhere about with her.

This final breakdown of her intellect did not come until after Isabella had died and Joanna had borne to Philip two sons, to be inheritors of all this wealth and sorrow. Joanna's oldest son, Charles of Hapsburg, was named King of Castile, in 1504, to succeed his grandmother, Isabella. But as Charles was an infant, as his mother was insane, and as his Austrian father, Philip, soon died,



CONDEMNED BY THE INQUISITION

the real control of Castile remained in the same hands that had so long held it, those of Ferdinand of Aragon, widowed now, grown old, and cold, and very wise, and very crafty.

No difficulties of state marred his reign, and at his death, in 1516, he left the Spanish domain at its highest efficiency. Young Charles, a cold and shy but highly educated lad of sixteen, inherited all his grandfather's possessions, and was promptly declared to be of age, King of Aragon as well as Castile, and of all Aragon's Italian possessions. A year later his other grandfather, the German Emperor Maximilian, also died, and Charles succeeded to all the properties of the great house of Hapsburg.

Of the reign of this young world-ruler, Charles I. of Spain, Charles V. of Germany, you have already heard. He was neither Austrian, nor German, nor Spanish. He had been born at Ghent, in the Netherlands, where his father, Philip, held rule, and his early training was Flemish.

Taking up the rule of Spain where Ferdinand had laid it down, Charles easily made his authority there absolute. Spain had, indeed, a sort of parliament called the Cortes, but Ferdinand had deprived this of almost all power. The Spaniards had learned to trust their sovereigns, and there was no machinery of government to thwart the young despot's will.

The nobles, indeed, looked with dislike upon the rule of a man who was not a Spaniard. In those days, the voyage between the Netherlands and Spain was a considerable undertaking; and Ferdinand had left a will placing the kingdom in charge of Cardinal Ximenes as regent until the arrival of Charles. The cardinal was an able and wise prelate, who did much to smoothe the way for the new sovereign. Had he not done so, there might have been open revolt. It required months of urging on the part of Ximenes before Charles visited his dominion, but he finally set out, and arrived in the month of September, 1517. He treated his faithful servant with such gross discourtesy that Ximenes died before completing two years of his regency. This insulting course, it is said, was due to the interference of the King's Flemish ministers, he having assumed the rule of Flanders several years before.

When the Emperor Maximilian died, there were a number of competitors for the imperial throne of Germany. Charles was elected, mainly through the influence of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, and on the 22d of October, 1520, was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Pope giving him the title of Roman Emperor. You will recognize the period as one of tremendous agitation in Germany owing to the crusade against the Catholic Church by Luther. Alarmed by the excitement which threatened a convulsion and overturning of everything, the famous Diet of Worms was held in 1521, before which Luther made his declaration that marks an epoch in the history of Protestantism.

Meanwhile, the towns of Castile had leagued themselves together in a war to maintain their ancient liberties. The Emperor marched thither a force which brought them under subjection. Soon after he became involved in a war with the Turks under Solymán the Great, and also defeated them. Then followed a war with France, whose armies, after long fighting and varied fortune, were driven out of most of their conquests in Italy. Francis I. of France became a prisoner to Charles at Pavia, in 1525.

Connected with those stirring times is the history of Ignatius de Loyola, born in the Basque provinces, in 1491. He served a while as page in the court of Ferdinand, and then his restless nature led him to embrace the profession of arms. His fortitude was proved when in battle he received two frightful wounds in the legs, was taken prisoner by the French, and by them carried to his paternal castle of Loyola, where he hovered between life and death for a long time owing to a severe surgical operation. When he recovered, he found himself suffering from a partial deformity, owing to the poor setting of one of the fractured limbs. He had it re-broken and set again, and then, since another long and tedious confinement was before him, his light-hearted and frivolous temperament found relief in reading all the romances upon which he could lay hands. When the stock was exhausted, he took up the solemn volume, "Lives of the Saints." He became absorbed, and was soon thrilled with a spiritual enthusiasm, that led him to throw aside his military ambition, turn his back on his friends, and give all his energies to the cause of religion.

In the garb of a wretched beggar he retired to the monastery of Montserrat and hung up his arms as token that henceforward his life was to be devoted to spiritual warfare. Withdrawing to a secluded cavern, he led such a life of austerity and self-denial that he was utterly worn out and was carried back to the hospital in which he had formerly served. When his powers rallied, he made his way to Rome, where he received the papal benediction of Adrian VI., and then trudged as a beggar to Venice and embarked for the Holy Land. His wish was to remain at Jerusalem and preach to the infidels, but the local authorities discouraged him, and he returned to Venice and Barcelona. Conscious of his deficiency in education, he set resolutely to work, when past the age of thirty, to learn the rudiments of grammar. He spent years in study at different places, and completed his task in Paris, sometimes incurring the censure of the authorities by his attempts at religious teaching in public. There it was that he formed the organization of the Jesuits, whose influence has been of the most marked nature on the religious and moral character of the modern world. His biography has been written in nearly all languages. Dying in 1556, his name was admitted to the preliminary step of beatification in the



QUEEN JOANNA WITH HER HUSBAND'S COFFIN

Church of Rome, in 1609, and he was solemnly canonized as a saint in 1622, by Gregory XV.

The Pope became alarmed over the continuous successes of Charles and made common cause with France and the leading Italian States, declaring the King of France released from the obligations assumed in his treaty with Charles. The Pope was jealous of any encroachments upon his Italian domains, and was determined to keep the Emperor out of them, but his attempt was the sowing of the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind; for Charles of Bourbon, former Constable of France, captured and plundered Rome and made the Pope himself prisoner. Here was an opportunity for Charles to play the hypocrite, and he did it to perfection. He expressed great sorrow for the occurrence, caused his court to go into mourning, and directed prayers to be said for the liberation of the holy father, and yet it was by the Emperor's own orders that he was kept prisoner for many months. Peace was made in 1529 on terms satisfactory to Charles.

The tumult created by Luther would not down, and Charles was hopeful of bringing it to an end and restoring tranquillity to the empire; but he would not recognize the principles of the Protestants, and they on their part refused to help him in his war with the Turks, who had overrun Hungary and were besieging Vienna. The Protestant princes went further, and, in 1531, formed the League of Smalcald, allying themselves with England and France as a means of self-protection. The Turks were still threatening Austria, and Charles perforce made some concessions to the Protestants.

Two brothers known as Barbarossa, renegade Greeks, had made themselves the terror of the Mediterranean. As Mahometan corsairs, they became masters of Algeria and Tunis, and robbed and slew with as much daring as did their successors nearly three centuries later, when the United States brought them to terms. Spain and Italy suffered so much from these pirates that their commerce was in danger of extinction. The Barbarossas were established in Tunis, whither Charles sent an expedition from Spain against them. The miscreants were utterly defeated, and more than 20,000 Christian captives, belonging to different nations, which would do nothing for them, were set free. This naturally added to the popularity of the Emperor, but he alienated his own people by his subsequent course. War broke out with France, and a truce was established, but it did not last long, and hostilities began again in 1542. The great success which seemed always to follow Charles did not desert him now, and he was successful at Mühlberg in April, 1547, against the Protestant princes of Germany.

Now, however, the tide turned. It was so plain to all that Charles meant to convert the German empire into a hereditary possession of his family that a

more formidable opposition than ever arose, and the Emperor was compelled to yield before Duke Maurice of Saxony and the Protestants. Unable to escape the humiliation, he pledged them the peaceful enjoyment of their religion, and this pledge was confirmed by the Diet of Augsburg, in 1555.

"Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!" Charles became weary of the ceaseless vexations and never-ending trials of his stormy life, and determined to fling the burden from his shoulders. There was only one way of doing this, and he did it. Perhaps he was disgusted with his own tortuous course, his intrigue, his double dealing, and the seeming impossibility of leading an honest life. On the 25th of October, 1555, he called together an assembly of his States and announced his purpose of seeking repose and devoting the remainder of his days to the service of God. He resigned his royal rights in favor of his son, but was unable to secure for him the imperial throne. Relinquishing to him the crown of Spain, the Emperor retired to the monastery of Yuste, in Estremadura, where he thought he was serving God by spending a part of his time in mechanical amusements, a greater part in eating and drinking, and a much less part in religious exercises. Then he became a gloomy ascetic, discontented with himself and with the world, unhappy and miserable, and so he died, September 21, 1558.

Among his Spanish subjects Charles was always fairly popular. He was a mighty sovereign whose state lent splendor to their land, not seen sufficiently often to become familiar and despised. He crushed the power of the nobles, which naturally won him favor with the poorer classes, and he offered to the hardy Spanish fighters a field of adventure and plunder in Germany, of which they eagerly took advantage. The Spanish troops, trained by centuries of fighting, were long reckoned the best of Europe.

Charles was succeeded by his brother Ferdinand as Emperor, while his only son became Philip II. of Spain. Philip was born at Valladolid in 1527, and educated with extreme care. Possessing decided ability, he became a noted mathematician and accomplished linguist, but with all this he was a man of singular temperament and tastes. He despised the chivalric ideas of the time, was very reserved, rarely smiled, and seemed to distrust everybody. He spoke with such extraordinary slowness that it was impossible for it to be natural, and he assumed a calmness under the most exciting occasions that deceived no one. He was in his teens when entrusted under the direction of a council with the government of Spain, and when sixteen he espoused Mary of Portugal, who died three years later. He followed exactly the policy of his father, which was the maintenance and extension of absolute rule, and the unwavering support and propagation of the Catholic religion.

In 1554 Philip married Mary Tudor, Queen of England. His absorbing



THE BIRTH OF CHARLES V.

ambition was to restore England to the Catholic Church; and, to win the confidence of his wife's subjects, he threw off his natural reserve and did all he could to ingratiate himself into their favor. His purpose was discovered. Added to his humiliating disappointment was the nagging jealousy of his wife, so Philip, in 1555, shook the English dust from his shoes and never again set foot in that country.

It was in the latter part of the same year, as you will remember, that Philip, through the abdication of his father, became the most powerful potentate in Europe. Reflect for a moment upon the immensity of his domain, which included Spain, the two Sicilies, the Milanese, the Low Countries, Franche Comté, Peru, and Mexico. He had under his control the best disciplined armies of the age, and they were led by generals who had no superiors anywhere. No people in Europe were so wealthy as his subjects, though his father's numerous wars had left little in the national treasury.

Philip was bigoted and intensely eager to begin his crusade for religion; but his hand was stayed for the time by the league formed by the Pope, the Sultan, and France, to wrest his Italian dominions from him. He did not wish to go to war with the Pope, but he overcame his scruples after a while and placed the defence of the two Sicilies in the hands of the infamous Duke of Alva, who soon drove out the French and the forces of the Pope, and conquered the papal territories, while Philip himself pressed the war strongly in the north, where the French were defeated at St. Quentin, in August, 1557, and at Gravelines in the following July. These Spanish successes compelled his enemies to make peace.

By this time Philip was a widower, and he set out to win the hand of Elizabeth, Queen of England, who, as you know, refused every offer of that nature. The personality of a wife or husband makes little difference to a sovereign, and finding he could not secure the English Queen, Philip turned to Isabella of France, whom having espoused, he returned to Spain, where he remained.

His realm being at peace, Philip now gave all his energies to the propagation of his religion. The first step was to replenish his treasury. He could force any contribution he wished from Spain and America, for in those places he held absolute sway; but it was different in his other states, where something in the nature of free institutions prevailed. As a means, therefore, to this end, the King made the attempt to introduce the Inquisition into the Low Countries and Italy. The indignant people kept it out of Naples and Milan, while it was so shackled in Sicily as to be practically powerless. Angered by these failures, Philip bent all his power to introducing the terrible thing into the Low Countries. He succeeded, and it raged for a while, but the Catholics joined with the Protestants in rebellion.

The terrible Duke of Alva was sent to suppress the uprising. He established a tribunal, before which were dragged all suspected heretics or rebels, and his unspeakable cruelties drove over a hundred thousand fugitives from the country. Flanders, or modern Belgium, submitted to him in despair; but the northern provinces kept up the struggle, formed the Dutch Republic, and for over seventy years resisted all the power of Spain. It was this exhaustive war which perhaps more than any other single cause contributed to the downfall of Spain. Like the quicksand, the Netherlands devoured men and money in an unending stream.

Meanwhile, Philip's half-brother, Don John of Austria, had conquered the Mahometans of the East in the great sea-fight of Lepanto (1571), and Philip had plunged still further toward ruin by despatching against England the "Invincible Armada" (1588).

The direct male line in Portugal became extinct in 1580, and Philip promptly laid claim to the throne. The Duke of Alva, who had been banished from the Spanish court for a private quarrel, was summoned by the King to lead an army into Portugal to maintain the claim. The duke speedily drove out Don Antonio, grandson of John III., who had taken possession of the throne, and subdued the country. With his usual rapacity and cruelty, Alva seized all the treasures himself and allowed his soldiers to plunder and ravage at will. Philip wished to investigate his conduct, but was afraid to do so, and the duke died about a year later.

The hardly less perfidious Catherine de Medicis had come to power in the French court, and the union between France and Spain became closer than before. Catherine hesitated to accept all of Philip's bloody schemes for the extirpation of the heretics, but there is little doubt that both he and Alva urged her to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. When the Huguenot Henry of Navarre became heir-presumptive to the French throne, Philip allied himself with the Guises and other Catholic leaders who were in revolt. His bigotry led him to persist in these intrigues long after all possible hope for the Guises had vanished, and because of this Henry declared war upon him. It went against the Spaniards, who were glad to make peace in May, 1598. Four months later Philip died in his palace of the Escorial. It was he who built this celebrated royal residence of the Spanish kings. He transferred the capital of the country to Madrid, and then built the Escorial outside of the city. In its gloomy recesses he planned his stealthy plots and treacherous cruelties.

No more fanatical follower of the Catholic faith ever lived than Philip II. He was absolutely without a drop of mercy in his heart for any one of another religion. Once when one of his friends protested against some shocking cruelties, he grimly replied that if his own son were a heretic he could look on and



THE DEFEAT OF THE MAHOMETANS AT LEPANTO

enjoy his burning to death. He broke the chivalrous spirit that had once been the pride of Spain, ground her under his savage oppression, and treated the Moriscos as if they were so many serpents not fitted to crawl over the ground. Yet it would be passing strange if this ruler did not have some qualities that can be commended. Petrus Johannes Blok, Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden, has this to say of him:

“Thus died the man who had once been the mightiest prince of the earth, who had dreamed of universal sovereignty, ever hampered in his ambitions and comprehensive plans by the weakness of the means as well as the narrowness of his spirit. The universal sovereignty of Spain and the supremacy of the Catholic Church—these were the two ideas for which he had lived, welding the two in his spirit into one coherent maxim. From morning to evening the sombre, reserved man had striven more than forty years for the realization of this aim, exerting an indefatigable activity, devoting himself in his lonely study to the great goal for which he was ready to sacrifice everything, and did sacrifice much—his own happiness, that of his own family, the prosperity, the riches of his states, the lives of thousands and thousands of his subjects. And when he died he was further than ever from his goal. He left his successor an exhausted treasury and an empire ruined by a war which was not yet finished. The curse of posterity was on his memory for centuries after his death, casting suspicion on his best feelings, his zealous faith, and his love for his children, as though they were hypocritical. Not until our time has it been made clear that in the heart of this politician, full of political cunning, of devilish revenge, of low craft—in the heart of this little-spirited, narrow, sombre, bitter king—there were also great world-ranging thoughts, noble feelings of belief, hearty love, rich artistic sympathies, and devotion to higher ideals.”

By his fourth wife, Anne of Austria, Philip left a son, born in 1578, who now became Philip III. In the following year he married the Princess Margaret of Austria, by whom he had seven children. The assertion has been made that his father, in order to prevent his son becoming too assertive while still an heir, took measures to have his mind dwarfed. This is not credible, but Philip III. was in reality little more than an imbecile. He was lazy, had not the slightest liking for the affairs of state, and, abandoning himself to indulgence, turned over public matters to miserable favorites. He allowed the war in the Netherlands to go on, and Ostend was captured in 1604, after a siege of three years. It was under Philip III. that the last of the Moriscos were, despite their entreaties, driven out of Spain. He died in 1621, and it is of him that the astounding story is told that one day he found himself roasting before the fire, whereupon he sent a messenger to tell some other messenger to tell some one else to instruct still another officer to move him farther back from

the flame, but before the whole round required by Spanish etiquette could be completed, the poor King was so nearly broiled that he fell ill and died.

This death brought Philip IV. to the throne when seventeen years old. He was little better than his father, and, like him, turned over the government to a set of incompetents. Although the country was going down hill fast, the court never saw more splendid entertainments. To one of these Charles, Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I. of England, went in company with the Duke of Buckingham in disguise, with the object of wooing the Infanta Maria, sister of Philip, but the scheme came to naught.

Philip IV. married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and chose for his first minister the Count of Olivarez, whose ambition and atrocious policy brought many calamities to the kingdom. War was renewed with the Dutch, and did not end until the peace of Westphalia. The Catalans revolted and begged the aid of the French King. Philip roused himself to conduct the war in person, but Count Olivarez had not the courage to face the enemy, and set on foot a plot to assassinate Cardinal Richelieu and dethrone the French King. The war dragged on from 1635 to 1659, when the Catalans grew weary of the French rule, and were received back into the former fold, without any punishment whatever for their revolt.

The treaty which brought the end to this strife was known as that of the Pyrenees. It arranged that the Infanta Maria Teresa should marry Louis XIV. of France. Such an alliance was sure to create opposition among the other crowned heads, and it was quieted by the solemn pledge of Louis to yield all his claims to the Spanish crown both for himself and his successors, but the pledge was broken in the lifetime of Louis himself.

Portugal threw off the Spanish yoke in 1640, and the war thus started lasted till 1665, when the Portuguese were successful at Villaviciosa. This crowning calamity seemed to break the heart of Philip, who died three months later. What a melancholy man he must have been when it is said of him that he was seen to smile only three times during his whole life!

It must not be forgotten that Velasquez, born at Seville in 1599, became court painter to Philip IV. in 1623, and was the greatest of Spanish artists. He is noted chiefly as a portrait painter, and when we look upon the likenesses produced by his marvellous brush, we know we are gazing into the faces of the most perfect resemblances that human skill can produce. Velasquez also excelled in history, landscape, and genre, and, like most of the Spanish painters, he belongs to what is called the naturalist school. His greatest works are in the galleries of Madrid, whither thousands repair every year to admire them.

This was also the period in which Cervantes, the greatest of Spanish writers



PHILIP II. AT THE ESCURIAL

produced his *Don Quixote*. Cervantes was a soldier and an adventurer, a playwright and a teller of short stories; but the foreign world knows him only as the author of *Don Quixote*. Whatever of Spanish chivalry had not been crushed by the tyranny of the court and of the Inquisition, Cervantes laughed out of existence by heaping ridicule upon it in his immortal novel.



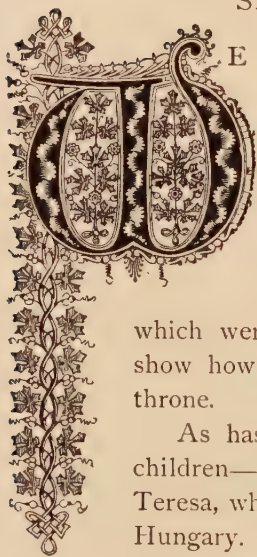
CHARLES V. IN PROCESSION WITH THE POPE



THE DEFENCE OF SARAGOSSA

Chapter CXXXVI

SPAIN UNDER THE BOURBONS



E now approach the reign of the first Bourbon in Spain.

The founder of the historical family of that name, which came in time to possess several European thrones, was Adhemar, at the beginning of the tenth century. The name itself comes from the castle and seignory of Bourbon, in the ancient province of Bourbonnais, in the central part of France. This is not the place to follow the ramifications of the many collateral branches,

which were identified with numerous sovereignties, but rather to show how the Bourbons came into the possession of the Spanish throne.

As has been stated, Philip IV. died in 1665. He left three children—Charles, who now became Charles II. of Spain; Maria Teresa, who married Louis XIV. of France, and Margaret, Queen of Hungary. Under Charles the Spanish kingdom rapidly declined, but such was the mighty prestige she had gained during the preceding two centuries that even in her decay she held the respect of other nations. Before his death in 1700, Charles, who was childless, promised the Spanish throne to both Charles of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, and Philip of Bourbon, the grandson of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa.

The question of the succession was of the highest importance to other nations, especially to England, Germany, and Holland; for the Spanish crown carried with it the sovereignty of the Netherlands, the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, and the enormous possessions in the New World. If all these went to the French Philip, there was good ground for alarm, since Philip was a mere boy,



THE LAST OF THE MOORS EXPELLED BY PHILIP III.

and it was his ambitious and shrewd grandfather, Louis XIV., who would be the real ruler. Louis was already the mightiest king in Europe, and such an accession to his power might make him irresistible. So most of the Powers of Europe supported Charles of Hapsburg, who was a younger son of the German Emperor Leopold.

You might have supposed that the Spaniards themselves would be allowed some voice in the matter, and, indeed, their Cortes met and offered the throne to the French aspirant, Philip. He was duly crowned as Philip V.; but that did not discourage the allies, who sent Charles into the land with an army of Austrians and English to assert his claim to the crown; while they all together turned against Louis XIV. and attacked him in the "War of the Spanish Succession."

This was the war of Marlborough's victories. Gibraltar was wrenched forever from Spain and became English. At Vigo the French fleets were destroyed, and Toulon was besieged both by sea and land. The French forces in Italy were sent in headlong flight by Prince Eugene, who scared France by his approach to its boundaries. In the midst of these crushing calamities Louis was sorely afflicted by the death of his only son and two of his grandsons, so that the lonely old monarch found that the only one left in the direct line of succession was his infant great-grandson.

An extraordinary complication secured to Philip his doubtful hold upon the throne of Spain. When the war had gone on for more than twelve years, Charles of Hapsburg, through a series of deaths, became Emperor of Germany. Now, if he should become King of Spain also, the "balance of power" would be more endangered than by the choice of Philip of Bourbon. So what did England and Holland do but turn round and ratify the nomination of Philip for the Spanish crown! Louis was astonished indeed, and another forceful illustration was given of the criminal foolishness of war. That for the Spanish Succession was concluded by the treaty of Utrecht (1713) and of Rastadt (1714). Louis XIV. died the next year, and that is how Philip V. became the first Bourbon King of Spain.

Philip was born at Versailles in 1683, and married Maria Louisa, daughter of Victor Amadeus. She died in 1714, and he espoused Elizabeth Farnese of Parma, who had no trouble in persuading her husband to commit the government to Alberoni, who was successively made grandee, cardinal, and prime minister. Of Philip, the historian says he was noted for good nature, had few faults and as few virtues, with just and honorable sentiments, but was wholly deficient in energy, with no taste for anything beyond devotional exercises and the chase. He was made to be governed, and was wholly under the control of his talented wife, to whom he could refuse nothing.

The career of Alberoni was remarkable. It was he who destroyed the last liberties and rights of the Spanish people. In his insatiate ambition he knew no such thing as scruple or honor. To please his mistress, he violated the treaty of Utrecht by invading Sardinia, hoping to re-establish the monarchy of Charles V. and Philip II. This audacious act caused the regent of France to break off his alliance with Spain and to unite with England and Germany. Undismayed, Alberoni pressed the war, even after the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean had been destroyed by an English one (1719). He angered the French King by patronizing the French Protestants, and stirred the resentment of England by his open friendship for the Pretender; he did his utmost to make Peter of Russia and Charles XII. of Sweden his allies, to drive Austria into a war with the Turks and to incite a revolt in Hungary. Through his intrigues with the French court he actually secured the arrest of the Duke of Orleans, the regent.

By this time, however, the complaints against the firebrand frightened Philip, and he concluded a treaty of peace, one of whose conditions was that Alberoni should be dismissed. It may be doubted, however, whether Philip would have taken this decisive action but for the urging of his wife, Elizabeth, who could no longer stand the arrogance of her late favorite. In December, 1720, the prime minister was notified that he must leave Madrid within twenty-four hours and Spain within five days.

What a striking commentary on human greatness that this man, who had kept all Europe in a turmoil, now did not know whither to turn! He was in that dreadful position of not having a living friend, for every Power hated him, and none more bitterly than the Pope of Rome. Alberoni disguised himself and took a fictitious name, but was arrested in Genoese territory, and on the urgency of the Pope and the Spanish monarch, was imprisoned. He soon recovered his liberty, however, and Innocent XIII. coming to the papacy, all the rights and dignities of a cardinal were restored to Alberoni, who lived to be nearly ninety years old.

Philip's dislike of the vexations of royalty became so intense in 1724 that he abdicated in favor of his son, who died a few months later, and, therefore, does not figure among the Kings of Spain, for the father was obliged to reassume the detested crown, which he held until his death, in 1746. He was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand VI., who proved to be a just and humane ruler. His intelligent energy developed the internal welfare of his country, strengthened the navy, and greatly increased the manufactures. His wise political course placed his brother on the throne of Naples. Since his death occurred in 1759, his reign saw the destruction of Lisbon, Lima, and Quito by earthquakes.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1719

Charles, the brother of Ferdinand, now came to the throne. He was King of Naples, which he surrendered for the crown of Spain at the death of his brother, Ferdinand. Under him there was a considerable revival of commerce and different industries, and could the regenerating process have been kept up Spain might have won something of her former power and prestige. But Charles was called upon to go the way of all flesh in 1788, and was succeeded by his son of the same name, who was forty years old, and one of the most abominable examples of the Bourbon family that has cursed so many nations and peoples.

Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, was a handsome youth, who at the age of twenty entered the King's bodyguard at Madrid and became a favorite of the weak King as well as the vicious Queen. She had been the Princess Maria Louisa of Parma. Godoy had honors heaped upon him, and was afterward known as the Duke of Alcudia and the Prince of Peace. In the brief space of four years, he moved up from the rank of a private in the Life Guard to that of prime minister of Spain and Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

This wretch became the power behind the throne and the real ruler of Spain. Everybody except the King knew that he was the lover of the Queen, who was shamelessly infatuated with him. In all the trouble that followed, the "poor Prince" was first in her thought, and all her efforts were for his welfare. He was the most unpopular man in the kingdom, and never could have sustained himself for a day but for the shocking passion of his royal mistress, who taught him the art of intrigue, which was the highest of all arts in that wretched country, and showed him how to control the King.

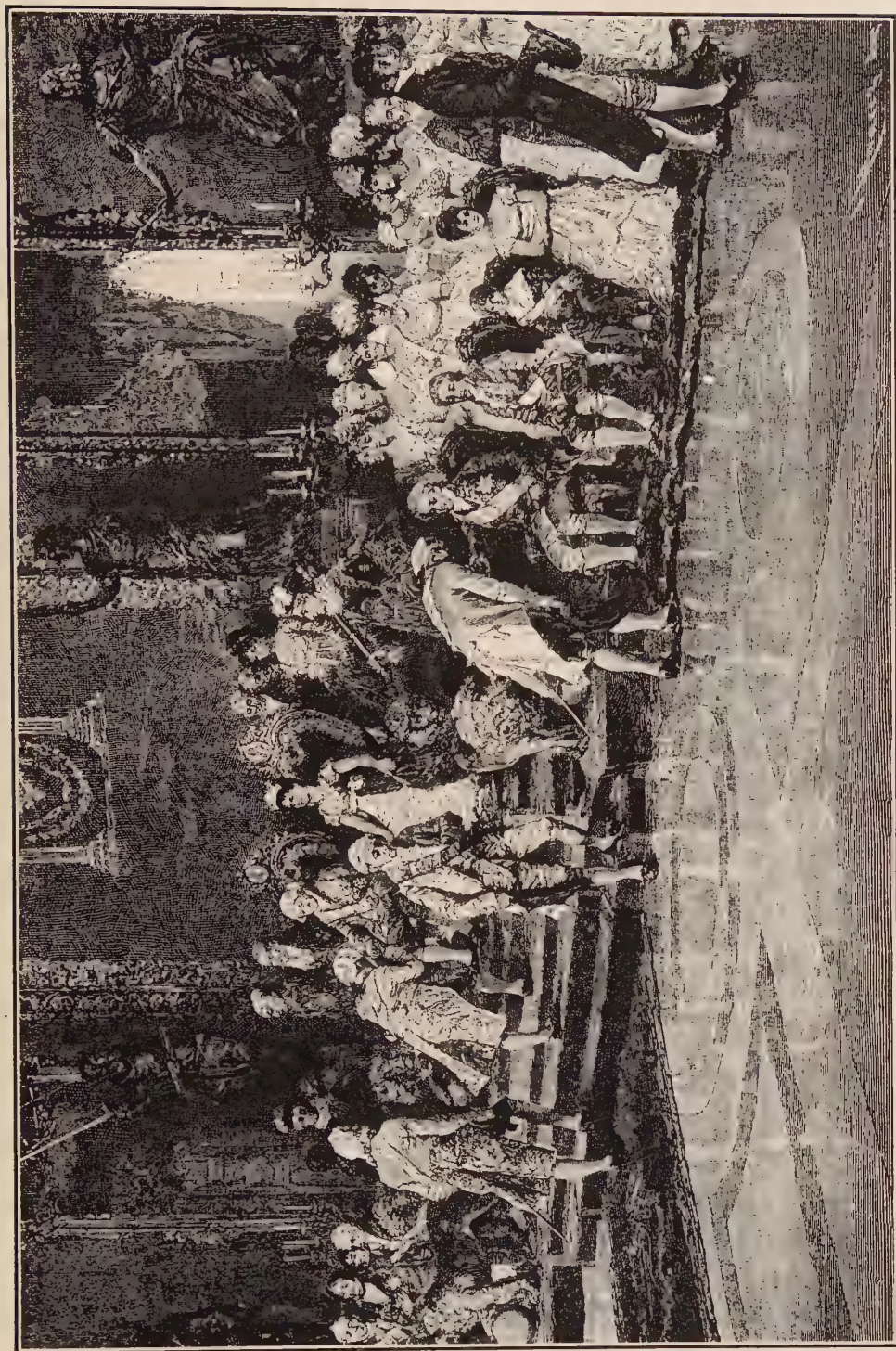
There was one person, however, who did not conceal his detestation of Godoy: that was Ferdinand, the eldest son of the King and the heir to the throne. As a consequence, his parents turned against Ferdinand, who was as tricky and fond of double dealing as they. When the Terror came to France, Godoy found himself in a situation to which he was unequal. Naturally the sympathies of the Madrid court were with Louis XVI., for he was a Bourbon sovereign; but if this sympathy took active form, France was likely to pour her armies over the frontier, and then "the deluge" would come. An alliance with that country would encourage Spanish revolutionists and offend England, who would close communication with the Spanish-American provinces. A policy of neutrality was tried. Godoy attempted the rôle of peacemaker, and offered immense bribes to members of the Convention to vote against taking the life of Louis. When Louis was guillotined, the Spanish court went into mourning and moved several regiments to the northern border. France replied by declaring war against Spain, in March, 1793, whereupon Spain made an alliance with England, whom she hated. But the French arms were victorious, and

Godoy gladly made peace, stipulating that the French rulers should be lenient with the children of the dead King and Queen. No attention was paid to this condition, and the treaty was signed at Basle, in July, 1795. It was in recognition of these "splendid services" that Godoy was made Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grandee of Spain of the First Class and Prince of Peace, with an enormous sum of money thrown in to enable him to maintain himself in a style befitting his exalted rank.

In the following year Spain made an alliance with Holland, which so offended England that she declared war, captured the Island of Trinidad, and destroyed the Spanish commerce with the West Indies. Godoy neglected so grossly to defend his country that a cabal compelled the Queen to dismiss him from his office as prime minister; but no power on earth could dismiss him from her adoration, and it was not long before he came back to the Council Board. By this time the mailed hand of Napoleon Bonaparte made itself felt at Madrid. It would be hard to decide which he despised the most—the weak, vacillating King Charles, the intriguing, shameless Queen Maria Louisa, the incompetent, unscrupulous Godoy, or the truculent Ferdinand, son of the royal couple. He played them one against the other for several years, violating promises, betraying friends, and obeying his own ambitious impulses in a style peculiarly his own. All these people feared the terrible conqueror and did everything to gain his good-will. They allied Spain to France, and at Trafalgar, in October, 1805, the naval power of both countries was annihilated by the English. An alliance on the part of England, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony against France was signed in 1806, and secret treaties were made with Spain and Portugal, by which, when called upon, they were to join the alliance.

Bonaparte came so to detest the Spanish character, and especially the puppets who in turn had control of affairs, that against the advice of his best friends he determined to secure Spain by placing one of his own family on the throne. Prince Ferdinand had every reason to believe that the mighty autocrat would make him king after depriving his parents of power, but in 1808 Joseph Bonaparte, who was ruling in Naples, was brought much against his will to Spain, to assume the crown.

Joseph Bonaparte was about a year and a half older than his famous brother, with whose character his had little similarity. Joseph had no liking for war, was not inordinately ambitious, and strove, so far as he could, to benefit those over whom he was placed, and to make their happiness his chief aim. But like all who came in contact with his resistless brother, he bowed to his imperious will. After the coronation of Napoleon, Joseph was made commander-in-chief of the army of Naples; ruler of the two Sicilies in 1805, and King of Naples in 1806. Many beneficial changes were there brought about by him, such as



A RECEPTION AT THE COURT OF CHARLES IV., 1804

the abolition of feudality, the suppression of convents, the building of roads, the extinction of banditti, and the establishment of good laws. In consenting to accept the throne of Spain he had stipulated that his reforms should be carried out in Italy, but the promise was forgotten when Murat took his place as King of Naples.

In July, 1808, England made a treaty with Spain, recognizing Ferdinand VII. as King, and sent an army to aid the Spanish uprising. Joseph Bonaparte reached Spain on July 9, and his army defeating the Spaniards at Rio Seco, he entered Madrid on the 20th. Joseph, however, suffered defeat at Baylen, and after a ten days' residence at the capital, was obliged to retire north to Vittoria. The patriots were also encouraged by the Spaniards in Saragossa, which did not surrender until the French stormed the city, street by street, house by house, even church by church, and slew some sixty thousand of the populace.

Joseph possessed only a moderate amount of military ability, and speedily found himself unable to cope with the Spanish insurgents, who seemed to be springing up everywhere. His great brother continually reproved, advised, and commanded him, and it is to be assumed that the elder did the best he knew how, which was not much. He begged his brother to relieve him of his distressing situation, but Napoleon refused.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, landed on the 5th of August with an auxiliary force at Mondego Bay. Immediately he opened the Peninsula War and defeated the French at Roliza and Vimiero, but he was recalled to England. In November, Napoleon entered Spain and assumed command of the one hundred thousand men Ney had marched thither. He was repeatedly successful, and early in December recaptured Madrid. Then he departed to guide his followers in the war with Austria.

Sir John Moore at this time commanded the English forces in Spain, which were much inferior in numbers to those of the French. Moore was driven backward until he reached Corunna, on the 11th of January, 1809, and his troops withdrew from Spain. The native Spanish troops were quite unequal to meeting the French in open battle, and the struggle for independence sank to a mere guerrilla warfare. In the latter part of the following April, General Wellesley arrived once more in Portugal and at once began vigorous operations. The French were soon driven from Oporto, and Portugal fell into the possession of the British.

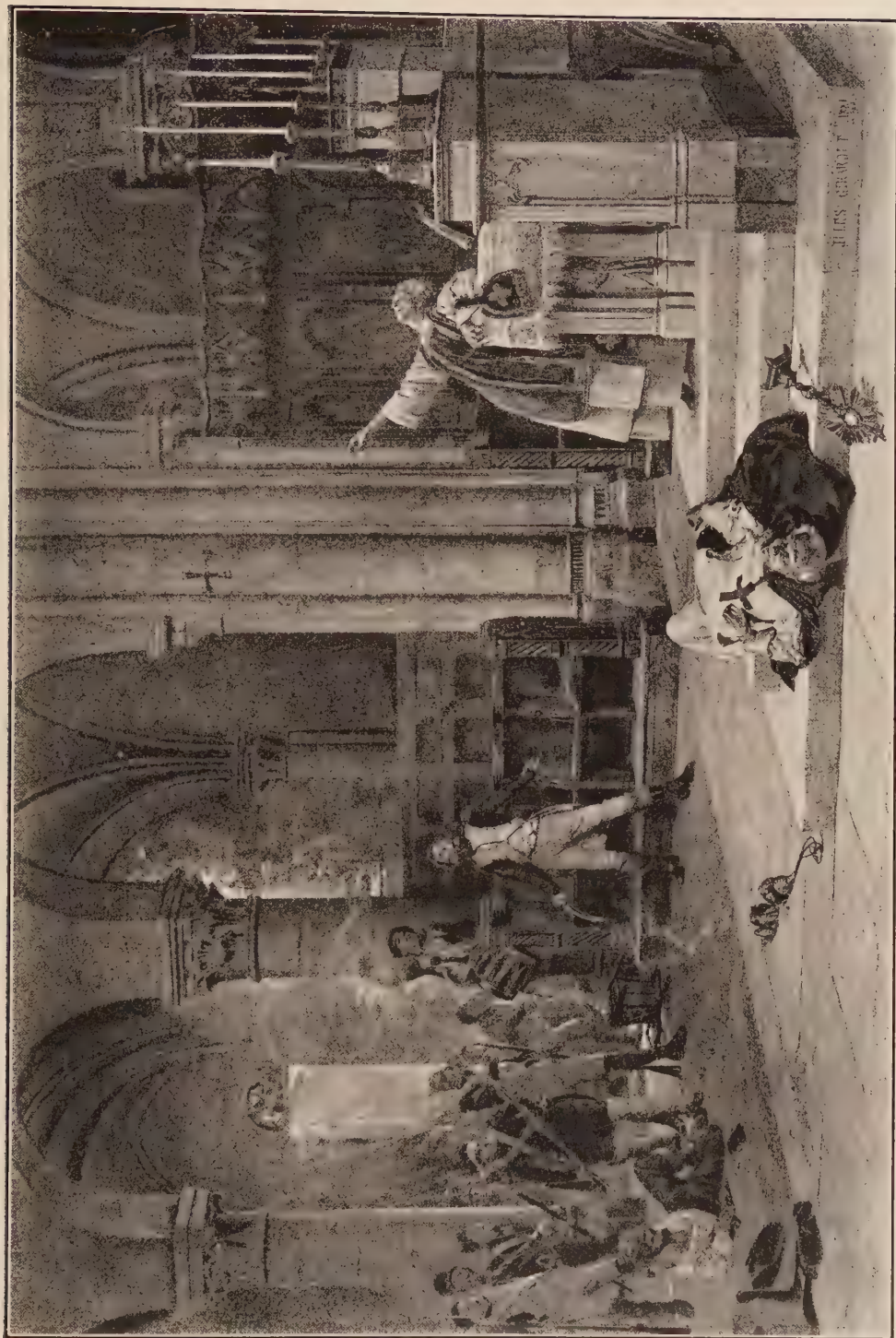
A number of causes united to aid the English. The several French armies holding Spain worked disjointedly, Napoleon was compelled to withdraw large levies to assist him in his other continental wars, he himself could not remain in Spain to direct operations, and the Spanish and Portuguese guerrillas fought viciously against their oppressors, the French. By the display of masterly gen-

eralship, Wellesley succeeded after four admirably conducted campaigns in driving the French from the Peninsula, the most important battles being the storming of the French strongholds at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and the battle of Salamanca (1812). Salamanca was fortified by the French, who turned its many churches and convents into batteries. Sometimes fighting and church services went on together, for the brave Spanish priests refused to abandon their altars. Napoleon sent his brilliant and trusted Soult to stop the British from entering France; but he failed, and, early in 1814, the long contest ended in the complete success of the English arms.

When Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, he was fond of philosophizing over the amazing events of his career and explaining the policy which controlled him at certain crises. Referring to the incidents that culminated in the Spanish war, he said:

"It was that unhappy war in Spain that ruined me. The results have irrevocably proved that I was in the wrong. But there were serious faults in the execution of my plans. One of the greatest was that of having attached so much importance to the dethronement of the Bourbons. Charles IV. was worn out. I might have given a liberal constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he had put it in force in good faith Spain would have prospered, and put itself in harmony with our new institutions. If he failed in the performance of his engagements, he would have met with his dismissal from the Spaniards themselves. The unfortunate war in Spain proved a real wound,—the first cause of the misfortune of France. If I could have foreseen that that affair would cause me so much vexation and chagrin, I would never have engaged in it. But after the first steps taken in the affair, it was impossible for me to recede. When I saw those imbeciles quarrelling and trying to dethrone each other, I thought I might as well take advantage of it to dispossess an inimical family, but I was not the contriver of their disputes. Had I known at the first that the transaction would have given me so much trouble, I never would have engaged in it."

After his Russian disaster Napoleon saw that it was impossible to hold the Peninsula, and he recalled Joseph and offered to reinstate Ferdinand VII. on the throne. The latter returned to Spain on the 14th of March, 1814, and was received with every expression of affection and loyalty. The fact that he had been the unrelenting enemy of Godoy, and had suffered at his hands, was sufficient to make all like him, and great things were hoped from his rule. But unfortunately for Spain the character of Ferdinand had undergone a complete change, or rather his true character had developed. Ingratitude, "the basest of all crimes," controlled him, and caring nothing for the sacrifices his people had endured in his cause, he became an uncompromising absolutist. Before



AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA

he reached Madrid, he refused to swear to the liberal constitution adopted by the Cortes in 1812, though he promised to grant a good one in its place.

The perfidy of Ferdinand disgusted Europe. He began a furious persecution of all who were suspected of holding liberal opinions, and imprisonments, executions, and confiscations of property turned the kingdom upside down. Liberty of speech was denied; the fearful Inquisition with the hideous rack was restored. The tyrant exiled those whom he did not choose to torture to death, and, in short, became a modern Nero. In 1820 the worm turned, and a formidable uprising forced Ferdinand to restore the constitution of 1812. The French Government, however, interfered, and absolutism was re-established, in 1823.

It was during this period of turmoil in Spain that her American colonies seized the opportunity to free themselves from her long oppression. Paraguay, which revolted in 1810, was the first to secure its independence, a fact due to its isolated position. Mexico rebelled in the same year under the leadership of two priests, Hidalgo and Morelos; and the first national congress which assembled in 1813 declared the independence of the country, which was not gained, however, until after years of fighting, civil war, anarchy, and no end of bloodshed. Ecuador declared itself independent in 1820, and two years later united with New Granada and Venezuela to form the republic of Colombia, under Simon Bolivar. So it went to the end, until Spain at last was left with only the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico on the American continent, and those were to be wrested from her before the close of the century.

Ferdinand VII. was married four times. His first wife was a princess of Naples, alert, intriguing, and a bitter enemy of Godoy; his second, a Portuguese princess and a cousin, was mild, kind, and loving; the third was much the same. None of the three bore him any children. The third wife died in May, 1829, and four months later a marriage contract was signed with Christina, a sister of his third wife, and niece of Queen Marie Amelie, wife of the French King, Louis Philippe. You cannot forget what sort of woman the mother of Ferdinand was. Well, Queen Christina was just as bad. I would say worse, but that seems hardly possible, for both sank to the lowest depth of degradation.

We are told that after his fourth marriage there came a noticeable change in the character of Ferdinand. He was fitful in his impulses, continually indulging in whimsical acts, and, after alarming those about him, would switch off and frighten those whom he had just pleased by his conduct. Once he had shown a fondness for public business, but now he felt an aversion for it. He hated to show himself in public, and became more and more subject to the strong-willed Queen. He weakened physically as well as mentally. His

hands trembled, he was languid, sighed a great deal, became listless, and sank into melancholia.

When it became known that she was soon to become a mother, the Queen set to work to induce King Ferdinand to sign an abrogation of the law of succession. This law declared that so long as there was a male heir to the throne, no matter how remote, no female should succeed to it. When Ferdinand was asked to sign the abrogation, he flared up and swore he would never consent; but the wily Christina persevered and gave him no rest until his signature was attached to the important decree. The law that had prevailed for a hundred and twenty years became of no effect.

The promulgation of this decree caused profound excitement throughout the kingdom. Note what it did. Under the old law, if Ferdinand died without male issue, the crown would pass to his brother, Don Carlos, and to his male descendants. Naturally Don Carlos vigorously protested against a change, and all the male members of the family did the same, prominent among them being the father of Queen Christina, who was King of Naples. The protest was joined by the Bourbons of France, and even by Louis Philippe, at that time Duke of Orleans.

Of course, if the child when born should prove to be a boy, all this made little difference; but lo! it was a girl, as was the second and only remaining child born to the royal couple. The former was Isabella, who first saw the light on October 10, 1830, and at once crowded Don Carlos out of his right as heir to the throne. Now, to show the vacillation of Ferdinand. In September, 1832, he abrogated his law permitting females to inherit the crown, and restored the old law of 1713. About two months later, he alleged that he had been taken by surprise and deceived into doing this in order to prevent civil war, and on the last day of 1832 he reversed his abrogation. The miserable creature was in such a bodily and mental state, and so completely under the influence of his wife, that it is hard to censure him for playing the weather cock. He died September 29, 1833.

Queen Christina had now to maintain the position of her infant daughter, Isabella. You can readily bear in mind the distinction between the most prominent parties of Spain. The repeal of the ancient law caused all the trouble. But for that repeal, Don Carlos would have become the successor to Ferdinand, and the crown would have passed to his male descendants. Those descendants still to-day claim the crown, and their adherents are *Carlists*. Their representative at present is the grandson of this Don Carlos, who was the disinherited brother of Ferdinand VII.



THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ

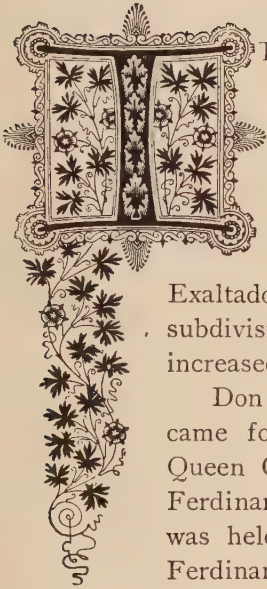
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THE WEDDING OF ISABELLA II

Chapter CXXXVII

ISABELLA II



It is well to bear in mind the distinctive principles of the different political parties in Spain. A "royalist" does not mean an adherent of the king or queen, but a member of the Carlist faction. The partisans of the infant Queen Isabella II. were members of the Liberal or Constitutional party, who split into the Moderados (Conservatives), Progresistas (Progressives), and the Exaltados (Radicals), who favored radical measures. There were subdivisions which it is not important to enumerate, and which increased the number of political parties to more than a score.

Don Carlos showed himself lacking in nerve, when the time came for him to strike a blow for his rights. The cunning Queen Christina had so conducted matters that at the time of Ferdinand's death not an office in the kingdom, military or civil, was held by a royalist. Don Carlos was an exile in Portugal. Ferdinand before his death sent him an order to find a refuge with his family in the papal states. He would have obeyed the order had not Lisbon been captured by his own forces.

As soon as the northern provinces learned of the King's death, they rose and proclaimed King Charles V. The uprisings spread all through Spain, but unfortunately for the rebels, they were without a competent leader. Had there been a strong man to mould and direct the insurgents, the rule of Christina would have toppled to the ground like a pack of cards. Then was the time of all others for Don Carlos to hasten to Spain, where thousands would

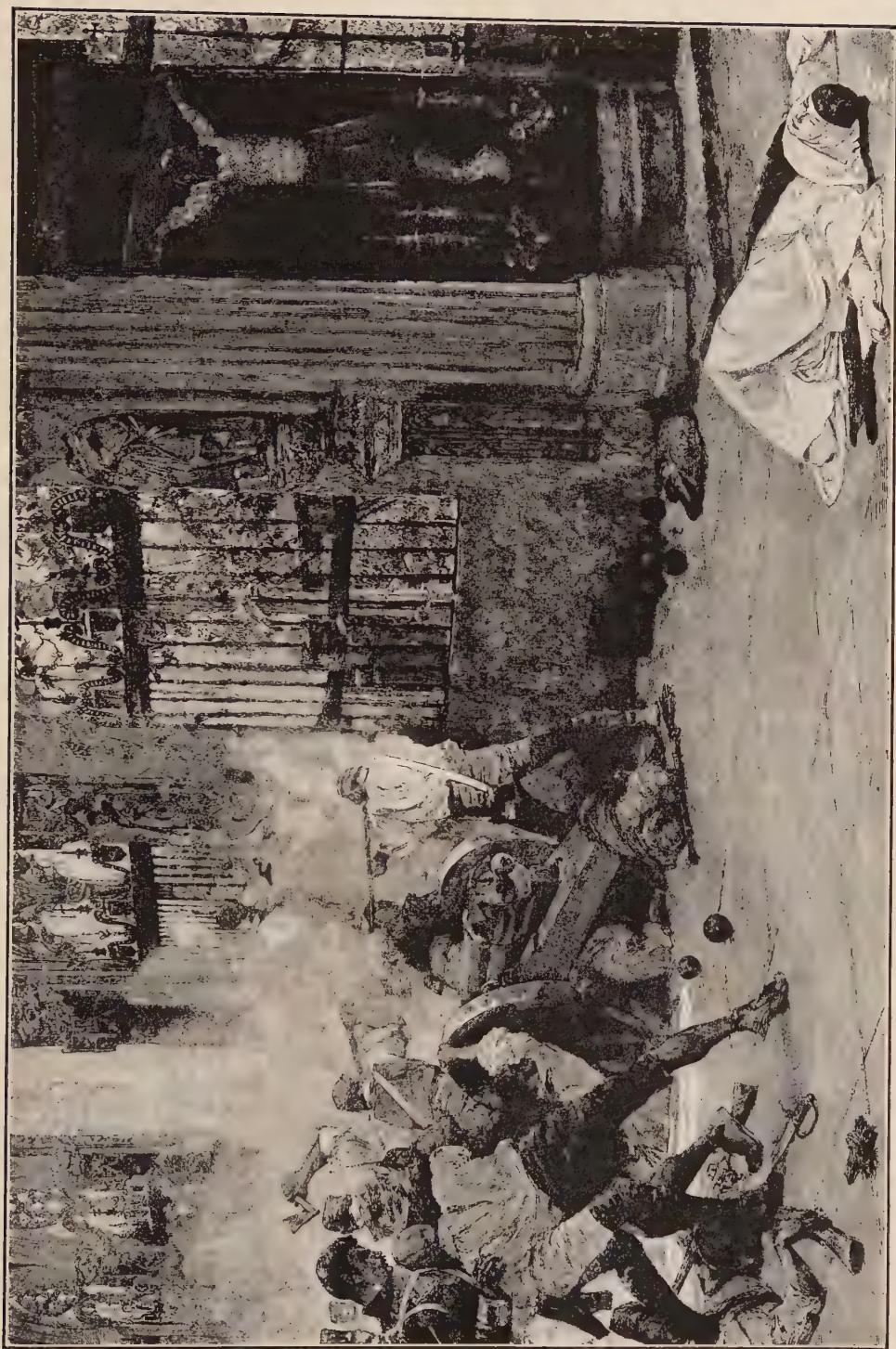
have rallied to his standard with tempestuous enthusiasm. Why he failed to do so was one of those things which only he could explain, but one cannot help suspecting he was too timid to face the crisis that called for him. He sent plenty of letters promising his friends soon to be among them. He had been declared a rebel by the Queen Regent; and by the quadruple alliance of Spain, Portugal, England and France he was banished from Portugal. Yet instead of hastening to his friends in Spain, he embarked in June, 1834, for England.

There the calls for him became so urgent that he could no longer refuse to heed them. Accompanied by a single friend, Baron de Los Valles, one of his most devoted counsellors, he made his way in disguise through France into Spain, where he was received with wild enthusiasm and multitudes flocked to his support.

The fighting which followed lasted for years, and was often marked by dreadful atrocities on both sides. For a time, the Carlists made good headway, but the troops opposed to them were better handled, and after awhile gained ground. The prospect became so hopeless that Don Carlos lost heart. A convention closed the war, and he and several thousands of his followers passed over into France, where for a time he was kept under close surveillance. His wife having died, he was allowed to take up his residence in Trieste, Austria. He was afterward urged to return to Spain, where the outlook for a successful uprising was good, but nothing could persuade him to pass again through what he had already suffered in striving after the bauble crown. It was in 1844 that he renounced all his rights, and he died at Trieste in March, 1855.

The first Carlist war brought forward one of the most remarkable Spaniards of the last century. This was Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, who, while studying for the priesthood, joined the army in 1808, when only sixteen years old, to fight the French. When matters became more tranquil in 1814, he and a number of his friends went to South America and fought valiantly against the insurgents. When, however, the great victory of Bolivar at Ayacucho, in December, 1824, ended Spanish rule on the American continent, Espartero sailed for Spain, where he declared himself in favor of the succession of Isabella in 1832. In the civil war that followed, his great ability raised him to the rank of lieutenant-general. In the summer of 1836, he was successful in saving the city of Madrid from capture. Honors followed, and he became General-in-chief of the army in the north, Viceroy of Navarre, and Captain-general of the Basque provinces.

Once more, in September, 1837, Espartero saved the capital from the army of Don Carlos, and it was his campaign two years later that drove Don Carlos across the frontier into France. For these and other services, Espartero was



THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA

made a Grandee of Spain and Duke de la Vittoria y de Morella. Such a man was the one to insist upon the Queen Regent carrying out the pledges of reform which she had made. When she refused, he gave her the choice of keeping her promises or accepting his resignation. In her indignation she abdicated the regency and sailed for France. She was a thoroughly evil woman, and spent years in plotting the overthrow of the Spanish government.

The flight of Queen Christina compelled the selection of another regent, and fortunately the choice fell upon the excellent Espartero, who soon found he had his hands full in the management of Isabella, the degenerate daughter of a degenerate mother. She was coarse, and lumpy of feature, dull of intellect, and early gave proof of immorality and utter disregard of the proprieties of life. In later years, she became coarser and excessively fat. The honorable conduct of Espartero made him the target of envy and treachery, and late in the summer of 1843 he left Spain for England, pursued by a decree which tore all his decorations, titles, and honors from him. In the following March, Christina came back to Spain, riding into Madrid by the side of her daughter Isabella.

As you know, the marriages of royalty are based upon national interests, without a thought of love, though now and then, as in the case of Queen Victoria and later in that of one of the Kings of Spain, genuine affection manifests itself. From the very birth of Isabella, the future Queen, one of the most interesting questions of Spain was as to who should be her husband. Many candidates were named, and the consideration of the problem went on for several years, but the choice finally fell upon Don Francisco d'Assis, one of the sons of Don Francisco di Paula, a brother of Ferdinand VII., and therefore the cousin of Isabella. He was an effeminate man, whom Isabella abhorred, and for that reason he was selected by Christina and her allies. The marriage took place amid splendid ceremonies in 1846, on the sixteenth birthday of Isabella.

The young Queen made no attempt to conceal her contempt for her husband, but exiled him to a country residence, and in her indignation toward her mother gave her to understand that she would permit no further interference from her. Then she threw off all restraint and wallowed in a mire of shameless immorality.

The general upheaval in 1848 convinced the Carlists that the opportunity was favorable for another uprising. Don Carlos, as you remember, had renounced his rights, doing so in favor of his eldest son of the same name, Count de Montemolon, and when approached he refused to have anything to do with the revolt. By this time, Isabella had proved herself an absolutist, and the downfall of Louis Philippe removed one of the strongest supports from

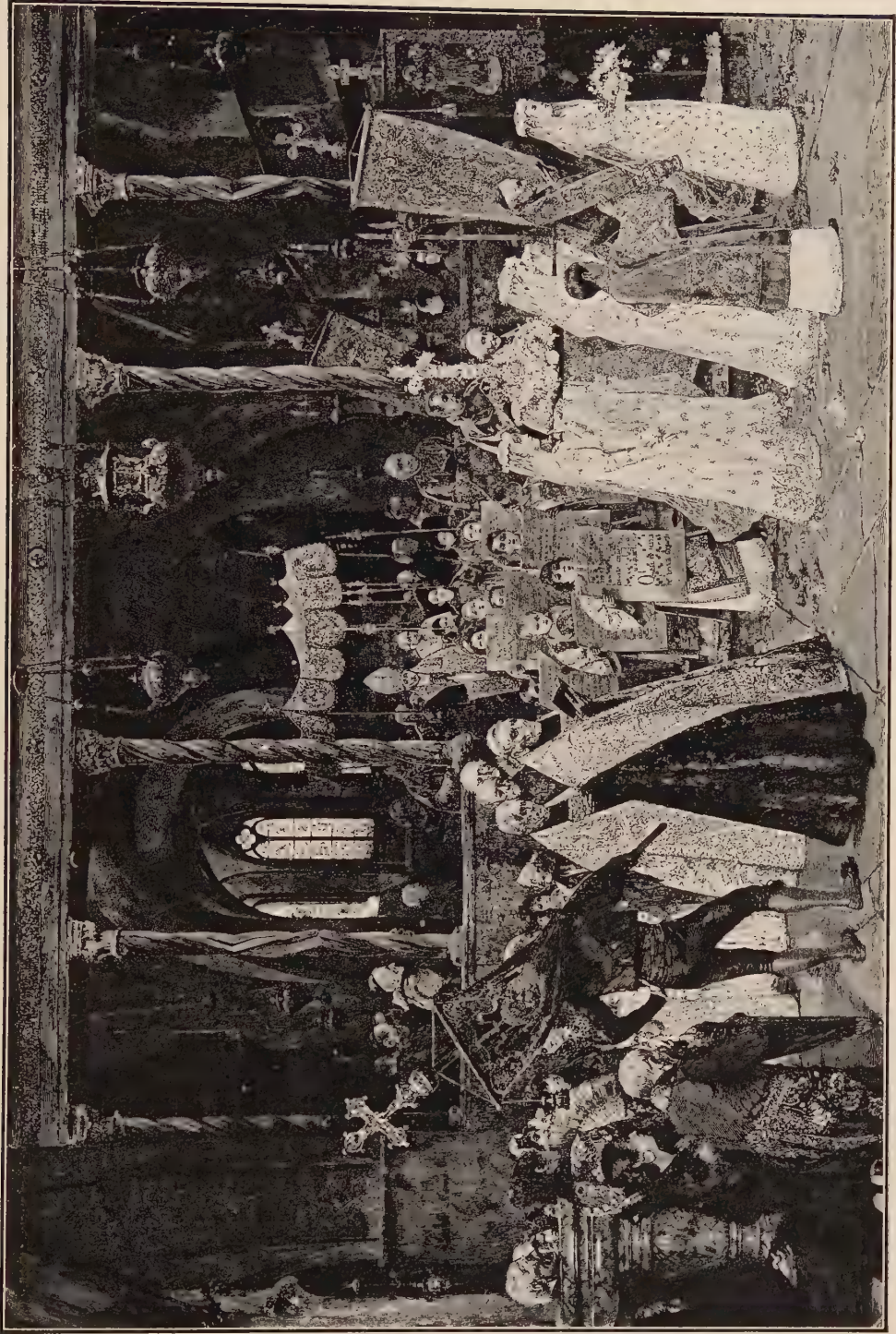
Spain, so that it would seem the Carlists had grounds for their hope. Cabrera, who, despite his frightful cruelties, had won high honor in the preceding Carlist war, and proved his military ability, now dashed here and there through Spain, most of the time in disguise, and organized the insurgent forces with masterly skill. But the second Don Carlos was as timid and incompetent as his father. Cabrera did his utmost to bring him forward, until, disgusted with his unfitness, the general threw up the command of his fast dwindling forces, made his way to London, and swore he would never again help the Carlists. He kept his word.

Plotting, intrigue, and treachery followed the unfortunate marriage of Queen Isabella. In a brief period, six ministers rose and fell in succession. There was rioting in many of the provinces, as there has been at intervals to the present time. General Narvaez, who was in power in 1848, crushed the insurrections with such dreadful harshness that the British ambassador remonstrated, and was denounced so angrily that diplomatic relations between England and Spain were severed for several years.

The intrigue and treachery which festered everywhere culminated in a revolt in Madrid in the latter part of June, 1854. It was a surprise to those not in the secret, the Queen being absent at the Escorial, twenty miles distant, with most of the ministers away. The uprising was wholly military and no precautions had been taken against it. Isabella received the news by telegraph, and with a certain coarse animal courage set out for Madrid, where she arrived late at night. The next morning she reviewed the troops that were about to march out to meet the insurgents, but no enthusiasm was shown for her, and the insurgent generals, to whom overtures were sent, rejected them. They notified the Queen that they would not lay down their arms until the obnoxious ministry was dismissed, and the government "conformed to the principles of liberty, morality, and justice."

A murderous collision took place a few miles from Madrid, in which a number of lives were lost, but the victory was with the government. A brief spell of quiet was followed by news of turbulent outbreaks in the provinces, and many regiments of the government forces openly went over to the insurgents. The ministry at Madrid resigned, and there was rioting in the capital. In the midst of the turmoil and peril, there seemed but one person capable of extricating the country from threatened destruction: that was General Espartero, who was then living at his country home on the borders of the Basque provinces. The Queen telegraphed him, and he sent a messenger to name the conditions on which he would return. The acceptance of them was bitter medicine to Isabella, but she dared not refuse.

Espartero, now sixty-two years old, formed a new ministry, whose most



THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION AT THE WEDDING OF ISABELLA II.

troublesome immediate question was the disposal of Queen Christina. The resentment against her was so hot that it was almost worth one's life to speak in her favor. But Espartero felt that it would never do to bring her to trial, and he permitted her to escape, as the best way to rid the country of the ulcer. The anger against him was violent, but so universal was the respect and liking for the man that it soon calmed down. Thus vanished the baleful presence that was to plague Spain no more.

The new ministry made Espartero the Progresista, and General O'Donnell the Moderado, the heads of the government. They soon quarrelled, and were succeeded by General Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, who was devotedly loyal to the Queen. He was a blunt, honest soldier who governed Spain successfully for two years, during which there was a marked advancement in the prosperity of the kingdom. In November, 1857, the Prince of the Asturias, afterward Alfonso XII., was born, his entrance into the world being received with rejoicing by all supporters of the crown, while the mother regained to some extent her former popularity with the people. Carlos Luis de Bourbon, Count de Montemolin, however, was busy with schemes for another Carlist uprising. He had not forgotten the lesson of his former *fiasco*. He issued a declaration that he would govern the people constitutionally. This alienated many of the elder Carlists, but their places were filled by powerful recruits. The plotting went on for several years, and, in March, 1860, Don Carlos Luis, with his brother Don Fernando, his secretary and three officers and attendants left Paris for Marseilles. Pausing at Palma, the principal town of Majorca, they found nearly 4,000 soldiers and four pieces of artillery, though none of the troops and few of the officers knew the nature of the business on which they were to be employed.

Sailing into a small port near the mouth of the Ebro, the troops landed and advanced toward Valencia. By this time the soldiers and their officers began to suspect their real errand. An open revolt followed, and Don Carlos and his immediate friends made their escape as best they could. Later they were captured and threw themselves upon the mercy of the government. The insurrection was so widespread that it was impossible to punish all, and, as the best way out of an embarrassing situation, the whole lot were pardoned. Don Carlos and his brother impressively renounced all the rights they had claimed to the Spanish crown, and begged to be allowed to return to France, where they would plague the Queen no more. She willingly forgave them, and thus again the Carlist rising "flashed in the pan."

During those troublous years, Cuba caused a great deal of anxiety in Spain, whose misgovernment brought about more than one rebellion. Spain also took part in the attempt of France to establish Maximilian on the throne of Mexico,

but, like the English, withdrew before that ill-starred episode reached its tragic ending.

All this time a sentiment was steadily growing that the only effectual cure for the manifold miseries of the country lay in a change of dynasties, but the trouble was in fixing upon the right one to place at the head of the government. Candidates were as plentiful as blackberries in summer, but they were a sorry lot, and among them all there was not one upon whom the people were willing to unite. The revolution came to a head in the spring of 1868. The leaders were General Dulce, formerly Captain-General of Cuba, Señor Olozaga, a man of high character, Marshal Serrano, and General Prim, who had commanded the Spanish forces in the Mexican expedition. Prim felt a bitter personal enmity toward the Queen because of an insult she once put upon him, and General Serrano, Field Marshal and Duke de la Torre, detested her as intensely, because of her shameless character. All entered heartily into the conspiracy, the secret of which was well kept.

So perfect indeed were all the arrangements that failure was impossible. The leaders gathered at Cadiz, where the inhabitants were roused on the morning of September 19, 1868, by the firing of salutes and the strains of Riego's Hymn, which had not been heard for years in the kingdom. When the people rubbed their eyes and looked about them, they saw the men-of-war in the harbor gay with streamers and bunting, while sailors and soldiers were cheering over the fall of the abominated dynasty. Wherever Prim showed himself, he was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, the women crowding forward to kiss the man whom they looked upon as the savior of Spain. On the same day, a pronunciamento was issued, setting forth the grievances of the country, which certainly were numerous enough. The signatures carried immense prestige, and a provisional government was speedily formed, at the head of which was Marshal Serrano.

All this was terrifying news to Queen Isabella, who with her immediate friends, including a new lover, named Marfori, was at San Sebastian taking the sea baths. The authorities telegraphed her to return to Madrid at once, but to leave her lover behind. The request threw her into a rage, and she stayed where she was.

Meanwhile, the few generals who still held out for the queen collected what troops they could muster and advanced against Serrano's troops. Near the city of Cordova, the forces met at the bridge of Alcolea, and those of the Queen were routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons." It was the death-knell of the hopes of Isabella II. It is said that, as a last, despairing hope, she implored Louis Napoleon III. to interfere in her behalf, but that wily rogue knew better than to commit suicide in that fashion. He replied by advising her to



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MARSHAL PRIM RALLYING THE SPANISH PATRIOTS

take up her residence at Pau, a town in France. A French newspaper gave the following account of how the Queen and her party crossed the frontier:

"It is one o'clock. The Queen is at the station of St. Jean de Luz. The Emperor and Empress arrive at the Biarritz station. The Emperor walks alone on the platform with head bent, and plunged in thought. . . . The departure from St. Jean de Ruz is signalled, and soon after the special train enters the Biarritz station. The Queen was alone on the balcony of the saloon carriage. The King (her long-neglected husband) stood at the door of the saloon. Marfori stood behind the Queen, pompous, and wearing over his black coat the broad ribbon of the order of Charles III.

"At the moment when the Emperor advanced to offer his hand to the Queen, the express train from Paris to Madrid thundered up, bearing exiles now returning to their country, and from it were heard to proceed cries most insulting to the Queen, the loudest being *Fuera!* (Out with her!)

"At those cries the Emperor made a step backward, and tears gushed from the eyes of the Queen, who got out as well as the King, her children, the high personages of her suite, Father Claret, and the inevitable Marfori. After having shaken hands with the Emperor, and kissed the Empress, all four, the Emperor, Empress, the Queen and the King, entered the first-class waiting-room. Nobody else entered. Nobody heard what was there said.

"The interview lasted twenty minutes. At last the Queen made a movement toward the door, and all four advanced. At that moment a Spanish general who stood beside me exclaimed in Spanish, 'We having nothing left but to depart,' showing that up to the last moment hopes had been cherished of the intervention of the Emperor.

"The parting was brief, silent, and mournful. The Emperor was unmoved; the Empress hardly restrained her tears; the Prince Imperial looked astonished. The Queen endeavored but in vain to smile. The little King fidgeted about to hide his emotion. The suite stood aghast. The Queen got into the carriage again; then the King, the Prince of the Asturias, whom the Emperor had kissed, and the royal children. . . . I never was present at a funeral where the grief of the mourners was more profound. It was the funeral procession of a dynasty two hundred years old, which had breathed its last sigh in the Biarritz station. The signal is given. The train is put in motion. Everybody bows, and all is over."

At this writing, ex-Queen Isabella is living, gray-haired and almost forgotten. Her mother died in 1878.



DON CARLOS DIRECTING HIS TROOPS

Chapter CXXXVIII

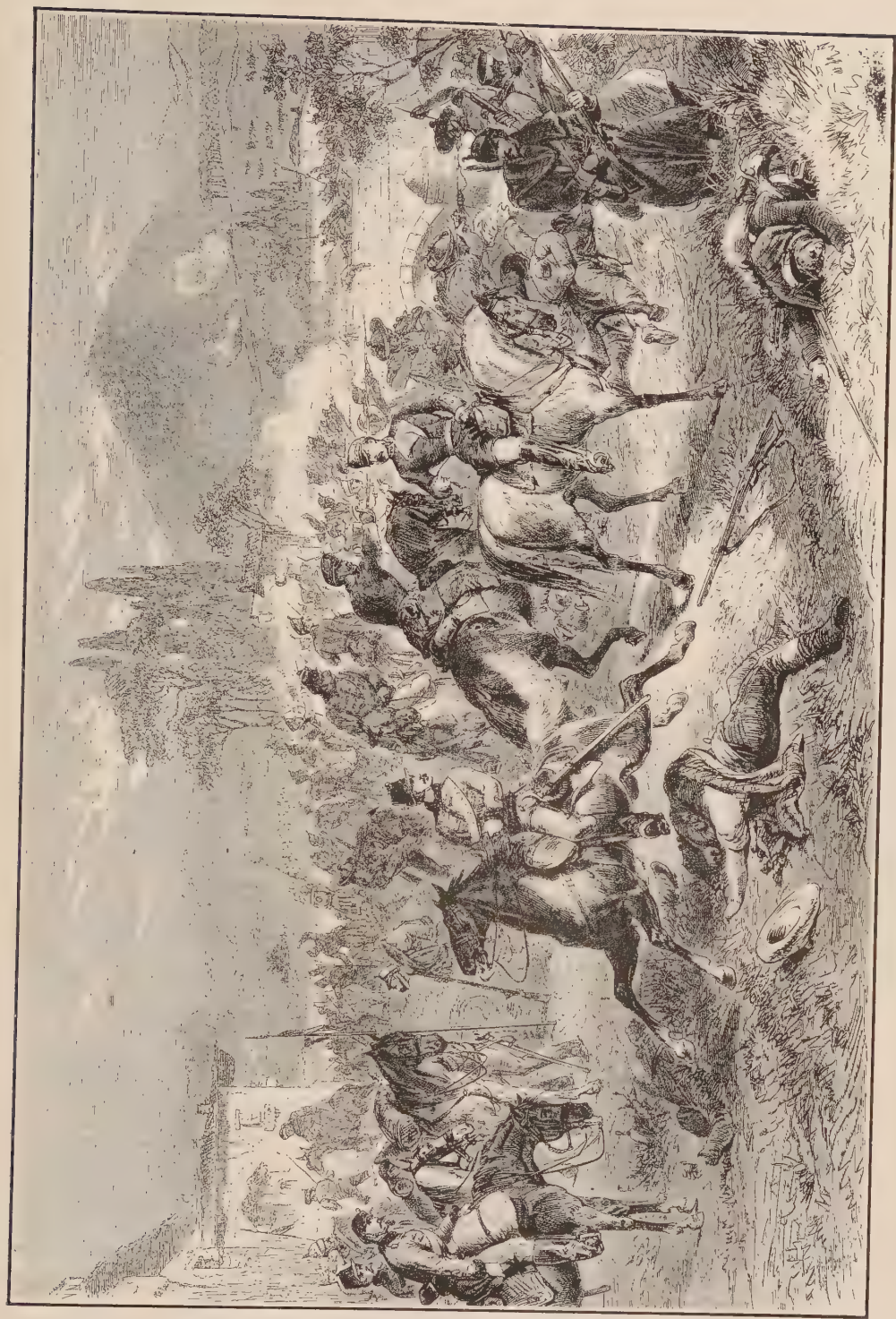
SPAIN AS A REPUBLIC—ECLIPSE OF CARLISM



THE success of the revolution of 1868 was absolute, overwhelming, and complete. The mushy Isabella, still clinging to her lover and lamenting the misfortunes which she had deserved ten times over, was across the border, fortunately never again to trouble the people whom she had misruled so long.

But what next? While all were united in the resolution to hustle the intolerable nuisances out of the country, there was no agreement as to the nature of the government that was to replace the old. The majority of the leaders favored a constitutional monarchy, but there were many republicans. Eight candidates were discussed, among whom were three Bourbons, but they were speedily dropped. Three princes and Espartero, who were named, declined a candidature. Meanwhile, a provisional government was formed with Serrano as president of council and Prim as minister of war. They summoned a Cortes which met in the beginning of 1869, and took up the question as to the form of the government which should be established in Spain.

It was decided to restore a monarchical form with constitutional guarantees, the constitution which was accepted establishing freedom of conscience, replacing the principle of legitimacy with the sovereignty of the people, and organizing a Senate and a Council of State to act in conjunction with the House of Representatives. This constitution was adopted on the 2d of June, 1869. Meanwhile, Marshal Serrano was appointed regent until the right sovereign



MARSHAL SERRANO DIRECTING HIS TROOPS AT ARCOLEA

could be found, and General Prim was delegated to set out on a hunt for a king.

His choice was Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a man of fine capacity and every way fitted to govern the kingdom. He was grand-nephew of William, King of Prussia, and the throne was offered to him; but the moment the news reached Emperor Napoleon of France, he boiled over with indignation. You remember how he instructed his minister at Berlin to warn the King of Prussia that if he did not forbid the young man to accept the throne, it would be taken as an unfriendly act and war would follow. This demand upon the aged monarch was made with insulting brusqueness, for Napoleon wanted a war and the Empress Eugenie clapped her hands with delight and called it her own war.

Well, it came, and France was ground to powder. Louis Napoleon was made prisoner, and his Empress saved her life by a midnight flight from Paris. So the dethronement of Isabella in one sense brought about the downfall of Napoleon III. as well.

Prince Leopold never wanted the Spanish crown and expressed his pleasure years afterward that he had refused it. The choice narrowed down to one or two and then settled upon Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, the second son of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy; and Amadeus, born in 1845, was a fairly able and conscientious man. Like nearly all the rest to whom the crown was offered, he did not wish it, and refused it four times before he yielded to the urgency of his father.

Just before his arrival in Madrid, a shocking crime was perpetrated. General Prim, on the evening of December 27, 1870, when in a cab that was to take him to the Ministry of War, was fired upon by unknown persons and so sorely wounded that he lived but a short time. When the new King arrived he was greatly depressed by the occurrence, and wept over his dead friend as the body lay in the coffin in the church ready for burial.

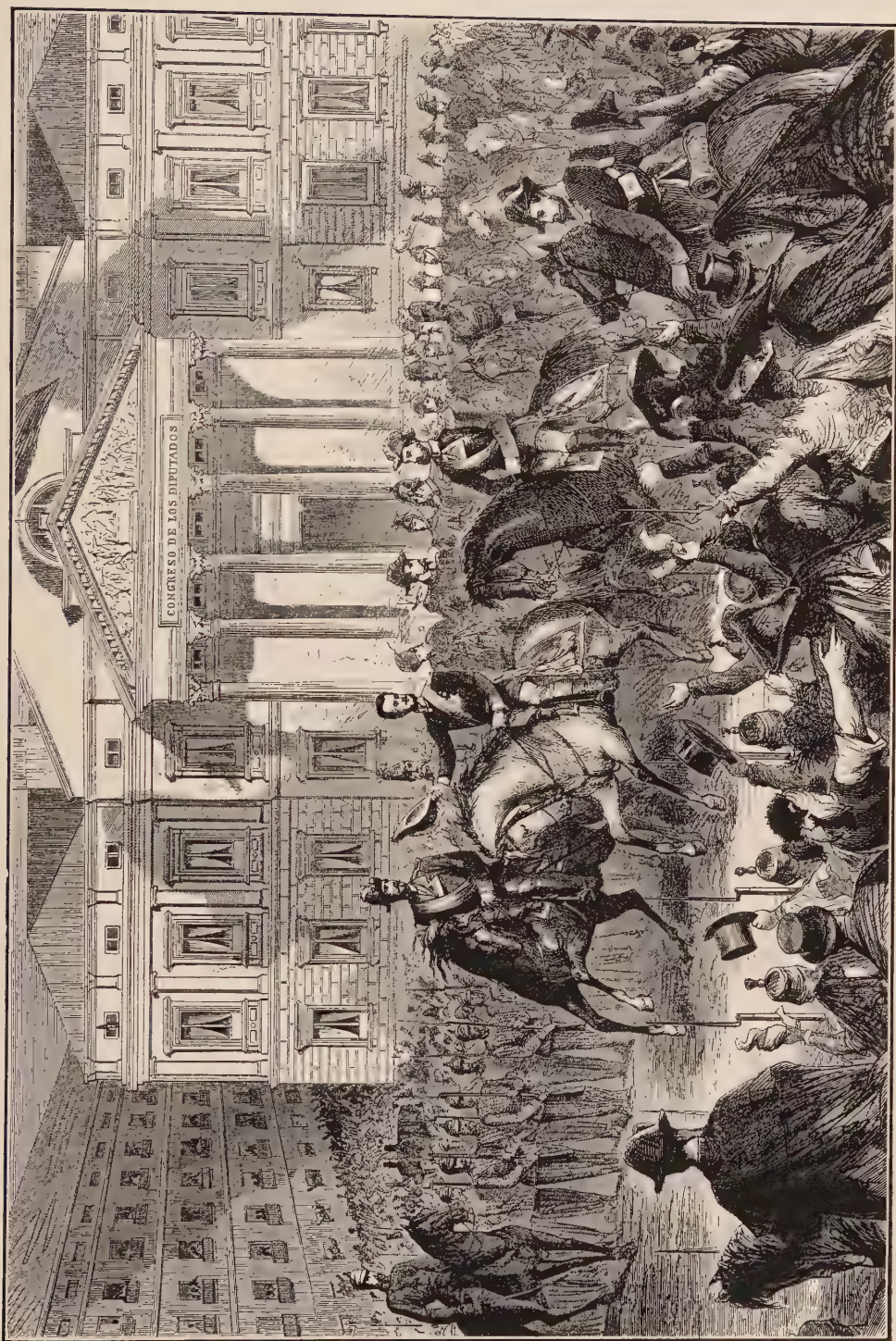
Amadeus entered Madrid and was proclaimed King January 2, 1871. From the first he was subjected to the most vexatious annoyances. The fact that he was a foreigner made it impossible, no matter how discreet and praiseworthy his course, to win the good will of his subjects; his father was at that time under the ban of excommunication, and Spain is essentially a Catholic country; his wife was snubbed, and at times neither of them was treated with common courtesy. More than once a man on the street was kicked and cuffed for no other cause than that he had saluted the King. His elevation to the throne brought about such a mixing, overturning, mingling, and recasting of parties that no person unless a Spaniard (and not always he), could comprehend their principles. A traveller once asked an intelligent countryman to draw the distinctions for him, and he did so in this style:

"There are five principal parties,—the Absolutists, the Moderates, the Conservatives, the Radicals, and the Republicans. These are subdivided until there are twenty-two parties already formed or in process of formation. Add to these those who desire a republic with Amadeus for president; the partisans of the Queen (Isabella); the partisans of Montpensier (Isabella's sister); those who are Republicans on condition that Cuba be retained; those who are Republicans on condition that Cuba be given up; those who have not yet renounced Prince Leopold; those who wish for a union with Portugal,—and you will have thirty parties. As for their leaders, Sagasta inclines toward the Unionists; Zorilla toward the Republicans; Serrano is disposed to join the Moderates; the Moderates, if they had the chance, would join hands with the Absolutists, who, in their turn, are disposed to coalesce with the Republicans, who would be glad to join the Radicals to blow up Sagasta, who is too conservative for the Democratic Progresistas and too liberal for the Unionists, who are afraid of the Federal Republicans, who place no confidence in the Radicals, who are always vacillating between the Democrats and the followers of Sagasta."

Try as much as he might, Amadeus could not govern this muddle acceptably. Against his will he was compelled to make changes in his ministry, but most of the new men proved as worthless as those they displaced. It was a sad truth that the King found it impossible to secure a dozen competent, patriotic, unselfish, and honest men in the whole kingdom of Spain. No doubt there were many in the country, but Amadeus could not find them at his court.

Some of those associated with him lost heart, and urged him to a *coup d'état*. He repelled the suggestion with scorn, declaring that if he could not reign constitutionally he would resign. Thereupon his ministers resigned, and he was obliged to form a new cabinet, which was no better than the other. His position became more intolerable every day. Not only did his subjects refuse to appreciate him, but his life was attempted, and even the Republicans and Carlists partially fused in order to get rid of him. Forbearance finally ceased to be a virtue. He sent his wife to southern Spain in order to have her near the Portuguese frontier, and on the 11th of February, 1873, he took a seat in a railway carriage, joined her, and they quietly entered Portugal. Thus vanishes Amadeus from Spanish history.

The King having abdicated, the Cortes immediately proclaimed the Republic by a vote of nearly eight to one. In doing so they astonished themselves, Spain, and the world, for such a form of government in that country was to many unthinkable. Some looked upon the step as a grim jest. Perhaps it was, for it was the first time in the history of the kingdom that such a thing



AMADEUS WELCOMED TO MADRID AS KING

had been done, and it seems unlikely that it will soon be repeated. The Spaniard is not constructed for democracy.

Having solemnly adopted a republic, it remained to decide whether it should be a centralized or a federal one. The people preferred the latter, but the men of affairs were certain that nothing would answer except the former. While the problem was brewing, it was necessary to form a provisional government, in order to prevent the country from crumbling to ruin. This was done with Marshal Serrano at the head, and, amid ferment and fierce turmoil, Spain once more accepted the republic.

And now we must give attention to the Carlists, who were making matters lively throughout the kingdom. Let us briefly recapitulate. The original Carlos V., after an unsuccessful war for his rights, had renounced them, in 1844, in favor of his son, made his bow and walked off the stage, to die in 1855. The son Don Carlos, born in 1818, was better known as the Count de Montemolin, and led a revolt in 1849, only to fail as his father had done. Another revolution was tried in 1860, and not only came to naught, but the Count de Montemolin and his brother Don Fernando, to save their heads, renounced all claim to the throne. Another brother, Don Juan, was with them, but he took no part in the renunciation.

As soon as the Count de Montemolin reached England he, as might have been expected, tried to retract his renunciation. This exasperated Don Juan, who felt that he was now the rightful heir, and he denounced the double dealing of his brother, with whom his relations became "strained." On the 1st of January, 1861, Don Fernando suddenly died. His death greatly depressed the Count de Montemolin and his wife, who both fell ill and passed away within a fortnight of the death of Don Fernando. They had no children, and the strange series of fatalities left Don Juan and his two sons the only representatives of the Carlist line of succession to the throne.

After the abdication of Isabella, Don Juan renounced his claims in favor of his son Don Carlos, born in 1848. (He is married and has four daughters and a son, Prince Jamie, born in 1870.) This present Don Carlos, or Duke of Madrid, following the order, assumed the title of Charles VII. He deemed the time favorable for an uprising, and the attempt was made in 1872, but the insurgents were poorly armed and equipped, the conduct of Don Carlos was cowardly, and Marshal Serrano with little trouble quelled the revolt.

The proclamation of the republic was followed by a good deal of disorganization among the government troops. This encouraged the Carlists, who carried on a partisan warfare with great vigor. Beginning in the latter part of the reign of Amadeus, it continued, and was accompanied by numerous raids in Catalonia, which was always ready to assail any government estab-

lished in Castile. Neither side had a fixed plan of campaign, and for a time no decisive engagements took place. In July, 1873, Don Carlos, who had fled from Spain, returned and took command of an army of 16,000 men, with several excellent officers as his assistants. Opposed to them was Marshal Serrano, Commander-in-chief in the Basque provinces. Being recalled to Madrid by political necessity, Serrano left his army in charge of Marshal Concha, an able and energetic leader, who was killed in the battle of Abazuza, fought in the latter part of June, 1874. His army suffered a disastrous repulse. A lamentable part of this woful business was that little or no quarter was shown by either side, all fighting with the ferocity of red savages.

Great confusion followed in the Republican ranks, and the prospects of the Carlists were never brighter, but toward the close of 1874 signs of weakness appeared in their ranks. True, they had met with successes, some of them considerable, but they were still outside the shell of the government they were seeking to break. They could not reach the core, which still defied them. Discipline became lax and here and there was open disaffection. It should be noted, moreover, that two months after Abazuza, Marshal Serrano gained an important political triumph in securing the recognition of his government by all the European powers with the single exception of Russia. This recognition of the Serrano government made a strict blockade of Spain probable, and the Carlist forces would find it almost impossible to procure arms and supplies. They were deficient in field artillery and cavalry, but, worst of all, they were deficient in an able, vigorous leader, who would open the way to Madrid. All appeals to General Cabrera, the staunch commander of other days, were vain, for he had given up hope, and could not be induced to draw his sword again for the cause he once loved so well. The disintegration of the army proceeded rapidly. Officers resigned and soldiers deserted by the score. Several failures by Don Carlos to capture towns which he attacked added to the demoralization of his cause.

Meanwhile, the Republicans felt the necessity of some decisive success on their part. Serrano again left Madrid, and in the latter part of 1874 took command of the northern army. He knew when he did so that a revolution was likely to break out in Madrid, where the dissatisfaction with the Republic was fast drawing to a head. He was still in the north with his troops, when news reached him that a pronunciamiento had been issued on December 31, 1874, and that the son of the expelled Isabella, the Prince of the Asturias, had been proclaimed king with the title of Alfonso XII.

Alfonso was born in 1857, and had therefore been a boy of eleven years when he accompanied his mother into exile. His choice was the act of the army, which pronounced in his favor. Serrano accepted the situation, and,



CARLISTS SLAYING THEIR REPUBLICAN PRISONERS AT ABABUZA

without any attempt to oppose the movement which ended his dictatorship, declared his adhesion to the new government and crossed the border into France. The armed forces everywhere welcomed the new order of things with enthusiasm, and thus, after an existence of two years, the Spanish Republic quietly passed out of existence.

The way being opened, Alfonso XII. sailed from Marseilles, January 7, 1875, pausing at Barcelona, whence he continued his voyage to Valencia, where he took train to Madrid, which he entered on the 14th of the month. He was received with shouts and rejoicings, and no ruler could have asked for more ardent proofs of loyalty than greeted him. He at once announced his intention of going to the seat of war, and a few days later he departed to take nominal command of the army of the north, where he found the same joyous welcome awaiting him. As has been said, his accession was due to the army, with whom he was more popular at all times than with the civilians. His elevation to the throne strengthened the cause of Don Carlos, who denounced with vehemence the outrage upon his rights.

Like young and ardent leaders, Alfonso thought he could win over his rebellious subjects by soothing proclamations, but they produced no effect and the third Carlist war went on. The battle of Lucar was the first in which the young King took part, and though it was a repulse for his army, he displayed marked personal bravery and added to his popularity with the troops.

It would take too long to narrate the details of the numerous campaigns which followed. Before the close of 1875 the Carlist army in Catalonia existed only in name. Martinez Campos, the royal commander in that section, sent a despatch to Madrid to this effect, adding the proud and, under the circumstances, unusual declaration that in securing peace he had not bribed nor purchased a single guerrilla leader, but had won by arms alone.

In the midst of the fighting, Don Carlos made a most remarkable proposition to his cousin Alfonso. War with the United States over Cuba seemed so imminent that he proposed they should unite their forces against the young giant of the West, and, after he was soundly trounced, Carlos and Alfonso should resume fighting for their respective rights. No one knows how the scheme struck the Madrid authorities, for they sent back no reply. Everywhere the Carlists lost ground, until at last Don Carlos saw all hope vanish, fled from Spain, and so follows his predecessors off the stage. As has been said, he has four daughters and a son, Prince Jamie, to whom it is believed he has transferred his "rights." Whether Jamie will ever make a stir in the world remains to be seen, but it seems hardly probable that he will vex Spain as his ancestors have done.



PREPARING FOR THE NATIONAL PASTIME AT MADRID

Chapter CXXXIX

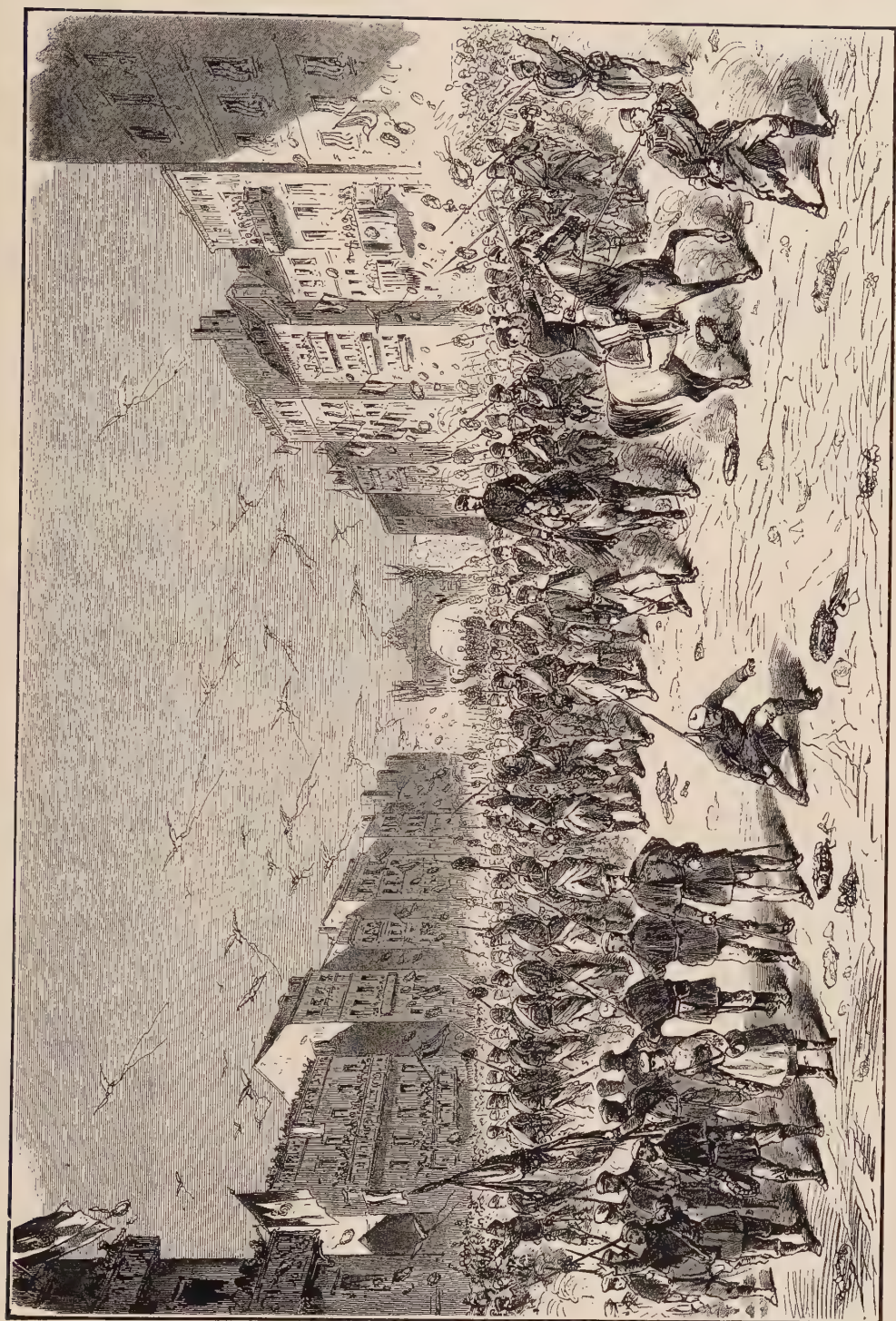
THE NEW MONARCHY



PEACE at almost any price was welcome to distracted, exhausted Spain. It is conceivable that if the republic had been declared again, it would have been accepted. But the young Bourbon on the throne was liked by nearly every one, and no sovereign could have asked for greater loyalty than was manifested for the new ruler.

Alfonso XII. was a youth of good parts. He had been carefully educated under the best of instructors, though his health was never rugged, and he was inclined to consumption. The man who had most to do with shaping his views and principles was Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo, who urged liberal ideas in place of the clerical and absolutist principles of Isabella. Canovas kept in close touch with Madrid and directed the policy of the friends of Alfonso. It was he who persuaded the Spanish nobility to send an address to the Prince on his birthday, and it was he who wrote the reply. Naturally, as soon as Alfonso became King, he made Canovas his prime minister. Bear in mind that he was only seventeen years old and had gained the crown without intriguing for it. It was not the Cortes that proclaimed him King, but the army.

He won the respect of his advisers by the maturity of his views, and by their vigorous sense and wisdom. He was handsome, cultured, and at the time seemed to be in sound health, though the seeds of consumption were in his system and destined soon to reap their sad harvest.



THE YOUNG KING ALFONSO XII. ENTERING MADRID

Canovas set out to mould a new party from which the absolutists and clericals were excluded, and he aimed to maintain universal suffrage, but opposition in his cabinet caused him to resign, though his influence with the King was never weakened. He was soon in power again, and his second term saw the close of the Carlist war. While making Catholicism the religion of the state, he permitted toleration to all faiths, and thus offended the powerful ultramontane party, but his relations with the Pope remained friendly.

Peace added greatly to the prosperity of Spain, whose natural wealth and richness of soil warranted the saying that you had only to tickle the earth to make her laugh a harvest. The value of her minerals is boundless, and could the inhabitants be taught to war no more, and to be honest, industrious, and self-respecting, Spain could not fail to rise to something of its old-time greatness. The fatal defect, however, is in the Spanish character itself. This has been proved so many times in the events described that it is useless to dwell upon it.

Alfonso having attained the age of twenty, the Cortes began discussing the question of his marriage, but he informed the ministers that he had already selected a wife in Maria de las Mercedes, the second daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and of his aunt Luisa Fernanda de Bourbon. She was two years younger than himself, and his love for the girl began when he was a boy receiving his education in France, where he often met her. The ministers saw many advantages to be gained by the choice of another wife, and urged Alfonso to give first place to such considerations, but he was immovable.

"Talk to me of no one else," was the reply of Alfonso to the protests of his ministers; "argument and words are wasted: Mercedes and none other shall be my wife."

It may be believed that those stern, plotting, far-seeing ministers recalled their own youthful days, sighed, and liked the King all the better for his determination that his hand should go where his heart had already gone.

Since Mercedes was just as devoted to the King, we have the delightful and rare picture of a genuine love match between a royal couple. Although Spanish etiquette would not permit them to exchange a word in private, there was no necessity for any repetition of vows and pledges. All the world loves a lover, and Spain became interested in the two who showed themselves very human, very affectionate, and wholly trustful of each other. Mercedes was beautiful and with so sweet and amiable a nature that she won friends wherever she went. All wished them well.

And so they were married in Madrid, January 23, 1878, and the city was turned upside down with feasting and rejoicing. The wedding was grand and impressive, as all such weddings are. Among the almost numberless presents

were splendid souvenirs from the Emperor of Morocco, the Prince of Wales, and Queen Victoria. All that could contribute to the beauty, the joy, and the happiness of the occasion was lavishly bestowed.

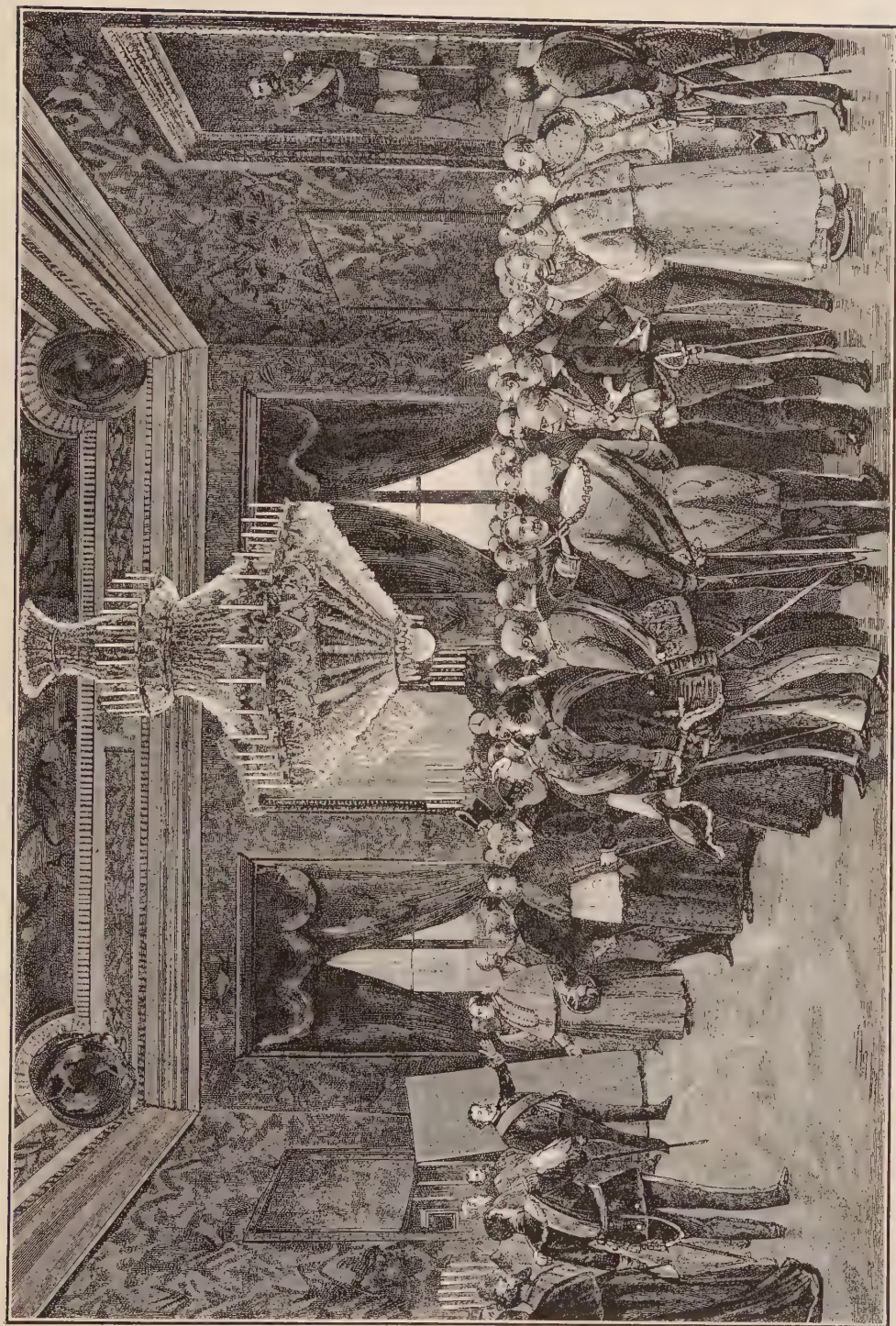
It is touching to think of the young couple, loving, trustful, and with a future radiant in promise, with everything to fill them with the sweetest joy that can come to the human heart. But a few months later, Mercedes fell ill and she breathed her last June 25, 1878.

All sympathized with the afflicted husband, who when bowed by his grief, was compelled to marry again, for Spain could never be satisfied until an heir or heiress was born to the throne. One of the ladies who had formerly been urged upon Alfonso was now chosen in the person of the Archduchess Maria Christina, niece of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. The couple were married by proxy in the summer of 1879, so that when she entered the kingdom it was as queen. The first child, the Princess of Asturias, Maria de las Mercedes, was born in 1880, and the Infanta Maria Theresa in 1882. Ex-Queen Isabella was allowed to come quietly back to Spain, but she knew better than to attempt to take any part in politics, for as soon as she did so, she would have been sent away once more.

Several causes united to add to the popularity of Alfonso, the greatest of which was the fact that he was Spanish-born. No other people hates foreigners more bitterly, and we have learned that much of the fighting and bloodshed was caused by this implacable prejudice. When cholera desolated the southern part of the kingdom, Alfonso was indefatigable in relieving the sufferers. He exposed himself unselfishly, and left nothing undone that could smoothe the pillows of the afflicted, provide asylums for the orphans and food for the famishing.

It did not decrease his popularity when he gave proof that his marriage vows sat lightly upon him. He was involved in so many scandals that once the Queen gathered her two little daughters, and indignantly went to her father; but Alfonso promptly followed, and, by denying many things and promising to behave himself in the future, persuaded her to return, after which they lived happily.

But consumption had marked him for its own, and he sank rapidly until November 25, 1885, when he passed away. His death left his widow the most lonely of women, for she was no longer a queen and was a foreigner. So pitiful indeed was her situation that the sympathy of the nation was stirred in her behalf, and she was chosen Queen Regent during the minority of her elder daughter. Canovas was leader of the Conservative party and prime minister when Alfonso died; but his administration was unpopular, and with a nobility that did him credit, he advised Christina to form a



THE BIRTH OF ALFONSO XIII. ANNOUNCED TO THE WAITING STATESMEN

Cabinet with Sagasta, the Liberal leader, at the head. This wise advice was followed.

On May 17, 1886, more than five months after the death of his father, a son was born to the Queen Regent. From the moment of his birth, he was King of Spain, as Alfonso XIII., with his mother still Queen Regent. Since that hour, all official documents have been put forth in his name. The Queen has shown at all times intelligence, amiability, and a sincere desire to administer the affairs of her turbulent kingdom for the best interests of all. Her trials and difficulties have been of the severest nature and often have crushed her to the earth, as when in 1898 she saw that war with the United States over Cuba could not be averted. Before the little King was a year old, a mutiny was attempted by General Villacampa, whose purpose was wholly selfish, since he hoped that through the prominence thus given him, he would be able to gain power and honors. The conspiracy was discovered and crushed before the least harm was done, the offenders receiving no more punishment than exile.

The political parties in Spain were once described by Canovas as consisting of the extreme irreconcilables,—the Carlists in the rural districts, the Socialists and advanced Republicans in the large cities. Between these poles is the great mass of the nation, who remain calm and resigned, "whether Sagasta or I direct the affairs of the monarchy. It is not the mode of government, but the manners and customs of a country that influence the elections. Abroad, people do not understand the necessary and preponderating rôle which the royal prerogative plays with us."

As the years passed and political storms gathered, the respect for the Queen Regent was deepened. John Foreman, in the *National Review*, paid her this warm compliment:

"Among all the confusion of Spanish politics, the whirlwind of rejoicing, lamentation, intrigue, religion, corruption, collective patriotism, and individual grabbing, there is one noble figure which prominently stands out in vivid contrast, a model of virtue and enviable tact. Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, notwithstanding her foreign birth, knows exactly how to do the right thing at the right moment with exquisite taste. She has won by her charitableness the adoration of the masses; by her gracious sympathy the love of the middle classes; and by her clear comprehension of all that is traditionally Spanish, the esteem and admiration of the aristocracy."

It would be uninteresting to follow the ministerial changes that have taken place in Spain during the regency of Christina. Her struggle from the first has been that of checking the dry rot of the kingdom, and, though it may have been stayed at times, there is no evidence, so far as human wisdom can see, of the country's having regained even a small part of the greatness that once

made her the proudest nation in the world. She passed the vigor of youth in the tempestuous centuries that are gone, and must now be content to trail behind those who long since left her far to the rear.

One of those hideous crimes, which now and then horrify democracies like our own as well as monarchies, was perpetrated on the 8th of August, 1897. Señor Canovas de Castillo, prime minister of Spain, had gone to the baths of a health resort in the north, and was sitting in a public gallery reading a newspaper, when an assassin hastily approached and quickly fired three shots from his revolver, all of which took effect, causing the death of the premier within an hour. The assassin defiantly declared that he was a member of a band of anarchists who had selected him as the executioner of Canovas, in revenge for the punishment of some of their number for having thrown a bomb into a religious procession at Barcelona, an act by which several innocent persons had been maimed and killed.

Through all these years there had been ever-growing trouble in Cuba, the last remaining of Spain's American colonies. The island was governed with cruel tyranny, and its people revolted. Milder generals having failed to crush the rebellion, the notorious General Weyler was sent to Cuba, where his cruelties roused the United States to protest. The Spanish-American war followed in 1898. Spain made great efforts but the fleets which she gathered were badly manned, badly armed, and badly provisioned. They were completely defeated, and the prostrate country had no choice but to surrender the last remnants of her once mighty colonial empire.

It is never absolutely quiet in Spain, though there has been nothing lately in the nature of a general upheaval. In the latter part of October, 1900, a Carlist force attacked a garrison at Badalona, near Barcelona, but was repulsed and a number of arrests followed. Other towns near the French border were assailed, but the Carlists were so few in number that they were defeated, pursued, and a good many arrests made. The government closed all Carlist clubs and organs, and some Catholic ones, and constitutional guarantees were suspended in a resolute effort to stamp out every vestige of Carlism. This course was so successful that two weeks later the government announced that there was not a single armed Carlist in Spain. It was afterward stated that the outbreak was a premature uprising, planned for a fortnight later. When the news reached Don Carlos in Venice, he declared that the movement was entirely without his knowledge and in violation of his positive instructions.

About this time it was announced that a convention had been signed in Washington in which Cagayan and Sibutu, the only islands in Oceania remaining in the possession of Spain, were ceded by her to the United States for \$100,000.



THE SPANISH FLEET READY TO SAIL AGAINST THE UNITED STATES IN 1898

The Infanta Maria, sister of the King and better known as Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, was married to Prince Charles of Bourbon, on February 14, 1901. The bridegroom is the son of the Count of Caserta, who fought hard against Alfonso XII. in the Carlist war. This caused him to be regarded as still an enemy of Spain. Should Alfonso XIII. die, without issue, the Princess of the Asturias, wife of Caserta's son, would become the Queen of Spain. It required a special dispensation of the Queen Regent to allow this famous Carlist to enter the kingdom that he might attend the wedding, which it is said was favored by the Pope, and probably by the Queen Regent, who hoped that it would aid in closing the breach between the two houses of Bourbon and check future Carlist outbreaks.

The lower classes took the opposite view of the matter. There had been so many outbreaks in Madrid and the provinces, that more than one prophecy was made of a coming revolution. Mobs and riots followed on the heels of one another, monasteries were attacked, and Jesuits stoned and maltreated in the streets. These disturbances became so serious that to prevent interference with the royal wedding, General Weyler declared martial law in the city the day before the ceremony. When the Count of Caserta was recognized, he was hissed, and, but for the powerful guard, would have suffered violence. There was no disturbance, however, at the wedding, which was quietly celebrated in the chapel of the Royal Palace, a civil ceremony having preceded the religious one.

No intelligent idea can be gained of the confused condition of modern Spain, without an explanation of the "Catalans," as they are termed. The province of Catalonia occupies the northeastern part of the kingdom, with France on the north and the Mediterranean on the east and southeast. It was one of the earliest and last of the Roman provinces, having been invaded and captured by the Alans, who were followed by the Goths, from which fact came its name of Gothallonia, or Catalonia. The southern part fell into the possession of the Arabs in the eighth century, and when Spain was conquered by Charlemagne, as far as the Ebro, in 788, Catalonia was the central portion of the Spanish mark, governed by French counts who resided at Barcelona, and soon made themselves independent of France. It was joined to Aragon in 1137, and, as we know, the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469 united both with Castile. Thus it became a part of the Spanish monarchy, but it has never been a peaceable one. Not only has it been the bulwark of the Carlist uprisings, but it has been the scene of violent strikes and labor disturbances as late as the opening years of the present century. It is the principal manufacturing province of the kingdom, and is often called the "Lancashire of Spain." The inhabitants are neither French nor Spaniards, being distinct

from both nations in language, costume, and habits. They have their own coins, weights, and measures, and far surpass the real Spaniards in energy, industry, and sturdy honesty.

The last statement gives the key to the chronic unrest, dissatisfaction, and seething rebellion against Andalusia and Madrid. In Catalonia every one, no matter whether a Conservative, Liberal, Republican, or Socialist, is a Catalan. He despises the indolent, cruel, corrupt Spaniard of the south; he feels detestation for the rotten system of government; his confidence in his own superiority is absolute, and the steady growth of the northern towns has bred a strong sentiment of secession. The Catalan is like a vigorous man tied to a corpse. He is patriotically anxious to save his language, his purse, his independent spirit, and his manhood from the disease with which the whole body politic is festering. The breach between the two sections steadily widens, and how the momentous question is to be solved awaits the near future.

It has been shown that the present King of Spain was a posthumous child, and that, during his minority, the regency was exercised by his mother, the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria. As has been said, the moment the lad was born he was sovereign of the kingdom which was governed in his name by his mother from the hour of his birth. No parent could have watched over the education of her child more lovingly than the Queen Regent. Never for one minute did she lose sight of her great duty of educating her son for the grave responsibilities of kingship. Sorrow, humiliation, cruel vicissitudes, and anguish have made up much of her life, but she has never flinched in her duty to her child.

The boy was born with a weakly constitution. He is pale, narrow-chested, and with none of the lusty vigor of youth. He seems to have inherited a consumptive tendency from his father, and when four years old he was seized with an illness from which no one believed he could recover. Yet it is the sickly person who often stands such attacks better than the one of robust frame. Everything that a loving intelligence can do has been done to strengthen his frame and improve his health. He learned to become an excellent swimmer and a fine horseman, and is an adept at many sports. None the less, the narrow chest, the high forehead, the two bright eyes, the sensitive nerves and consumptive tendency remain, with the probability that the youngest sovereign at present in Europe will not occupy the throne during many years. That throne is tottering, and the grandeur and vastness of the royal palaces emphasize the contrast between the magnificence of the empire that once overshadowed all Europe and the decrepit kingdom of to-day.

Alfonso XIII., born a king, attained his legal majority on May 17, 1902. He left the Royal Palace on the forenoon of that day, for the palace of the



THE LEADING SOVEREIGNS OF SPAIN

Isabella II.
Isabella I.
Philip I.

Charles I. (V.)
Alfonso XII.
Philip V.

Maria Christina
Ferdinand V.
Philip II.

Cortes, to take the coronation oath, the Cortes being in session. The procession had hardly started when a man, dressed like a workman, moved spryly forward from the crowd, and before any one could interpose, opened the door of the royal carriage and threw a paper packet at the feet of the young King, who, without the least sign of agitation, kicked it out and it fell inert to the ground. The guard instantly attacked the man, who received several sabre cuts on the head and was stunned by a number of blows from the halberdiers. Then, white and trembling, he was seized and hustled off to the Corps de Garde station. But for the guard, he would have been lynched by the enraged crowd. The excitement passed off when it was seen that no harm had been done, and the King's carriage was moving forward with the same smooth deliberate pace as before. Subsequent investigation showed that the young man was a crazy waiter from Murcia, and the package flung at the sovereign's feet contained, instead of a death-dealing bomb, a request for the hand in marriage of the Infanta Maria Teresa.

The incident increased the vigilance of the police, and some time later four men were arrested among the swarm near the Cortes. They were acting suspiciously and it was stated that each was armed with dynamite cartridges with detonators attached, eleven of such deadly missiles being found on the four.

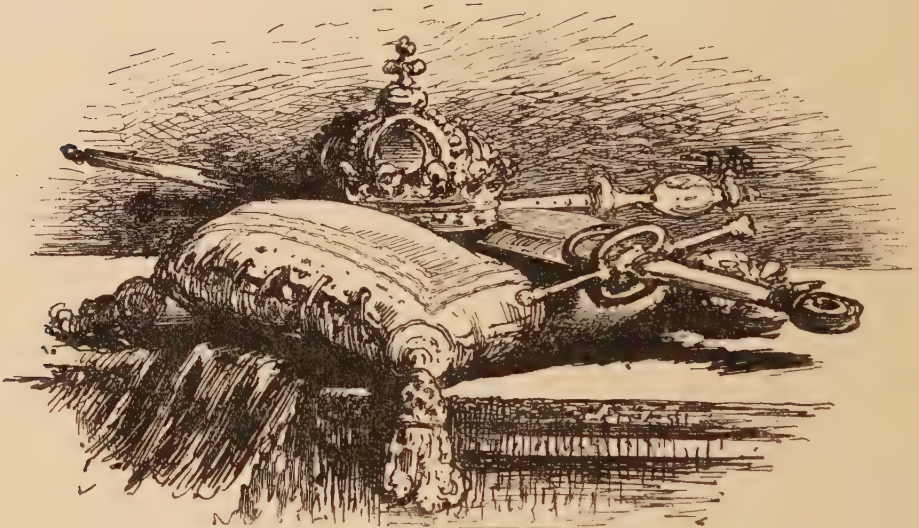
The wildest enthusiasm was shown by the people along the route and the King was obliged continually to thrust his head and arms out of the window and acknowledge the applause of his subjects. His naturally pale face was flushed, and it was plain that he was deeply touched by these manifestations of loyalty. Regardless of etiquette, which is nowhere so rigid as in the Spanish court, the members of the Cortes, as he entered, sprang to their feet and broke out into cries of "Long live the King!" The cheering continued for fully ten minutes, during which Alfonso stood calm and cool, unmoved by the excitement which swayed everyone else. As soon as he could be heard, he called out in a clear, firm voice, "Sit down!" Then in the same distinct tones, he pronounced the oath:

"I swear by God upon these holy relics to keep the Constitution and the laws. If I do so, may God reward me. If I fail, may He hold me to account."

This ceremony was witnessed by the foreign princes, the various special ambassadors and the diplomats accredited to Spain, after which all passed to the church, where the coronation services ended. Two cardinals and thirty bishops received the young King on his entrance to the Church of St. Francis, and an impressive Te Deum was sung, in the presence of an immense and aristocratic throng. All the men wore brilliant uniforms, the women white mantillas, and the church was ablaze with light. The Queen mother conferred

upon the special envoys to the coronation the Order of the Grand Cross of Carlos III., and upon President Loubet of France the Order of the Golden Fleece. She wrote a letter to Prime Minister Sagasta thanking the people for their loyalty during her regency.

The general belief is that so long as Alfonso lives he will be King, for it cannot be denied that he is popular among the people. He has, however, lost the help of his wise and patriotic minister, Sagasta, who resigned the premiership in December, 1902, and died in January, 1903. He was succeeded in office by his friend Señor Silvela, but behind him looms another menacing form, the dreaded Marquis of Teneriffe, the "Butcher of Cuba," General Weyler. He was made Minister of War to placate him; but many believe that it will not be long before he heads a Republican revolution that will not end until he is placed upon the throne of the distracted and turbulent kingdom.



THE SPANISH CROWN AND ROYAL INSIGNIA



THE CORONATION OF ALFONSO XIII.



THE ENGLISH BOMBARDMENT OF GIBRALTAR (From an old print)

CHRONOLOGY OF SPAIN



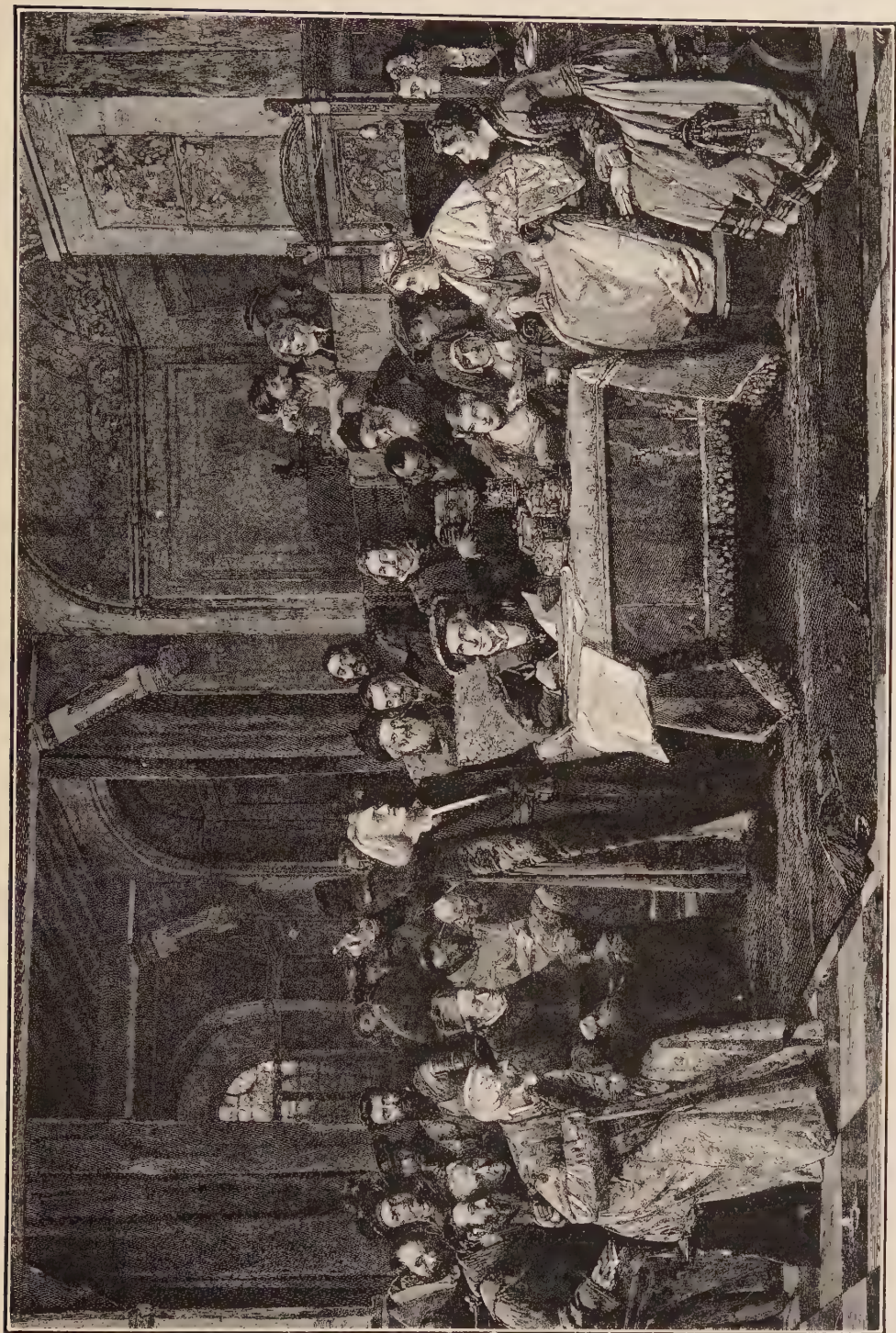
B.C. 1100 (?)—Cadiz founded by the Phœnicians. **800 (?)**—Rhodia founded on the coast of Catalonia. **264–241**—First War between Rome and Carthage. **236**—Hamilcar entered Spain to make it a Carthaginian province. **228**—Hasdrubal continued the work of subjugation. **218**—Hannibal captured Saguntum; beginning of the Second Punic War. **206**—The Carthaginians driven from the Peninsula by Romans; who divide the country into Hispania Citerior and Hispania Ulterior. **190**—Cato put down rebellion. **154**—The Romans defeated by the Lusitanians. **133**—Scipio destroyed Numantia; the growth of Roman civilization promoted. **105**—Great invasion from the Cimbri; the country saved by the Celteberi. **97**—The Celteberians rose against Rome, under Sertorius. **71**—Pompey reconquered the country for Rome. **61**—Cæsar was governor of Further Spain. **49**—Civil war with Pompey. **45**—Cæsar defeated Pompey's sons near Cordova, and became master of the Roman world. **27**—Augustus won decisive victories over the wild northern tribes. **19**—The Roman conquest of Spain complete; the country divided into three provinces; Tarraconensis, Baetica, and Lusitania; many Roman towns established.

A.D. 256—Spain ravaged by the Franks. **409**—After a long period of prosperity, a tide of barbarism swept over the country. **414**—The Visigoths entered Spain, under Ataulfus. **415**—Wallia succeeded Ataulfus, conquered the barbarians and founded the Visigothic kingdom. **456**—Theodoric II. defeated the Suevi. **466**—Euric made the country still more independent of Rome and framed the Gothic Code. **483**—Alaric II. became King. **506**—

Amalaric ruled; the kingdom declining before the Franks. 586—Recared, the first Catholic King of Spain, gave great power to the ecclesiastics; persecution of the Jews. 709—Roderick ruled all Spain. 711—The Saracens, under Tarik, entered Spain and overthrew the Gothic dominion; battle of Xeres.

718—The Christian Pelayo was made King in Asturias. 720—Battle of Covadonga. 731—Battle of Toulouse. 732—The Saracens defeated at Tours by Charles Martel; retreat of the Moors to southern Spain. 755—Abderahman landed in Spain and took command of Andalusia, making Cordova a splendid city and an independent Caliphate. 777—Unsuccessful invasion of Charlemagne. 778—Defeat of the Franks by the Basques at Roncesvalles. 788—Death of Abderahman. 837—The kingdom of Navarre founded. 910—Leon made the capital of the Spanish King, Garcia. 932—Fernan Gonsalez asserts the independence of Castile. 976—Beginning of the remarkable career of Almanzor, who conquered Leon, Barcelona, and Pampeluna, and was caliph in all but name till 1002. 1035—Ramirez I. established the Kingdom of Aragon. 1072—The King of Leon becomes King of Castile also; the Cid quarrels with him. 1085—Alfonso VI. of Castile captures Toledo. 1095—The Cid captures Valencia; Portugal taken from the Saracens by Henry of Besançon; dynasty of the Almoravides set up at Cordova. 1096—Pedro I. of Aragon defeats the Moors and Castilians at Alcoraz. 1099—Death of the Cid. 1137—Catalonia and Aragon united. 1144—Alfonso of Leon defeated the Moors; dynasty of the Almonades at Cordova. 1212—Victory of the Christians at Las Navas de Tolosa decided the fate of Spain. 1228—James of Aragon captures the Balearic Isles. 1230—Castile and Leon finally united. 1232—Fall of the Almonades. 1235—Ferdinand III. captured Cordova. 1238—The kingdom of Granada begun by the Moors. 1248—Ferdinand III. captured Seville; work on the Alhambra begun. 1274—The crown of Navarre passed to the royal family of France. 1367—Battle of Navarrete saves Pedro the Cruel. 1369—Death of Pedro. 1469—Marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella united the Christian dominions of Spain. 1481—Establishment of the Inquisition.

1492—Granada captured; Columbus sent to explore the western ocean. 1504—Death of Isabella. 1506—Death of Columbus. 1512—Ferdinand conquered the greater part of Navarre. 1516—Death of Ferdinand; accession of the House of Austria to the throne of Spain. 1519—Charles V. Emperor. 1522—The communes defeated at Villalar. 1556—Abdication of Charles; Philip II. reigned. 1571—Great sea-fight of Lepanto. 1572—Beginning of the long wars with Holland. 1580—Portugal successfully claimed. 1588—Destruction of the Spanish Armada. 1598—Philip III. became King. 1610—Expulsion of the Moors from Spain, with disastrous consequences to the country.



COLUMBUS BEFORE ISABELLA

1620—Spain became involved in the Thirty Years' War between Bohemia and Austria. **1621**—Philip IV. succeeded his father. **1631**—The Treaty of Cherasco extorted by Richelieu; the Spaniards driven from the Rhine. **1640**—Internal dissensions; Catalonia formed itself into a republic; revolt in Lisbon and the Portuguese crown assumed by John of Braganza. **1648**—Spain transferred the districts of Brabant, Flanders and Limburg to Holland, and surrendered her claims to sovereignty over the northern provinces. **1659**—By the Treaty of the Pyrenees, Spain gave Roussillon and Cerdagne and other possessions to France, while France recognized Catalonia as a province of Spain. **1665**—The Spanish forces routed by the French at Villaviciosa; Charles II. became King, under regency of Maria Anna. **1668**—Spain purchased the restoration of Franche-Comté by ceding part of Flanders to France, in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; the independence of Portugal acknowledged. **1680**—France secured more Spanish territory. **1686**—Spain became a member of the league of Augsburg. **1697**—The war between France and Spain concluded by the Treaty of Ryswick; the Spanish succession became an important question.

1700—Charles II. died, bequeathing the succession to Philip of Bourbon, who became Philip V. of Spain. **1701**—War of the Spanish Succession. **1705**—Charles III. was acknowledged in Catalonia, Aragon and Valencia. **1713**—Treaty of Utrecht, between England, France, Spain and Holland; Philip V. acknowledged; administration of Alberoni; the Queen's ambitions. **1729**—England, France and Holland formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Spain. **1739**—Maritime war with England. **1745**—Ferdinand IV. became King. **1748**—Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. **1759**—Accession of Charles III. **1779**—Spain allied herself with the American colonists. **1788**—Charles IV. became King; Spanish fortunes influenced by the French revolution; schemes of the Queen and Godoy.

1801—Spain attacked Portugal in the interests of France. **1803**—Bonaparte compelled a burdensome treaty, involving Spain in a new war with England. **1808**—Charles IV. abdicated and the crown of Spain was conferred by Napoleon on his brother Joseph; the people infuriated. **1814**—Ferdinand VII. was released from captivity and permitted to become ruler of Spain. **1818**—Ferdinand sold Florida to the United States. **1820**—The Inquisition abolished by the Cortes and other reforms instituted. **1823**—The King revoked all acts of the Cortes. **1833**—Isabella proclaimed Queen, with her mother regent; the Carlist struggle; faction and intrigue during the reign.

1868—The people revolted and Isabella fled to France; Serrano regent during the interregnum. **1870**—Assassination of General Prim. **1871**—Amadeus became constitutional king. **1873**—Amadeus resigned and a pro-

visional republic was formed. 1874—The monarchy restored and crown accepted by Alfonso XII. 1876—Termination of the Carlist War. 1885—Death of Alfonso XII. 1886—Birth of a posthumous son to Alfonso XII. and Maria Christina; regency of the Queen. 1897—Canovas, the prime minister, assassinated. 1898—Disastrous war with the United States. 1901—Marriage of the Infanta Maria and Prince Charles of Bourbon. 1902—Coronation of Alfonso XIII. 1903—Death of Prime Minister Sagasta.

RULERS OF SPAIN

KINGS OF ASTURIAS AND LEON.

718—Pelayo.
737—Favila.
739—Alfonso I.
757—Fruéla.
768—Aurelius.
774—Mauregato.
788—Bermudo.
791—Alfonso II.
842—Ramiro I.
850—Ordoño I.
866—Alfonso III.
910—Garcia.
914—Ordoño II.
923—Fruéla II.
925—Alfonso IV.
930—Ramiro II.
950—Ordoño III.
955—Ordoño IV.
956—Sancho I.
967—Ramiro III.
983—Bermudo II.
999—Alfonso V.
1027—Bermudo III.
1037—Ferdinand I.
1065—Alfonso VI.

KINGS OF LEON AND CASTILE.

1072—Alfonso VI.
1109—Queen Urraca.

1126—Alfonso VII.
1157—Sancho III.
1158—Alfonso VIII.
1188—Alfonso IX.
1214—Henry I.
1230—Ferdinand III., the Saint.
1252—Alfonso X., the Wise.
1284—Sancho IV.
1295—Ferdinand IV.
1312—Alfonso XI.
1350—Peter the Cruel.
1369—Henry II.
1379—John I.
1390—Henry III.
1406—John II.
1454—Henry IV.
1474—Isabella and Ferdinand V.
1504—Joanna and Philip I.
1506—Ferdinand V.

KINGS OF ARAGON.

1035—Ramiro I.
1065—Sancho Ramirez.
1094—Peter I.
1104—Alfonso I., the Battler.
1134—Ramiro II.
1137—Petronilla and Raymond.
1163—Alfonso II.
1196—Peter II.
1213—James I., the Conqueror.



EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN

- 1276—Peter III.
1285—Alfonso III.
1291—James II., the Just.
1327—Alfonso IV.
1336—Peter IV.
1387—John I.
1395—Martin.
1412—Ferdinand the Just.
1416—Alfonso V.
1458—John II.
1479—Ferdinand II. (V. of Castile).

KINGS OF SPAIN.

- 1506—Ferdinand V.
1516—Charles I.
1556—Philip II.

- 1598—Philip III.
1621—Philip IV.
1665—Charles II.
1700—Philip V.
1746—Ferdinand VI.
1759—Charles III.
1788—Charles IV.
1808—Ferdinand VII.
1808—Joseph Bonaparte.
1814—Ferdinand VII. (*restored*).
1833—Isabella II.
1868—*Republic*.
1871—Amadeus.
1873—*Republic*.
1874—Alfonso XII.
1886—Alfonso XIII.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR SPAIN

- Abbassides (ăb-băs'îdz)
 Abd-el-Melik (ahbd'ĕl-mā'lĕh)
 Abderahman (ahbd'-er-ah'măn)
 Abdulaziz (ahb'dool-ah-zuz)
 Aetius (ăh-ĕ'shĭ-ŭs)
 Alaric (ăl'ă-rĭk)
 Alberoni (ahl-bā-rō'nĕ)
 Algeciras (ăl-jĕ-sĕ'rās)
 Alicante (ah-lĕ-kahn'tā)
 Amalaric (a-măl'ă-rĭk)
 Aquitaine (ak'we-tain)
 Aranjuez (a-răn'hoo-eth)
 Aragon (ăr'ă-gŏn)
 Astorga (ahs-tŏr'gă)
 Ayacucho (ĭ'ă-koo'chō)
 Beja (bă'zhah)
 Blenheim (blen'im)
 Bordeaux (bŏr-dŏ)
 Braga (brah'gă)
 Cabrera (kah-bră'ră)

- Castile (kas-teel')
Cervantes (sěr-văn'těz)
Ceuta (sũ'tă, *or Span.* thă'oo-ta)
Chalons - sur - marne (shāh - lǒn' - sur
marn)
Cordova (kǒr'dō-vă)
Escoiquiz (es-ko-e-keeth')
Espanero (ās-păr-tă'rō)
Estremadura (ěs-trā-mah-doo'ra)
Eudes (ũ'des)
Euric (u'ric)
Granada (grah-nah'dă)
Guadarrama (gwah-dăr-rah'mă)
Guadalquivir (gwah-dahl-kē-věr')
Guadiana (gwah-dē-ah'nă)
Hakam (hă'kam)
Joaquin (wăh-keen)
Leon (lă-ōn')
Llorente (lyō-rěn'tă)
Loyola (loi-ō'lă, *or Span.* lō-yō'lă)

Malplaquet (mahl-pla kā)
 Maria (mă-rē'ă)
 Merida (měr'ī-dă)
 Montemolin (mōn-tā-mō-lēn')
 Mula (moo'la)
 Munoz (moon-yōth)
 Murcia (mŭr-shī'ă)
 Narvaez (nahr-văh'eth)
 Olivarez (ō-lē-vah'reth)
 Omeyya (ō-mă'yă)
 Orihuela (ō-re-wă'lă)
 Pelayo (pā-lah'yo)
 Poitiers (pwah-te-ă')
 Ramillies (ră-mē-yē')
 Rastadt (răhs'tăt)
 Roliza (ro-lē'thă)
 Roncesvalles (ron-se-văl'les)
 Saragossa (sah-rah-gōs'a)
 Sueves (swē-vēs)

Tagus (tă'gŭs)
 Tarik (tah'rik)
 Theodemir (thē-ōd'ě-mŭr)
 Theodoric (thē-ōd'ō-rik)
 Thorisimund (thōr'is-mŭnd)
 Toledo (to-lă'do)
 Torquemada (tōr-kā-mah'dah)
 Toulouse (too-looz')
 Velasquez (vā-lahs'keth)
 Vigo (vē'go)
 Villaviciosa (veel-yă-ve-the-o'să)
 Vimieiro (vē-mē-ă'ro)
 Wallia (wăl'li-a)
 Xeres (hă-reth')
 Ximines (zě-mē'nēz, *or Span. hē*
 mă'nes)
 Yussuf (yoo'soof)
 Yuste (yoos'tă)



PRIME MINISTER SAGASTA





